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LETTERS.

LETTERS

OF

(Wriothesley) Vaughan

RACHEL LADY RUSSELL.

—"that sweet Saint who sate by RUSSELL's side
Under the Judgment-seat."—ROGERS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PHILADELPHIA:
PARRY AND M'MILLAN,
SUCCESSORS TO A. HART.
1854.

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PREFACE.

A NEW edition of the "Letters of Lady Russell" is here presented to the world.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the merits of letters which have been long familiar to the public. Those merits are separate and distinctive; the letters are not letters of business connected with great political events; they are not letters of wit and humor written to show the talent of the writer; they are not, alas! the overflow of a heart at ease, playful and sparkling, or mingling with smooth flow in the current of the world. The "Letters of Lady Russell," as originally published, contain but one topic and one resource—that topic the judicial murder of her husband—that resource the strength of a soul sustained by all the fortitude of a heroine, and chastened by all the piety of a saint.

This edition will contain, besides the letters of that melancholy period, those of a time of wedded joy, few in number, indeed, but valuable, as showing how deep was that happiness which the tyranny of a voluptuous king broke into and destroyed.

The valuable collection of letters of Lady Russell which had been preserved in the archives of Devonshire House, found a worthy editor in Miss Berry. It is not necessary to acquaint the reader with the merits of a lady so favor-

ably known in the literary world, and so much regarded in the social circles which she long adorned. In her youth, her beauty and accomplishments induced Horace Walpole, then become Earl of Orford, to offer his hand; but her spirit was not mercenary, and while she retained a great esteem for her venerable correspondent, she declined to be the partner of his title and his fortune. In her maturer years Miss Berry became, from the cultivation of her taste, the soundness of her understanding, and the constancy of her friendships, the centre of attraction of a society limited in numbers, but distinguished by eminence in position, in literature, and in science. The Duke of Devonshire could not have made a better choice of an Editor. These Letters, edited by Miss Berry, appeared in 1819,[1] with a short Memoir of the Life of Lady Russell.

Several other letters, chiefly addressed to her daughter, Lady Granby, are added to this collection. There is likewise a very remarkable letter composed by Lady Russell, for the benefit of her children, and dated on the anniversary of Lord Russell's execution.

The notes of Miss Berry, affixed to those letters of which she was the editor, have been retained. The other notes have been contributed by Mr. Martin, the Librarian of Woburn Abbey.

The recent historical work of Mr. Macaulay, splendid and powerful as it is, does not appear to me to give a correct account of the conduct of Lord Russell in the memorable transactions which led to his trial and condemnation. This is not the place to enter into that inquiry; if it were, it would not be difficult to show that,

[1] In 4to. Two editions appeared in octavo, and, lastly, in "A Comparative View of Social Life of England and France," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1844.

while Lord Shaftesbury and some of his friends were urging on resistance, Lord Russell was opposed to any attempt of the kind. Lady Russell says truly he was guilty of misprision of treason at most. Lord Russell himself observed with emphasis on his trial, that a rebellion could not be made then as formerly, by a few great men. But he was conscious that tyranny could not be established in England without wading through his blood.

Lord Somers and the Whig Statesmen of the Revolution declared that Lord Russell had been murdered, and posterity has ratified that declaration. Charles the Second and the Duke of York, in order to establish arbitrary power, and destroy the liberties of England, were guilty of that murder.

J. R.

December 1, 1853.

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[1] Lady Rachel preserved the name of her first husband for some time after her second marriage with Lord Russell, who was likewise at the time of the marriage, and until his brother's death, Mr. Russell.

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LETTERS

OF

RACHEL LADY RUSSELL.

LADY VAUGHAN TO ——.[1]

YESTERDAY I said as you do, and a great many others did, it was a very dull time; but I change my note with the new day, being waked with a letter from my master; and I will tell you, I can find in one of them charms enough to make me good-humored all the day. One I read yesterday morning had not the same influence upon me; but I had too much upon all the company I saw that day, that it would have been, of a dull one, the pleasantest scene to an understanding party that could be imagined; but there was none but Noel could see into the mill-stone. But to the point; you must know that a great many in the town say Sid.[2] is married to the Countess, and you must know too that some days past he did give a touch of some sentiments. I thought he would never have done to one of the ladies, you shall guess which; but I will personate her at this time whom he led by the hand, and after some impertinent

[1] This letter is undated; and is from a copy in the MS. at Woburn Abbey. It is not known where the original is. There is little doubt it was written before her marriage with Lord Russell.

[2] Most probably the Honorable Henry Sidney, fourth son of Robert Earl of Leicester, and brother to Algernon Sydney. A letter to Lady Vaughan is given in Miss Berry's work, p. 267.

questions, whether she would be at home, and when he said he had a favor to ask, but with so much disorder that she quickly suspecting said, he had made an ill choice to ask any favor, since she was never fortunate enough to do anybody a favor in all her life. He assured her it was now, and if she were not compassionate he was more unfortunate than ever any was. She desired not to hear of misfortunes she could not remedy, nor could not endure a secret if none but she must hear it, for that was desired, &c. Some more short questions and answers past; though they (as these perhaps to you) appeared long to her to whom the last sentence was that he hoped it was not so unreasonable to beg leave to tell her what he had to ask. She told him, no. She believed he understood himself and her too well to ask (what was) not fit to grant, and then he need not fear a denial. He said, dying men had ever liberty to speak their minds; nay, said she, now I understand you less than I did, being very dull at a mystery; so came to the coach; since this the coast was clear, no more words: but on Monday late at night a porter left a letter, which yesterday morning I read, and met in the afternoon-a very melancholy gentleman in very strict mourning for his niece, both in habit and humor doleful. Mr. R—— was then at cards, who, I dare say, saw some resentment, not usual in two parties, and so did the whole observing part of the company; but no opportunity could she get to speak to the knight-errant till upon the stairs coming to the coach; the dialogue would be too tedious, considering all I have said already, but he concluded himself miserable, and she resolved in the case; so it rests, with a quiet night on both sides I believe. This I intended you a notice of, though I had not received your letter, which yet obliges me the more to do it; and here, my lord, I could exceed the rapture of these passionate pretenders, in the sense I have of your obliging favors to me; but as I am sensible so I am grateful. So I beseech you, let that suffice, and my default in expressing do me no wrong in your thoughts. You bid me be positive, if I like; or not else to bring Mr. with you where we are. I will tell

you what I meant to have done if you had not sent to me to know, that is, to (have) asked the favor you would not invite him; but if he comes of himself, let it fall out as fate designed it; and I sometimes think this may be enough still, for he says, though it be worse than death, if it displeases me extremely, he will never trouble me more; if so, it will not me to see him, so I would not rob you of your friend; nor any of you of the divertisement of an addition of good company. One week more I shall see how he proceeds here, and give my account. I have not seen Lord —— a great while. Some of his engaged friends tell me it is great respect makes the distance, which I am very well pleased, and care not how many observe his method of proceeding, by which you may believe upon what account soever. ——— you give the title of friend to, went into the country; it was not disapproved by me, who could suffer his absence much oftener than he consents I should, say I what I will with observance of the esteem I desire to give one who expresses so much of me with the respect he does.

You prize the seeing us with so much kindness, as increases our pain we do it not every moment. I cannot tell you whether our business comes on nearer to us as your pen does, but I can that my Lord North would make a swifter progress than that pleases upon the inclinations of persons that were less his humble servants then we are; but all arts are useless to make us more so. Mr. —— return from you will put a period to our expectation, we hope; and then we have liberty to do what I wish for more than anything besides in the world, at this instant of time. I have not seen Sir Robert yet, but read your letter; so that I was directed how to interpret his ——, and continue my admiration of him beyond all imagination.[1]

[1] Miss Berry, in her advertisement to the "Life of Lady Russell," 8vo. Lond. 1820, speaking of Lady Russell's letters says: "They will be found devoid of every ornament of style, and deficient in almost every particular that constitutes what are generally called entertaining letters. Their merit must arise entirely from a previous knowledge of the charac-

LADY VAUGHAN[1] TO MR. WILLIAM RUSSELL.[2] [3]

London, May 16, 1672.

I WILL not endeavor to tell you what I suffer by being parted from you, but beg of you that we may meet again (God permitting) as soon as may be. Things are here just as they were; no obstruction removed by my sister[4] being able to resolve, but will, I guess, to-morrow, for yesterday Sherwood wrote word the Duke[5] at farthest would be at Dover as this morning, then he was to ask for the boat, and the report she then receives, which will be to-morrow, being Friday, will cer-

ter and habits of their writer, and from the interest which the subsequent circumstances in which she was placed inspire. They are sometimes overcharged, sometimes confused with a repetition of trifling details, and sometimes the use of words antiquated in the signification here given to them adds to this confusion. Very inconsiderable alterations might have removed many of these difficulties, but from every alteration the Editor has carefully abstained. The value of the letters depends, not on their intrinsic excellence, but on the reader's previous acquaintance with that of their author. Miss Berry's notes to the letters reprinted from her work have been retained; for the others the present Editor is responsible.

[1] Lady Vaughan retained the name of her first husband, Lord Vaughan, till Mr. Russell, by the death of his elder brother Francis Lord Russell, in 1678, succeeded to his title.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] The marriage of Lady Vaughan with Lord Russell, then Mr. Russell, took place about the end of the year 1669.

[4] Elizabeth Wriothesley, half-sister to Lady Russell. She had been first married to Jocelyn Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, and then to the Honorable Ralph Montagu, son of Lord Montagu of Boughton, and afterwards himself Duke of Montagu. He was now ambassador in France, and it was to France that she was wanting to go. See mention made of this Lady and of Mr. Montagu, in a letter of Madame de la Fayette to Madame de Sévigné.—"Lettres de Madame de Sévigné," vol. ii. p. 340. Grouvelle's edition.

[5] The Duke of York, then going to take the command of the fleet in the second Dutch war.

tainly make her determine; but whatever that is, I desire you will allow me to come to you on Tuesday, unless you intend, as the coachman says you do, to be here on Monday. Your father says you promised him to come again. I cannot acquaint you with my sister's resolves till the Saturday's post, so cannot have your's, whatever we shall do till the Wednesday after, which, by your pardon, I must not stay for; so that unless I see you on Monday, I am of opinion you will me at Stratton[1] on Tuesday or Wednesday. On Saturday you shall have more of my mind; but the coachman says he is appointed to be at Bagshot on Monday. I do all I can to put off going to Dover. My Lady Shrewsbury[2] is returned from Dover, without more company than she carried with her. Here was an alarm on Tuesday night by guns being heard. The cause was, seven of our ships, intending to go to join the Duke, found themselves just upon the Dutch fleet, upon which they retired; and the Dutch followed so close that the Castle shot

[1] The house and estate in Hampshire, which Lady Russell had inherited from her father, Lord Southampton, and where she and Lord Russell resided in the summer.

[2] Anna Maria Brudenel, daughter of Robert Earl of Cardigan. This is the person whose husband, Francis Earl of Shrewsbury, was killed (1667) in a duel, by the Duke of Buckingham, when she was said to have held the Duke's horse in the disguise of a page. See Evelyn's account of meeting this lady at Newmarket the autumn before the date of this letter, on his return from Lord Arlington's at Euston, where the King was coming every day from Newmarket. "The Duke of Buckingham was now in mighty favor, and had with him that impudent woman the Countess of Shrewsbury, with his band of fiddlers," &c. "Evelyn's Diary," vol. i. p. 422.

It is she whom Pope mentions in the two well-known lines of his character of the Duke of Buckingham:—

> "Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

The Duke of Buckingham was now a volunteer on board the Duke of York's fleet, to which circumstance, probably, Lady Russell's remark alludes.

upon the Dutch. There is difference in opinions about the fleets engaging; they say still a few days must now show it. Mrs. Laton and her she-friend, not your's, at least not your best (I praise God), were yesterday in every corner of your house and without the house. She praised it, and seems to like it as well as you have done her. My Lady Newport[1] goes into Shropshire on Monday next come fortnight, so that she says she must defer her Stratton journey till another year. I am writing in my Sister Die's bedchamber.[2] My Lord[3] is just looking in, and bids me send you his affectionate remembrance, and hopes to see you on Saturday. I shall be thought very long writing, for we are going abroad when I am done; but not for my diversion, I am sure you will believe, when, to do so, I must leave what I am now about, which yet I cannot till I have signed, with great truth,

Myself yours,

R. VAUGHAN.

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.[4]

London, May, 1762.

I AM very sure, my dearest Mr. Russell meant to oblige me extremely when he enjoined me to scribble to him by the post, as knowing he could not do a kinder thing than to let me see he designed not to think me impertinent in it; though we parted but this morning, which I might reasonably have doubted to have been, when I have passed all this long day and learned nothing new can entertain you and your good company. All

[1] Lady Diana Russell, wife of Francis Lord Newport, afterwards created Earl of Bradford. She was daughter of Francis Earl of Bedford, and consequently aunt to Lord Russell.

[2] Lady Diana Russell, sister to Lord Russell, first married to Sir Greville Verney, and then to William Lord Allington.

[3] William, fifth Earl, and first Duke of Bedford, father of Lord Russell.

[4] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

I see either are or appear duller to me than when you are here; and I do not find the town is enlivened by the victory[1] we have obtained. There is no more talked of than you heard last night, nor nothing printed, because there is no letters come yet; Tom Howard, Lord Howard's son,[2] is expected every hour with them. Many whisper the French behaved themselves not like firm friends. The Duke of York's marriage is broke off.[3] That, or other causes, makes him look less in good humor than ordinary. They say she is offered the King of Spain; and our Prince shall have D'Elbœuf.[4] Mrs. Ogle[5] is to marry Craven Howard, Tom Howard's son;[6] and Tom Wharton[7] has another mistress in chase, my Lady Rochester's grandchild;[8]

[1] This was the bloody engagement in Solbay, of the 28th May, in which the Duke of York gained a dear-bought advantage over the Dutch fleet, commanded by De Ruyter. Lady Russell, we see, confirms what Burnet says of the supposed treachery of the French fleet, then acting as our ally.

[2] He succeeded to the title by his father's death this year, and is the same person who, under the name of Lord Howard of Escrick, was the principal evidence against Lord Russell in the Rye House plot.

[3] That with the Archduchess of Inspruck, afterwards married to the Emperor.

[4] Charles de Lorraine Duc d'Elbœuf married Catherine Henriette, a daughter of Henri IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrees. It must be a daughter of theirs here mentioned as the intended wife of the Duke of York.

[5] Mrs. Ogle (or, according to the language of the present day, Miss Ogle) was the daughter of Thomas Ogle, Esq., of Pinchbeck in Lincolnshire, and was Maid of Honor to Queen Catherine of Portugal.

[6] Fourth son of the first Earl of Berkshire, see in Evelyn's "Diary," vol. i. p. 452, an account of a lawsuit Mr. Craven Howard had with his mother, which Evelyn believes to have been "by instigation doubtless of his wife, one Mrs. Ogle (an ancient maid), whom he had clandestinely married, and who brought him no fortune."

[7] Son of Philip Lord Wharton, and afterwards created Earl of Wharton.

[8] Elizabeth Wilmot, daughter of the profligate Lord Rochester. Neither of the persons here mentioned succeeded in their addresses; she married Edward Montagu, Earl of Sandwich. She is the same person who, in her widowhood, lived much at Paris, and is often mentioned in the corre-

but he is so unfortunate before the end, that it is mistrusted he may miss her, though the grandmother is his great friend. Young Arundel,[1] my Lord Arundel of Trerice his son, is extremely in love, and went down where she is, and watched her coming abroad to take the air, rode up to her coach. Mr. Wharton was on horse by the coach side. Arundel thrust him away, and looking into the coach, told her no man durst say he valued her at the rate he did. Mr. Wharton, like a good Christian turned the other cheek; for he took no notice of it; but the other having no opportunity to see or speak to her, was thus forced to return; but Wharton is admitted to the house. My cousin Spencer[2] is at Kimbolton still, so we may send thither time enough. My Lady Jane and Northumberland[3] are waiting for an egg when I have done this, so that I scarce know what I say; yet I am loth to leave, and hope, how ill soever I express myself, you will still understand me to be entirely, as I ought,

Your's,
R. Vaughan.

My best service to your ladies. I hope they find no other inconveniences in their journey than what the unfitness of the place to receive them is cause of. My Lord Ormond was at the door to inquire for you, so that I guess they are come from Hatfield.

Saturday night.

spondence of St. Evremond with Ninon de l'Enclos, who was frequently admitted to her society.

[1] John, second Lord Arundel, twice married, first to Margaret, only daughter and heir of Sir John Ackland, of Colomb, co. Devon; secondly, to Barbara, daughter of Sir Henry Slingsby, of Scriven, co. York, Bart. The title became extinct in 1768.

[2] The Honorable Robert Spencer, son of William Lord Spencer, of Wormleighton, by Penelope, daughter of Henry Earl of Southampton (father of the Lord Treasurer), and consequently cousin to Lady Russell.

[3] Elizabeth Lady Northumberland, her half-sister.

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.

London, September 23, 1672.

If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of, such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants, will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do merit, to so desirable a blessing; but, my best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honor, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments? if not, a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence; having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in: He knows best when we have had enough here; what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon us. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me, if I dwell too long upon it: it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present, which I hope will be long; though when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray that it may be so, and then admit of no fears; death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with? But I am immoderate in my length of this discourse, and consider this to be a letter. To take myself off, and alter the

subject, I will tell you the news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York, that he was a married man; he was talking in the drawing-room, when the French ambassador[1] brought the letters in, and told the news; the Duke turned about and said: "Then I am a married man." It proved to be the Princess of Modena; for it was rather expected to be Canaples's[2] niece. She is to have 100,000 francs paid here; and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before; as much beauty, and greater youth than is necessary: he sent his daughter, Lady Mary,[3] word the same night, he had provided a playfellow for her. Mr. Neale, who interrupts me in this my most pleasant employment, tells me, my Lord Mulgrave[4] has the garter given him. The Duke of Monmouth[5] goes this week, and more regiments, as they talk now. The Emperor has made a declaration, or remonstrance, how the French have made the first breaches, so forced him to war; that he has declared; but I do not find that the Swede joins yet with the French. The Lady Northumberlands have met at Northumberland-house. After some propositions offered by my sister to the other,[6] which were dis-

[1] M. de Croissy, brother to Colbert.

[2] M. de Canaples was a younger brother of the Duc and of the Marechal de Crequi. His niece was the Duc de Crequi's daughter, whom Madame de Sévigné mentions as a probable match for the Duc de Lauzun, in a letter, vol. i. p. 102. Grouvelle's edit.

[3] Afterwards Princess of Orange and Queen of England. She was now eleven years old.

[4] John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards created by Queen Anne, Duke of Buckingham.

[5] To France. He was made the next year a lieutenant-general in the French service.

[6] The elder Dowager Countess of Northumberland. She was daughter of the Earl of Suffolk here mentioned. "The child" in question was her granddaughter, the Lady Elizabeth Percy, only child and heir of Jocelyn Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, by the Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley (Lady Russell's sister), now married to Mr. Montagu. The Lady Elizabeth Percy was twice a widow before she was sixteen. She was thrice married, first 1679, before she was twelve years old to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, only son of the last Cavendish, Duke of New-

coursed first yesterday before my Lord Chancellor, between the elder Lady and Mr. Montagu, Lord Suffolk by; my sister offers to deliver up the child, upon condition she will promise, she shall have her on a visit for ten days or a month sometimes, and that she will enter into bonds not to marry the child without the mother's consent, nor till she is of years of consent; and, on her part, Mr. Montagu and she will enter into the same bonds, that when she is with them, or at no time, they will marry or contract, any marriage for her, without the grandmother's consent; but she was stout yesterday, and would not hear patiently; yet went to Northumberland-house, and gave my sister a visit. I hope for an accommodation. My sister urges, it is hard her child [that if she has no other children must be her heir] should be disposed of without her consent; and in my judgment it is hard; yet I fancy I am not very apt to be partial. If the weather be with you as it is with us, there never was a more dismal time for the country: it is happy you have some society besides hawks. I hope Friday will bring the chiefest desire in the world by your

R. VAUGHAN.

My Lady Bellasys[1] is going to France for a consumption.
For Mr. William Russell, at Stratton House, to be left with the Postmaster at Alresford, Hampshire.

castle, who, dying the year after (1680), she was married *de jure* but not *de facto* in 1681, to Mr. Thynne, assassinated by Count Koningsmarck in Pall-Mall (1682), and the same year she married Charles, the sixth Duke of Somerset. She is the person of whose influence afterwards with Queen Anne (to whom she was first Lady of the Bedchamber), the Tories were so much afraid during Lord Oxford's administration. The unwarrantable and unprincipled manner in which she was abused by Swift in "The Windsor Prophecy," sufficiently excused her for having been the means of preventing the Queen ever allowing of his promotion in England. See "The Windsor Prophecy," Swift's Poetical Works.

[1] Anne Brudenel, daughter of Lord Cardigan, and widow of John Lord Bellasyse, of Worlaby. This is the lady whom, Burnet says, the Duke of York wanted to marry. "She was a woman of much life and great

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.[1]

London, 1675.

THE few hours we have been parted seem too many to me, to let this first post-night pass, without giving my dear man a little talk, which must be an account how I have spent my time; for intelligence I have none, and my heart and thoughts are all known to Mr. Russell. Therefore, to return to my present design, I am to tell you, though I intended to dine where I am now, at Leicester-house[2], yet, your father coming to see our Miss,[3] carried me to dinner to Bedford-house to eat Devonshire fish, and after wanting gamesters I must play one hour; but before I had done one quarter, Lord Suffolk[4] came, and I desired to resign to him, having won my Lord five pounds and myself thirty shillings; so I came to my sister, and found her in great trouble, the child seeming indeed to be very ill, and the Doctor directing a vomit, and whilst it was getting ready he went to see my Lady Jones's[5] children, and whilst he was there, her youngest boy died, played with him when he came in, and only flushed in his face and died instantly. My sister's

vivacity, but of very small proportion of beauty." Burnet, vol. i. p. 353, folio edit. She afterwards married Charles, second Duke of Richmond.

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] Leicester House was at this time inhabited by her sister, Lady Northumberland and Mr. Montagu, while Montagu House (now the British Museum) was building.

[3] Their eldest child, Rachael, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, born the preceding year.

[4] Theophilus Howard, Earl of Suffolk. He was the father of the elder Countess Dowager of Northumberland, by Elizabeth, daughter and coheiress of George Earl of Dunbar in Scotland.

[5] Wife of Sir William Jones, made Attorney-general in January of this year. See Burnet's character of him, vol. ii. p. 150, 8vo. edit. ["Sir W. Jones was one of the most distinguished lawyers of his time, and of political principles leaning to the popular side; but he is represented by Bishop Burnet, who knew him well, to have been harsh and severe in his temper."—Phillips's "State Trials," vol. i. p. 471.]

girl is better to-day; our's fetched but one sleep last night, and was very good this morning. My Lord Stamford[1] left his wife this morning at four o'clock, and is gone to his uncle Grey. This Mr. Darcy[2] told me this morning; but you will suppose I have not bettered my information since, being at this day at Leicester-house. The Lord Huntingtower[3] is a better fortune than he was, by the death of the Lord Stanhope, 1500*l.* a year coming to him. Mr. Grimes,[4] that was at Wickham, was married yesterday to Dol. Howard, the Maid of Honor. Madam Mazarin[5] is not arrived yet, but I hear Madam Tremblet

[1] Henry Grey, first Earl of Stamford, married Anne, daughter and coheiress of William, second Earl of Exeter.

[2] The Honorable Conyers Darcy, eldest son of Lord Darcy and Conyers. He had married the widow of the Lord Treasurer Southampton, and was himself created Earl of Holderness, in 1682.

[3] Lord Huntingtower was son (by her first marriage) of the Duchess of Lauderdale, who was countess of Dysart in her own right.

[4] Colonel James Graham, of Levens in Westmoreland. Of their previous courtship we find the following account in Mr. Evelyn's Journal. After mentioning accompanying Mrs. Howard and her two daughters (of whom this lady was one) to Northampton on law business, he says: "In this journey went part of the way Mr. James Graham (since Privy Purse to the Duke of York), a young gentleman exceedingly in love with Mrs. Dorothy Howard, one of the Maids of Honor in our company. I could not but pity them both, the mother not much favoring it. This lady was not only a great beauty, but a most virtuous excellent creature, and worthy to have been wife to the best of men. My advice was required, and I spoke to the advantage of the young gentleman, more out of pity, than that she deserved no better match, for though he was a gentleman of good family, yet there was great inequality."

[5] Hortensia Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin, was the niece and heiress of Cardinal Mazarin. She was married to Charles Armand de la Porte de Meilleraye, eldest son of the Marechal de Meilleraye, and on his marriage took the name, arms, and title of Duc de Mazarin. Her eternal disputes with her husband, and the strange conduct of them both, filled the tribunals of France with their legal quarrels and demands on each other, and the ears of the idle of Europe with endless histories of their private life and adventures. See frequent mention of them in Madame de Sévigné's Letters.

is. My uncle[1] told Sir Harry Vernon[2] yesterday, he was *un des incurables.*

If you are not mightily delighted, I hope you will not stay the longest of your time from your

R. VAUGHAN.

Madame de Mazarin did not arrive in England till the 29th December this year, 1675. She was by birth cousin to the Duke of York's second wife (a Princess of Modena), whose mother —— Martinozzi was another niece of Cardinal Mazarin. This relationship with the Court procured her a distinguished reception here, and a pension of 4000*l.* a year from Charles II., which was continued to her successively by James and by William, until her death at Chelsea, in 1699. This pension, the sale of her jewels, and every other means of procuring money were so inadequate to her expensive habits, and her passion for play, that, after having been the greatest heiress in Europe, she lived and died overwhelmed with debts. See the works of her admirer and friend, St. Evremond, who, after endeavoring in vain to reclaim her both by reason and by flattery, often supplied the wants of her extravagance from the savings of his economy. "Madame de Mazarin m'a du jusques à huit cens livres sterling: elle me devoit jusques à quatre cens guinées quand elle est morte." "Quand je songe que la nièce et l'héritière de M. le Cardinal Mazarin, a eu besoin de moi en certains tems pour subsister, je fais des reflexions chrêtiennes qui serviront à mon salût, si elles sont inutiles pour mon payment."—"Œuvres de St. Evremond," vol. iii. p. 291. See also her life written by herself at the end of the Abbé de St. Real's "Conspiration de Venice."

["Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the south, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses."—Macaulay, vol. i. p. 430. Fenton, in his observations on Waller's "Triple Combat," informs us "that she was once thought a fit match for Charles; and that Henrietta Maria and Cardinal Mazarin had designed her for his Queen." The same author observes that, "she once had the greatest fortune of any lady in Europe."—Granger, vol. v. p. 403.]

[1] M. de Ruvigny. He was now ambassador from France, but was superseded in the May following by M. de Courtin.

[2] Sir Harry Vernon was cousin to Lady Russell; her grandfather, Henry Earl of Southampton, having married Elizabeth Vernon, sister to Sir Richard Vernon, of Hodnet, in Shropshire.

The Doctor[1] presents his services to you. He has been to see the child. No city news, he says; but the moneyed men likely to be undone again, all calling in their money, and they not able to pay it so suddenly.

Harry Saville[2] is in a kind of disgrace with the Duke (*of York*). When the King dined at the Duke of Albemarle's, after dinner, the Duke, talking to Saville, asked if he meant not to invite the King to the business of the day. Saville wondered what he meant. The Duke told him he need not; for sure it was his constant endeavor to get the King to drink more than any that wished him well would do. Saville denied it. "Then go away," replies the other; so he did. And the next day, the King reproaching him for not staying, he told the occasion; so there is great anger. I write in the nursery, and Lady Harvey[3] is just rushed by, and no sister at home; so I may be engaged, but I think not, for she started back again, a perfect vision! I am going to see poor Lady Jones.

For Mas. William Russell, at Stratton, in Hampshire,
to be left with the postmaster at Alresford.

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.[4]

London, Feb. 10, 1675.

WHAT reputation writing this may give me, the chamber being full of ladies, I know not; but I am sure, to be ill in that heart (to whose person I send this) I dare not hazard; and since he expects a letter from me, by neglect I shall make no omission, and without doubt the performance of it is a plea-

[1] Dr. Lower, a physician of eminence in the reign of Charles II.

[2] Brother to the Marquis of Halifax.

[3] Sister to Ralph, the first Duke of Montagu, married to Sir Daniel Hervey, sent ambassador to the Porte in 1676. She is the person to whom La Fontaine's fable of "Le Renard Anglois" is addressed. See fable 23, book 12.

[4] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

santer thing than I have had sense of, from the time we parted; and all acts of obedience must be so to my dearest man who, I trust in God, is well; but ill entertained I fear, at Stratton, but what the good company repairs. The weather is here very ill, and the winds so high that I desire to hope you do not lie in our old chamber, being afraid when I think you do. Our little Fubs[1] is very well; made her usual court to her grandfather just now, who is a little melancholy for his horses; but they are all sent to take the air at Kensington, or somewhere out of town. My Lord's gelding is dead, and more saddle-horses, and one coach-horse, I think. I have asked every one I see for news, but all I can learn is, that Attorney Montague has done his best to be Chief Justice, but will fail; Winnington most spoke of;[2] some say Rainsford.[3] Montague[4] shall be a Judge, and so contented if he please. My Lord Halifax[5] continues ill still. My Lord Duras[6] is not married yet; some speak of a stop in it. There is no more news of the fleets. The King and Duke both professed, that if they could see a report from De Ruyter they should give a perfect credit to it, being sure he would write nothing but truth. There is such a buzz, I can so little tell what I say, that it is in vain to say more. My Lady Die sends a token of the bill of Mortality, and Lady Shaftesbury[7] the Mercury. All this charge comes from my

[1] Their little daughter.

[2] Sir Francis Winnington was then Solicitor-general, having succeeded Sir William Jones in 1673.

[3] Sir Richard Rainsford was made Chief Justice in April, 1676.

[4] William Montague, Esq., was made a Baron of the Exchequer. All the law promotions here mentioned as probable, did not take place till the next year, 1676.

[5] George Saville, Earl, and afterwards Marquis, of Halifax.

[6] Louis de Duras, brother to the French Duc de Duras. He was naturalized and made Lord Duras by Charles II., in the year 1673. He married Mary, the eldest daughter of George Sondes, Earl of Feversham, and succeeded to that title according to the entail in right of his wife. See frequent mention made of him by St. Evremond.

[7] Margaret Spencer, third wife of the first Earl of Shaftesbury, was

putting up the Gazette, the ladies would obligingly add. I am, my best love, more than I can tell you, and as much as I ought.

Your's,

R. VAUGHAN.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND TO LADY RUSSELL.[1]

February 11, 1675.

I AM very sorry, my dear sister, Mr. Russell was not well after his journey, but I hope he will have no returns of his distemper; I thank God I am pretty well of my cold too, but going abroad does not yet agree with me; for being that day at my Lady Mary's, and the next to see the mock astrologer, I was so very ill that I was forced to keep my bed upon Sunday, and since have been in physick, which I hope will do me good. I do rejoice extremely at Miss Rachel's breeding her teeth so well, and that she begins to talk. I confess I long to see her now she grows so good company. My Miss Ann, I thank God, thrives very well too, and my other girl mighty well,[2] and kept her birthday here, where you were wished for; but it did not pass so well as the last she kept with me; for, most unfortunately, we were disappointed of our gamesters, and play being the only thing can engage her grandmother to stay abroad past her hour; failing of that she carried her home, at seven o'clock, which was a great disappointment, having some of her young company and fiddles; but my Lady is grown such a spark, that these two nights she has sat up till twelve and one o'clock at play herself; and last night, when she went away, made an appointment to have my Lord Suffolk and my

daughter of William Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, by Penelope, daughter of Henry, Earl of Southampton (father of the Lord Treasurer), and was consequently cousin to Lady Russell.

[1] From a copy of the original, in the MSS. Woburn Abbey.

[2] Lady Ogle.

Lord Scarsdall meet her here to-day at dinner; but all this while she cannot endure it. My Lady Devonshire was yesterday carried out of town in great state, and old Sir Charles rode and carried one of her banners. She was carried through Holborn up as far as Fisher's Folly, and then back again, down through the Strand, and up Covent Garden, and through Queen Street, and so out of town.

My Lord Mordante carried his trial clear against his brother. Yesterday, my Lord Mayor and Miss Wide appeared at Westminster Hall, where, as I am told, she said she was not married, nor kept by force; but that she chose him for her guardian; but they say the young man said he had married her and bedded her, and that he would prove: all the other news we sent by Mr. Russell. They say now the Parliament does not sit till October; so that I have now no hopes of seeing you: My service pray to your good man, Mr. Montague is a humble servant to you both. If our house went up as fast as we have models made, we should be in it before you get to yours, for we have no less than three that are big enough for Miss Ann to walk in. I long till the writings are done, that it may be begun; proposing the spending of many a pleasant hour in it. Orange Nan is now by me, and says she had last week of Dukes, Lords, and Counts, ten at dinner with her; to season the cestern my Lord Middlesex left her. After this piece of intelligence, I think I ought to add no more, therefore shall conclude,

I am yours, with all passion, E. N.

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.[1]

London, February 11, 1675.

EVERY new promise of Mr. Russell's unalterable kindness is a most unspeakable delight to my thoughts; therefore I need use no more words to tell you how welcome your letter was to

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

me; but how much welcomer Monday will be, I hope you do imagine. Your father sent me the inclosed, but says withal, that the news at Court from France this morning was, Messina was relieved. For weddings and deaths, and that sort of news, I know not the least. Her Grace of Cleveland[1] has set the day for France to be within ten days. The Duchess of Portsmouth[2] is melancholy, as some persons will have it, and with reason. You will easily conclude your sister Allington is so, when I tell you her boy has the measles; he had a cough two or three days, but was so well, she was with him in the Park last night, and this morning the measles appeared; but I hear nothing but he is very well with them; the doctor sees no ill symptom at all. Our girl is as you left her; I bless the mercy

[1] Barbara Villiers, daughter and heiress of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, who fell in the royal cause at the battle of Edgehill. She was born about the year 1642, and was married the year before the Restoration to Roger Palmer, then a student in the Temple, afterwards created Earl of Castlemaine, by which title she was known till the year 1670, when she was created by Charles II. Duchess of Cleveland. She had three sons by the King, whom he successively created Dukes of Cleveland, of Grafton, and of Northumberland, and one daughter born in the first year of her marriage, who bore the name of Palmer, with the farther dubious designation of *adopted daughter* of the King. She married, at fourteen, Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex.

[2] Louisa de Querouaille, the daughter of a noble family in Brittany, was an attendant on Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, when she visited England, and was met by the King, her brother, at Dover in 1672. The charms of this lady were supposed to have been purposely thrown in the way of the King, to attach him more effectually to the interests of France. The plan succeeded, and she shortly after became the reigning mistress, and was created Duchess of Portsmouth. In "Evelyn's Diary," are some curious details of a visit he made to Lord Arlington at Euston in 1673, when Mademoiselle de Querouaille was amongst the guests. In the same entertaining Diary we find mention made of a visit Mr. Evelyn received from a Mr. and Madame de Querouaille, relations of the Duchess of Portsmouth's, who were in England in the year 1675. They had been much known to his father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, during his residence in Brittany. See "Diary," vol. i. p. 449.

of God for it. I have silently retired to my little dressing-room for this performance, the next being full of company at cards. The Lady Pultney[1] one, introduced by Lady Southampton.[2] I am engaged with Northumberland;[3] but at nothing, nor to nothing upon earth entirely, but to my dear Mr. Russell; his I am with most passionate affection.

R. VAUGHAN.

I am a humble servant to all your company.

LADY VAUGHAN TO LORD RUSSELL.[4]

March 23, 1675.

THOUGH it is very hard to receive so kind a letter as I read yesterday, and not tell you the joy I take in reading it, yet I have made my Lady Shaftesbury the compliment; but she returned it as I desired, and obliges me to this moment of pleasure, and sure these are very great ones, in my love's absence, to sit and read what he has written, but that is apt to make me contemplate to fix at this instant when to return Lady Shaftesbury's kindness. I must put myself from this employment, and you light upon expressions which are very apt to fill one full of thoughts, therefore I take up the dear paper, and present my duty to my Lord; tell you our girl is very well, and very pretty; says Papa is waking for a cherry.

R. VAUGHAN.

[1] Arabella, daughter of George, Earl of Berkeley, second wife to Sir William Pulteney, Knight, of Misterton, in Leicestershire.

[2] Frances, daughter of William Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and widow of Viscount Molineux, when she married the Lord Treasurer Southampton (Lady Russell's father), to whom she was third wife. She long survived him, and afterwards married Conyers d'Arcy, the first Earl of Holdernesse.

[3] Lady Northumberland, her sister.

[4] From a copy in the MSS., Woburn Abbey.

There was a muster in the Park for the Prince Mecklenburg to-day. Mr. Saville[1] has been insolent in his tongue to the Duke, and is for it banished the Court: the words are too many to write. Mr. Garrad is fled; he is to be tried by the Green cloth, and the Lord by his Peers.

For Mr. William Russell, at Woburn, Bedfordshire,
to be left at Brick Hill.

LADY VAUGHAN TO LORD RUSSELL.[2]

August 15, 1675.

Though I did wish my best life would not give himself the trouble of writing to me so soon, yet I desire he will believe there is no earthly thing can please me so well as what he says to me; so that when I cannot hear him speak, his letters are my best delight; though I am with our little girl, who is (I bless God) very well, and extremely merry, and often calls Papa. She gets new pretty tricks every day. My Sister[3] liked the plovers very well, and so did I, for I eat of all to-day, not drinking the waters, nor do not mean to drink them to-morrow. We look for no new company on Tuesday, as we did when you went. I think it is very well as it is. I find by John's letter, you found half a pair of stairs at Southampton House, which I was glad of, that all faults may be amended now, if any be found. I write by the carrier, because that post is so naughty, and it is the same thing, for this goes but to-morrow morning, and if anything happens you should hear, I will write again on Monday night, or Tuesday morning, otherwise not. I hope I shall hear you got well to London by John to-morrow, if the post please to deliver it, for yesterday I had those were wrote

[1] The Hon. Henry Saville.

[2] This and the three following are from copies in the MSS. at Woburn Abbey. The originals are most probably among the Devonshire MSS.

[3] Probably the Lady Margaret Russell, sister to Lord Russell, who afterwards married her cousin, Edward Russell, Earl of Orford.

on Tuesday, and this morning those on Thursday. I am going to see Miss end her supper, and then undress, at which time she is very pleasant; and it is my best entertainment till I see again my Mr. Russell, whose I am entirely.

R. Vaughan.

I am glad poor Die[1] is well again. Remember to write to Lady Allington. Pray mind to look what kind of garret it is where the chimney is new made.

For Mr. Russell at Woburn.

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.

1675.

Persuading myself to believe you were not willing to dispense with not hearing to-day from your little girl and I, I think myself obliged to tell you we are both as you left us. I have just left her (to tell her dear papa so) in as good humor as she used to be when her breakfast is before her; but while it was a getting ready very impatient; nothing would do without the help of a piece of bread and butter. I have yet passed my time well enough since we parted; all I have done seeming to be in order to our meeting soon again; but some interruption I had about four o'clock yesterday, by the noise of a coach, which proved to be my Lady Stuckley.[2] I had the satisfaction by it of seeing the new well, for going down with her, the evening was so fine, I walked to it; it is thatched all, and the foundation laid to the turning; they were just turning it as I looked on them, and this day will not hurt it, for it is

[1] Diana, sister to Lord Russell, first married to Sir Greville Verney, afterwards to William, second Lord Allington, created an English peer by Charles II., by the title of Baron Allington of Wymondley, co. Hertf. Died in 1684.

[2] Most probably Catherine, daughter and heir of Sir John Trott, of Laverstoke, co. Southampton, Bart., first wife of Sir Hugh Stukeley, of Hinton, co. Hants, Bart.

the most glorious one that is to be imagined; the sun is so hot as I write, it supplies the want of sand as well as fire could do. The pears are not gathered till to-morrow morning. I do long to hear of my best life, but not so much as I shall do ten days hence, whether I am at Stratton, or nearer to you.

Watkins[1] calls for my letter, yet I must tell you I hate myself for forgetting your girls, and am more and more convinced how little I deserve the blessing I enjoy, but will ever be thankful to my God and yourself, whose I am entirely.

R. VAUGHAN.

Sunday morning.

For William Russell, at Southampton House, London.

LADY VAUGHAN TO LORD RUSSELL.

1675.

WHAT I have to write, and the time I have to write it in, are very agreeing, having extreme little of both at my command; for words never any creature had so few, that had so much to express as I have to Master Russell, and my time is what Lady South: takes to sup in, this day being hers, and I am to see our girl above, whom I have not seen undressed since you went. She is as you left her, that is I hope so; for I dispatched my letter before the visit, lest her charms should be so powerful and so keep me too long; yet from such a dispatch it would not hurt any.

Madam Tremblet is safe arrived, and so are our things I hope, for I have not opened them yet; nor if I can choose will not; but if I should see them first, they would not be pleased, for yesterday I was there, and they wondered extremely to hear I had not curiosity to see so fine things: she had some fancy in them it seems. I spoke for the note, the weather is so ill; I hope to see you soon. Mrs. Strangwich is dead; Mrs. Capel that was: not having been abroad to-day, I know nothing of the world. Yesterday I played at Whitehall, Duchess Hamil-

[1] The House Steward.

ton[1] kissed the Queen's hand; the Queen rose from cards to do it; my sister's girl is ill again.

I am eternally yours,

R. VAUGHAN.

Saturday night, 8 o'clock.

For Mas. William Russell, at Stratton, in Hampshire.

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.[2]

Tichfield, August 22, 1675.
Sunday night.

I WRITE this to my dear Mr. Russell, because I love to be busied in either speaking of him or to him; but the pretence I take is lest that I wrote yesterday should miscarry; so this may again inform you at London, that your coach shall be at Harford Bridge (if God permit) upon Thursday night, to wait your coming; and on Saturday I hope to be at Stratton, and my sister[1] also. This day she resolved it, so her coach will bring us all, as I think to contrive it, or at least with the help of the chariot and cart-horses; but I think to send you the coach, to save sending six horses for it, for a pair will bring the chariot. It is an inexpressible joy to consider, I shall see the person in the world I most and only long to be with, before another week is past; I should condemn my sense of this expected happiness as weak and pitiful, if I could tell it you. No, my best life, I can say little, but think all you can, and you cannot think much: my heart makes it all good. I perfectly know my infinite obligations to Mr. Russell; and in it is the delight of her life, who is as much yours as you desire she should be.

R. VAUGHAN.

[1] Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, in her own right, eldest daughter of James Duke of Hamilton. She married William Earl of Selkirk, who, on her decease, was created Duke of Hamilton, in 1661.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] The Lady Elizabeth Noel, eldest daughter of the Lord Treasurer Southampton, married to Edward, eldest son of Lord Noel, afterwards Earl of Gainsborough.

Miss is very well. I drink the waters yet, and intend it till I go, if the weather holds so good.

For Mr. Russell, at Southampton House.

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.[1]

London, April, 1677.

I CANNOT neglect so great a pleasure to myself as writing to Mr. Russell is, yet have nothing to tell him, but how I have passed my time since I saw him yesterday: it was with your two sisters[2] at a Dutch Woman's,[3] Paternoster-row, and the three Exchanges.[4] This day I dined at the Tower,[5] but there is no news: the Lords have no answer of their petition. Mr.

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] Lady Allington and Lady Margaret Russell.

[3] This was probably what was called an India-house, a warehouse where tea, china, and other Indian goods were then only to be purchased. It was the shopping of the fine ladies of those days; it afterwards became so much the fashion with the young and gay, that other motives than "to cheapen tea, or buy a screen,"* were imputed to the visits to India-houses. King William's severity reprehended Queen Mary for having been persuaded to go to one; and Cibber makes Lady Townley "take a flying jaunt to an India-house," as one of the most dashing gayeties of a fine lady's London life.

[4] The Three Exchanges were Exeter, the New Exchange, and the Royal Exchange.

[5] Probably with Lord Shaftesbury, who had been sent to the Tower in February, 1676, with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Wharton, for having asserted that Parliament was legally dissolved by a prorogation of more than a year. The last three were shortly after liberated, but Lord Shaftesbury remained in confinement above a twelvemonth. ["After thirteen months' confinement. But not till he had begged pardon on his knees at the Bar of the Lords, as well for his fault as his obstinacy in not acknowledging it.—Rapin.]

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* "To cheapen tea, or buy a screen,
What else could so much virtue mean?" PRIOR.

Shepherd[1] has not been heard from; Charlton[2] came in: he says the King told Mr. Shepherd he came post, but his answer would not be so hasty; nothing will be done in it, it is thought. Wharton is commanded to Woburn, and goes to-morrow. Crequi[3] was overturned just going into Newmarket. The King comes on Saturday or Tuesday: the Queen is ill, and much affected with the blazing star. There is a huge whale come up to Chatham, 52 feet long. Having no better entertainment than you find, I think it as well for me to make an end, and

[1] Mr. Shepherd* was an upper servant, out of livery, of Lord Shaftesbury's, or his gentleman, as they were then called, and, indeed, as they often were by birth, although serving in a menial capacity in great families. See "Rawleigh Redivivus," or the "Life and Death of Anthony late Earl of Shaftesbury," p. 55.

Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was designated in the same manner in the family of the Countess of Kent. "She gave her gentleman twenty pounds a year. He (Butler) lived some years in her family." See "Letters by Eminent Persons from the Bodleian Library," vol. ii. p. 260.

[2] Perhaps son of Sir Job Charlton, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1673.

[3] Marshal Crequi. His defeat by the Austrians at Consaarbruck in 1675, and its supposed effect on the Court of Charles II., is thus mentioned by Lord Russell in one of the few letters to his wife, still extant: —"I sent you, in my last, the news of Crequi's defeat, which proves very true, and is owned by M. de Ruvigny: it is a thing of vast consequence at this conjuncture of time, and will, as it is thought, unavoidably occasion the total ruin of their army about Strasburg, for all the victory mentioned in the 'Gazette,' which is so ridiculously penned, that everybody laughs at it, and wonders how so silly a thing could be ordered to be printed. They say that not only the Bretons continue up, but that in the Lower Normandy there is a rising too, and if so, nobody knows how far it may go. . . . . These late disasters of the French have caused great people to shed tears at Windsor."

"August 10, 1675."

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* Perhaps a relation to Mr. Shepherd, the wine-merchant, at whose house the fatal meeting took place; which, misrepresented, conducted Lord Russell to the scaffold.

wait upon Lady Shaftesbury, who means to sup with me. I am most obedient to my Lord and Mr. William Russell, both,

R. VAUGHAN.

Tuesday, 8 o'clock. Our girls[1] are well.

For Mr. William Russell, at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, to be left at Brick Hill.

LADY VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.[2]

London, April 12, 1677.

I HAVE stayed till past eight, that I might have as much intelligence as I knew how to get. Spencer[3] promised to be here this evening, but I find him not in my chamber, where I expected him at my coming home; for I have spent the afternoon with my sister Allington, and by all our travels could not improve my knowledge as I extremely desired to do, that I might entertain your dear self the better by this letter; else could have been content to be to-morrow morning as ignorant as I was this; for all my ends and designs in this world are to be as useful and acceptable to my Mr. Russell as I can, to deserve better, if I could, that dear and real kindness I faithfully believe his goodness suffers me to enjoy. My cousin Spencer is just come. The inclosed paper I copied from one Lord Allington gave me last night: it is the King's message to the House[4] yesterday. This day the debate held till 4 o'clock; and the result of it is, you have ordered a second address to thank his Majesty for taking into consideration your first,[5] and to desire he would, if he

[1] Their second daughter, Katherine, afterwards Duchess of Rutland, was born in August of the preceding year.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] The Honorable Robert Spencer, her cousin.

[4] The 11th of April, 1677.

[5] The first address was for entering into an alliance with Holland against France for the preservation of the Netherlands. The second address to the same purpose was presented on the 25th of May fol-

please, pursue what in that they desired; and that they might not be wanting, they have added a clause (if the King accepts of it) to the money bill, that gives him credit to use two hundred thousand of that money towards new alliances; promising, if he do see cause to lay it out, to replace it him again. This, as Sir Hugh Cholmondeley[1] says, it is not pleasing at Court: expectations were much higher. The Lords have not agreed with the Commons: they desire to have it put in the bill, they should receive an account as well as the Commons. The House was in the way of agreeing, and the Speaker pressed it; till, after three hours' debate, he told them suddenly he had mistook the thing, that he knew the House nice upon money matters, and the Lords had only a negative in money concerns; and this seemed an affirmative, so put it to the question; but would not divide the House, though if they had, the ayes would have carried it, it is believed. To-morrow, at two, is a conference with the Lords. The Queen is so ill she could not perform the Maunday this day, but the Lady Fingale did it. The Lady Arlington's brothers are neither of them killed.[2] The Lady Mohun has a son;[3] he is ill; everything else as you left it. Your girls very well. Miss Rachel has prattled a long story; but Watkins[4] calls for my letter, so I must omit it. She

lowing; it drew down a sharp reprimand from the King, for prescribing what alliances he was to make, and produced an adjournment of the House.

[1] Sir Hugh Cholmeley, of Whitby in Yorkshire. [A narrative of his sufferings during the civil wars was privately printed in 1787. 4to.]

[2] Lady Arlington was Isabella de Beverwaert, daughter of Lewis of Nassau, and grand-daughter of Maurice, Prince of Orange. Thomas, Earl of Ossory (son of the Duke of Ormond), married a sister of Lady Arlington's, and another sister unmarried, and called Lady Charlotte Beverwaert, was a lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Anne. See frequent mention made of her in St. Evremond's works, under the name of Mademoiselle, as an intimate associate of Madame de Mazarin.

[3] He was killed in a duel in Hyde Park with the Duke of Hamilton, in 1712, which proved fatal to both the combatants.

[4] The house-steward.

says, papa has sent for her to Wobee, and then she gallops and says she has been there, and a great deal more; but boiled oysters call, so my story must rest. She will send no duty she is positive in it. I present you all any creature can pay: I owe you as much.

R. VAUGHAN.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

March, 1677–8.

My sister[2] being here tells me she overheard you tell her Lord last night, that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the House:[3] this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

This is on half a sheet of paper, and folded as a note. The date at the bottom is in the handwriting of Lord Russell.

[2] Lady Allington.

[3] On the 14th of March of this year the House of Commons had resolved itself into a committee of the whole House to consider the state of the nation. The motion for this committee was made by Lord Russell in the following words: "I move that we may go into a committee of the whole House to consider of the sad and deplorable condition we are in, and the apprehensions we are under of popery and a standing army, and that we may consider of some way to save ourselves from ruin."*

Sir John Reresby mentions the great exertions made by the Court to resist these proceedings. It is probable that this note was meant to dissuade Lord Russell from making this motion, or perhaps from some other of a stronger nature on the same subject, in which she was successful. Lord Russell having kept this note, and indorsed it, with the time at which it came to his hands, proves the strong impression which some circumstance about it had made on his mind.

* See the "New Parliamentary Register," vol. iv. p. 951.

doubt, and to your sister too; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day.

R. Russell.

While the House was sitting.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.

Tunbridge Wells, 1678.

After a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, mingled my uncle's whey, with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed, not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here: our want is, yourself and good weather. But now I have told you our present condition: to say a little of the past—I do really think, if I could have imagined the illness of the journey, it would have discouraged me: it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Sevenoaks; but our horses did exceeding well, and Spencer, very diligent, often off his horse, to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night: I hope the quilt is remembered; and Frances must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come, or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate: here is no table to set it on; but if that does not come, I desire you would bid Betty Foster[1] send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you. From your

R. Russell.

Past ten o'clock.

Lady Margaret[2] says we are not glutted with company yet: you will let Northumberland[3] know we are well; and Allie.[4]

For the Lord Russell.

[1] A housemaid.

[2] Lady Margaret Russell.

[3] The Countess of Northumberland, Lady Russell's sister.

[4] Lady Allington.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

London, January 1, 1679.
Tuesday, midnight.

I BEG thy leave, my only dear, by the way of refreshment, to tell you how I have spent the day: I ate pudding with the girls, and then went and ate porridge and partridge with my sister; then sent for both misses to make their visit, dispatched them home, so proceeded to the work of the day; made a dozen visits, and concluded at Whitehall. I learnt nothing there, but that the Queen had cried heartily: her eyes made it very visible,[2] yet she was very lively. She was at cards with Lady Sunderland[3] and Lady Betty Felton.[4] Lord Ossory[5] was there: he came on Saturday. I am told Sir William Temple

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] The nation was now involved in the disgraceful delusions of the popish plot. Oates and Bedloe had denounced the queen as accessary to it, not six weeks before the date of this letter. A very sufficient reason for the state in which Lady Russell mentions having seen her. ["Oates grew so presumptuous, as to accuse the Queen of intending to poison the King, which certainly that pious and virtuous lady abhorred the thoughts of, and Oates and his circumstances made it utterly unlikely in my opinion."—"Evelyn's Diary," vol. i. p. 515.

[3] Anne Digby, daughter of George Earl of Bristol, and wife of Robert Earl of Sunderland, the son of Sacharissa. See frequent mention made of this lady in "Evelyn's Diary."

[4] Lady Betty Felton was a daughter of James Earl of Suffolk, married to Thomas Felton, Esq., Page of Honor to Charles II., and afterwards Sir Thomas Felton.

[5] Thomas Earl of Ossory, the accomplished son of the first Duke of Ormond, whose much-lamented death the following year extorted from his father the touching boast, that he would *rather have his dead son, than any living son in England.* He had been named Governor and General of the forces going to Tangiers to repair the losses sustained in a late attack from the Moors. But the best of the troops destined for this expedition having been afterwards withdrawn from his command, he seems to have anticipated the sacrifice of himself or his honor, in being sent with such an incompetent force. See an affecting account of his death, and the previous state of his mind, in "Evelyn's Diary," vol. i. p. 488.

will be the other Secretary, though some would have (but cannot compass it) Mr. Hyde:[1] so Mr. Montagu told me at dinner. He had met Lord Aylesbury: he told him he came through Bedfordshire, and the two Lords[2] he heard would be chosen. My Lord Aylesbury answered, he could not tell: they had taken a prejudice to his son, upon ill offices done him in the county; and all was for two votes, and they were but votes of civility. When I began, if I had remembered this would come the day you were going to the election indeed, when gone, I had been so much sooner in bed. Farewell for a while, my best life.

R. Russell.

Williamson[3] is married to Lady Catherine.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[4]

London, January 4, 1679.

It is now between eleven and twelve o'clock; an hour, I guess, you are in full employment, and I at the most delightful

[1] Lawrence Hyde, second son of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, afterwards Earl of Rochester. It was Sir Leoline Jenkins who was made Secretary of State on this occasion, and neither of the persons Lady Russell mentions.

[2] Lord Russell and Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesbury. Montagu had been member for the county of Bedford in the preceding Parliament; but was not now rechosen with Lord Russell, whose colleague, in 1679, was Sir Humphrey Monnoux, Bart. The baronetcy became extinct in 1814. Lord Bruce is the same person who afterwards, as Earl of Aylesbury, was suspected of being an agent in the plots against King William. He retired to Brussels, where he established himself, and where he died in 1722.

[3] Sir Joseph Williamson. He had been Secretary of State in the year 1673. See an account of his birth and rise in public affairs, under the protection of Lord Arlington in "Evelyn's Diary," vol. i. p. 442. He married Lady Catherine Obryen, widow of the Lord Obryen. She was sister to Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond, the husband of *La belle Stuart* of the "Memoirs of Grammont," by whom he had no children, so that his sister was his heir.

[4] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

I can choose, considering my present circumstances. If yours be not so easy to-day,[1] to-morrow, I hope, will make some amends; and by this day se'nnight, the remembrance of the toil past, and the expectation of the enjoyments at sweet Stratton, will recompense all. Your father sent me two letters to read this morning; one was Tom Gregory's,[2] the other Lord Bolingbroke's[3] to him, with mighty compliments to you in it. Poor Lord Aylesbury had a doleful face yesterday,[4] Lady Mary[5] told me. Since Tuesday night I heard nothing, but I will try this afternoon, add what I can get, but I would begin lest my time should be short in the evening. Mr. Montagu had a letter yesterday from the council-board to be there at his leisure, to see his cabinets opened; so to-morrow he goes.[6] I have sent you my sister's (Lady Northumberland) letter to read: the poor man is delivered out of a peck of troubles, one may perceive. I would not end this epistle till I had coasted the town for news, but I met none at home to furnish me with any; and being now at Montagu House, find as little there. Sir Robert[7] is in discontent to-day; and swears if he knew as much as he does to-day a fortnight ago, he would have been a parliament man, whatever it had cost him: he is out of favor,

[1] The day of the election for Bedfordshire.

[2] A servant.

[3] Oliver St. John, Earl of Bolingbroke. The earldom became extinct in the person of Paulet St. John, his brother, who died unmarried in 1711.

[4] On account of his son's failure at the Bedfordshire election.

[5] Lady Mary Bruce, his daughter, afterwards married to Sir William Walter, Bart.

[6] Mr. Montagu's papers were searched by an order of council for his transactions, while ambassador in France, with the Lord Treasurer Danby, relative to the secret treaty. See Burnet's account of this affair, vol. ii. p. 217. [Mr. Macaulay says: "Ralph Montagu, a faithless and shameless man, who had resided in France as Minister from England."—"History," v. i. p. 232.]

[7] Probably Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., of Pilewell in Hampshire, her neighbor at Stratton.

he says. Sir William Temple, it is believed, will be the other Secretary, and not Mr. Hyde. To give you all reports, my Lord Bath,[1] they say, is to be treasurer; and some other remove, I heard, as not unlikely, but have forgot it; and here is such a buzz at cards, and with the child, that I can remember none; and, to help, Mr. Stukely has come in. Your sister[2] is well, but I hear nothing of sister Alinton; their porter has been missed a week; they have changed the lock, and I hope take care; I send to them to know if they take care to watch, but I get no good answer; you know my concern. They will let me say no more; our girls are very well and good. I am, my Lord Russell's creature entirely.

R. Russell.

Thursday night.

Williamson is gone with his lady into the country.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[3]

London, February, 1679.
Thursday, 7 o'clock.

I was very sorry to read anything under your hand, written so late as I had one brought me to Montagu House; but I heard yesterday morning, by a servant of my Lord Marquis, you got well to Teddington, so I hope you did to Basing,[4]

[1] Sir John Granville, Earl of Bath; the same who had been the messenger between the King and Parliament at the time of the Restoration. The appointment Lady Russell mentions as a report, did not take place; the treasury having been put in commission.

[2] Lady Margaret Russell.

[3] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[4] The seat of Charles Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, afterwards Duke of Bolton. This is the person of whom Sir John Reresby gives the following curious account the year before the Revolution. "In the midst of the impending dangers which seemed to threaten us, there was a nobleman, the Marquis of Winchester, who had, by his conduct, persuaded some people to think him mad, though he certainly acted upon principles

and our poor Stratton, and will by Saturday night to the creature of the world that loves you best. I have lived as retired, since you went, as the severest and jealous husband could enjoin a wife: so that I am not fitted to entertain you with passages in the town, knowing no more how the world goes, than an Italian lady, they say, usually does. The weather has been of the worst kind here, continually either snow, hail, or high winds: God keep you from colds! I wish you may know when you are well, and not stir from my Lord Marquis, whose very humble servant I am, and must be the more so, because I think he is so kind to you, as that my Lord would willingly agree to my wish.[1] To take up as little of your time

of great human prudence. This gentleman passing through Yorkshire in his way to London, I went to pay him a visit: he had four coaches and a hundred horses in his retinue, and staid ten days at a house that he borrowed in our parts. His custom was to dine at six or seven in the evening, and his meal always lasted till six or seven the next morning; during which he sometimes drank, sometimes he listened to music, sometimes he fell into discourse, sometimes he took tobacco, and sometimes he ate his victuals; while the company had free choice to sit or rise, to go or come, to sleep or not. The dishes and bottles were all the time before them on the table; and when it was morning, he would hunt or hawk, if the weather was fair, if not, he would dance, go to bed at eleven, and repose himself till the evening. Notwithstanding this irregularity, he was a man of great sense, and though, as I just now said, some took him for mad, it is certain his meaning was to keep himself out of the way of more serious censure in these ticklish days, and preserve his estate, which he took great care of."—Reresby's Memoirs, p. 247.

It is certain that he was already, at the time Sir John Reresby wrote, in correspondence with the Prince of Orange. See several of his letters in "Dalrymple's Appendix," vol. ii.

[1] The following letter, written at this time from Basing, is among the very few, yet extant, from Lord Russell to his wife:—

"Basing, February the 8th, 1678–9.

"I am stole from a great many gentlemen into the drawing-room at Basing, for a moment, to tell my dearest I have thought of her being here the last time, and wished for her a thousand times; but in vain, alas! for I am just going now to Stratton, and want the chariot, and my dearest dear in it. I hope to be with you on Saturday. We have had a very

as I can, I have sent you my sister's letter to read; my answer to it you may guess at. I wrote at large what was said in my chamber: it might have been remembered, how you had accepted Bedfordshire, and the reports here of Sir Richard Knight, or such being set up. If I had news I should not be very ready to send it you, being sure my Lord Marquis would have it better expressed from several, therefore I have been the less inquisitive. My sister Northumberland had, last night, a letter from the Lady Northumberland;[1] all the account she gives her, is, that if her grandchild[2] likes the addresses of my Lord Ogle better than any others, she shall accept them: this is the whole; for all the rest of the letter is some kind of notice how severe she hears she is against her in her ordinary discourse. My Lord Ogle is come to town for certain, I think.

Your aunt tells me your cousin Newport[3] will be chosen, it is declared; but she did not tell me how her lord took it. My sister was told yesterday Mr. Montagu was off for standing knight of the shire, but was for some borough. Mr. ——[4] helps him too, and the election-day would be Saturday; but she knew nothing of this from him, or anything else. Her little girl has been so ill two days, she feared the smallpox: I

troublesome journey of it, and insignificant enough, by the fairness and excess of civility of somebody: but more of that when I see you. I long for the time, and am, more than you can imagine, your

"Russell.

"I am troubled at the weather for our ownselves, but much more for my sister. Pray God it may have no ill effect upon her, and that we may have a happy meeting on Saturday. I am Miss's humble servant."

[1] Her mother-in-law.

[2] The Lady Elizabeth Percy, married, at twelve years old, to the Earl of Ogle. She was not, even at this age, on good terms with her mother (Lady Russell's sister), as appears by a letter from Lady Russell to Lady Ogle, on her marriage, in this collection, dated April, 1679. [See page 22.]

[3] Richard, son of Francis Lord Newport, by the Lady Diana Russell, an aunt of Lord Russell.

[4] The name in the MS. not to be deciphered.

have not seen it, but she sent me word this morning Doctor Micklethwait thought it would prove an ague. Your sister is as well as is to be expected; but we hear nothing of Lady Die. Our small ones are as you left them, I praise God; Miss writes and lays the letters by, that papa may admire them when he comes: it is a moment more wished for than to be expressed by all the eloquence I am mistress of, yet you know how much that is; but, my dear abuser I love more than my life, and am entirely his.

R. Russell.

Amongst letters were opened, there was some of Lord Marquis's and Lord Shaftesbury's,[1] in all which they give their friends great caution not to choose fanatics, at which the King was much pleased, and said he had not heard so much good of them a great while. This is a report; if I hear any other of any kind, I will send it from Montagu House, whither I am going, and will not seal it till I have been there: I know Lady Shaftesbury is there, my Lady Marquesse,[2] &c. I am to play at basset[3] to-morrow, at Lady Shaftesbury's.

[1] Lord Shaftesbury was made President of the Council very soon after the date of this letter.

[2] The Marchioness of Winchester, second wife of the Marquis of Winchester, above mentioned. The peerage calls her the eldest natural daughter of Emanuel Scroop, Earl of Sunderland, and widow of Henry, second son of Henry Carey, Earl of Monmouth. Emanuel Scroop, Earl of Sunderland, was the first and the last of his name who bore that title. The title of Marchioness was not yet in use. The wife of a *Marques* was then called a *Marquesse.*

[3] The name of a game at cards then much in fashion. [Thus celebrated by Pope:—

"But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on basset, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:

Lord Gray[1] says the Bedfordshire gentlemen are ready to break their hearts, that you are gone to Hampshire,[2] and will leave them.

A near relation of Lady Catherine Obrien, says, this day, the marriage is owned with Williamson; he will be chosen at Queenborough. It seems he has, for some time past, given them plate for their church; so little Herbert will be to seek. It is for Nottingham, by Lord Manchester's interest, Mr. Montagu stands.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[3]

London, February 15, 1679.

At dinner at Lord Shaftesbury's I received your letter, and found nothing in it that hindered my offering it him to read; he did so at the table, and some part of it to the company. Lord Wharton dined there, and Judge Ellis;[4] Charlton and Shaftesbury conclude Beecher[5] will be the man. I wish the day over, but fear it is so likely to be a troublesome one, that I shall not see you so soon as my last desired; yet if it may be, I wish for it; the main reason is, to discourse something of

> In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
> They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
> Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
> My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
> Look upon basset, you who reason boast;
> And see if reason must not there be lost."
>
> "The Basset Table."—An Eclogue.]

[1] Ford Lord Grey, of Werke, married to Mary, fourth daughter of George, Earl of Berkeley. His infamous amour and elopement with her sister, Lady Henrietta, did not take place till three years after this date.

[2] Lord Russell had been returned both for Bedfordshire and Hampshire, and finally made his election for Bedfordshire.

[3] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[4] Sir William Ellis, a puisne Judge of the Common Pleas.

[5] No one of the name of Beecher was elected into this Parliament.

that affair my uncle (Ruvigny) was on Sunday so long with me about. It is urged, and your Lordship is thought a necessary person to advise with about it.[1] Your tasks are like to be difficult in town and country: I pray God direct your judgment in all your actions. I saw Sir Ieveril[2] at Lord Shaftesbury's, who told him my Lord Russell was a greater man than he, for he was but one knight, and Lord Russell would be two. Sir Ieveril answered, if it were in his power he should be a hundred. This is but one of many fine things I heard to-day, yet my heart thinks abundantly more due to my man. I write again in Northumberland's[3] chamber; and Mrs. Young has come in, who says Berry[4] is turned Protestant, and has confessed very much, and wrote a letter to the King that tells such things, Mr. Stanhope, who is at basset, says he dares not repeat it. Aunt Tresam loses, and bates me to end this. My love, I am in pain, till Tuesday is past, because I am sure you must have a great deal. I am, to the last minute of my life, your most obedient wife,

R. Russell.

Saturday night.

Your sister rose to-day. My best service to brother James. I sent your letter to Lord Bedford.

For the Lord Russell, at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire,
to be left with the Postmaster at Brick Hill.

[1] This may probably allude to the Exclusion Bill, the progress of which was only postponed by the prorogation and subsequent dissolution of this Parliament, which, having met in March, was dissolved in May of the same year. The Exclusion Bill was resumed with fresh spirit by Lord Russell and his friends in the ensuing Parliament, which met in October, 1680.

[2] This name is here printed from the spelling of the MS., but the editor neither knows the name as it stands, nor for whom it is meant.

[3] Her sister.

[4] Henry Berry, one of the three persons who had been convicted of the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey. The report Lady Russell here mentions on this subject was false; for he and his two associates, Green and Hill, were executed on the 21st of this month, denying the fact for which they suffered to the last.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE COUNTESS OF OGLE.[1]

April 1, 1679.

My Lord of Essex,[2] on Saturday morning, sent me your Ladyship's letter. In it I find the change you have made in your condition. You have my prayers and wishes, dear Lady

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] The Earl of Essex was the uncle, by marriage, of Lady Ogle, his wife being Elizabeth, sister of Jocelyn Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, Lady Ogle's father. The early history of this great heiress seems to have been very unfortunate. We see by this letter, that, on her first marriage with Lord Ogle, contracted in childhood, her mother had not been consulted by the rest of her family. When Lord Ogle's death, within a twelvemonth after, set her again free, she was again made a prey to interested motives. Her second marriage with Mr. Thynne, in 1681, seems to have been at once offensive to most of her own family, and not much desired by herself, as she could not have been very averse to the attentions paid her by Count Koningsmarck, when he imagined the base and wild possibility of gaining possession of her by the murder of Mr. Thynne. Evelyn, in his Diary, gives the following account of a conversation with Lord Essex, on the subject of this second marriage with Mr. Thynne, attributing motives to her grandmother which, if known to be true, might have inspired some hopes of success, by lawless means, to a profligate libertine, such as we know Count Koningsmarck to have been.

15th Oct. 1681.—"I dined with the Earl of Essex, who after dinner, in his study, where we were alone, related to me how much he had been scandalized and injured in the report of his being privy to the marriage of his lady's niece, the rich young widow of the late Lord Ogle, sole daughter of the Earl of Northumberland; showing me a letter of Mr. Thynne's, excusing himself for not communicating his marriage to his lordship. He acquainted me also with the whole story of that unfortunate lady's being betrayed by her grandmother, the Countess of Northumberland, and Colonel Brett, for money; and that, upon the importunity of the Duke of Monmouth, he had delivered to the grandmother a particular of the jointure which Mr. Thynne pretended he could settle on the lady; yet he totally discouraged the proceeding, as by no means a competent match for one that, both by birth and fortune, might have pretended to the greatest prince in Christendom: that he had also proposed the Earl of Kingston, or the Lord Cranburn, but was by no means for Mr. Thynne."

Ogle, that it may prove as fortunate to you as ever it did to any, and that you may know happiness to a good old age: but, Madam, I cannot think you can be completely so, with a misunderstanding between so near a relation as a mother; and, therefore (in pursuance of my wish), I must do you all the service in my power. But, surely, Madam, it must be chiefly your own act; and you cannot pursue, in my opinion, so commendable a design too eagerly. No applications can now be too earnest to obtain her pardon, nor could have been to have prevented the misfortune of her displeasure, whose tender kindness you cannot but be convinced of; and, consequently, Madam, that all her advice could have no other aim and end but your being happy; and reasonably concluding the freeness of your choice was likely to make you so, she could not think your avoiding to see so many, alike qualified to make their addresses to you, was the way to make you so impartial in your judgment (as you say, in your letter, you believe you have been). I hope it will prove the best for you; but I cannot make use of your argument to her, not thinking it of force to persuade her to what you desire, and know none so probable as your own constant solicitations, which will, I hope, prevail with her good-nature. I am certain I do passionately desire it, and shall infinitely rejoice to be a witness of it, as must all those that are as sincerely as I am, Yours.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

London, April 3, 1680.

To be absent from the best and most loved thing and friend in the world, and now, I may almost say, the only one I have in it, must cause some alteration in a person sensible of her condition; but for any other, I praise God I can complain of none. I have kept close to my easy chair this very ill stormy day; but been uneasy in my thoughts for the two travellers.

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

God grant you keep from cold, and preserve you from all other ills! I have stayed till past eight, to get news, and now Lady Southampton and Mr. Darcy[1] is come in, so I must shorten my converse with my best and only true joy. Charlton is, I believe, out of town, and so is all the world to me, I think, for I have seen nobody but your father and brother Ned: all I can hear is, the King has forbid the Duke of Monmouth to see Nell (Nell Gwynne); that is, I should say Nelly to see him. The Princess of Orange is not likely to last long, as is said. Lady Inchiquin[2] was here last night; she meant to go to-day, and get a doctor to go with her. There is a report that the witness whom they secured about this Irish plot is got away: this is our neighbors' news; Lady Southampton brought it. I hope, by Tuesday, to do better things. Our girls are, I hope, as well as you can wish them. The widow[3] and I are going to a partridge and Woburn rabbits. My sister Allington is not very well yet, but no fear, I hope of miscarrying. Good night, my dearest love; I am inviolably yours,

R. Russell.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[4]

London, 1680.
Ten o'clock, Sunday night.

My thoughts being ever best pleased when I, in some kind or other, entertain myself with the dearest of men, you may be

[1] Conyers Darcy, son of Lord Darcy and Conyers. He was married to Lady Southampton, the widow of Lady Russell's father; and was created Earl of Holdernesse in 1682.

[2] Lady Inchiquin was a Villiers, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, and sister of the first Earl of Jersey, and of the Ladies Fitzharding and Orkney. She was the only English woman of quality who accompanied the Princess of Orange to Holland on her marriage. This account of the Princess's health was one of the many false reports of the day.

[3] Probably the Mrs. Tresam, mentioned more than once in these letters by the name of "Aunt Tresam."

[4] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

sure I do most willingly prepare this for Mr. Chandler. If I do hear to-morrow from you, it will be a great pleasure to know you got well to Stratton, though I fear for you every day, knowing you will frisk out abroad. Mr. James (Russell), I hope, airs your rooms well with good fires. Your father sighs with the prospect of his journey. Mrs. Herbert, the doctors conclude, cannot live: Scarborough[1] only has some hopes: he is now called in. Mr. Montagu was to see her, and says she is as her sister Denham[2] was. The Lord Shrewsbury[3] is like to lose both eyes. It is very true, the gentleman that was put into the messenger's hands, is gone; but, as I have it from a privy counsellor, he was first put there, by his own desires, for safety, pretending fear of his life, but is now sent into Ireland with the messenger, as I gather, to be hanged for other crimes, he being, as my author has it, the greatest rogue alive, and witnessed to be so, by a man Lord Essex[4] brought to see him, who he was confident must know him, and so he did, saying he would not, for a world, be one hour alone

[1] Sir Charles Scarborough, first physician to Charles the Second. [He had a fine library, many of his books were purchased by the Earl of Sunderland. Evelyn says it was the best collection of mathematical books in Europe, once designed for the King's library at St. James's.]

[2] Lady Denham was a Miss Brooke, married to Sir John Denham the poet, author of "Cooper's Hill." Her portrait is among the beauties at Windsor, and her history among the heroines of the "Memoires de Grammont." The story there mentioned of her being poisoned, is repeated in Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Persons," but with another version. Both reports were probably false, as Lady Russell here speaks of Lady Denham's sister, Mrs. Herbert, dying *in the same way*, and *she* was not poisoned, either by the jealousy of her husband, or by that of the Countess of Rochester. See Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Persons," &c. vol. ii. p. 319.

[3] Charles Talbot, afterwards Duke of Shrewsbury, son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, killed in a duel by the Duke of Buckingham.

[4] Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, he who perished in the Tower by his own hand, on the very day, and during the time of Lord Russell's trial. He had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had returned from thence this year.

with him, so dangerous a man he was; at which character Lord Essex was much confounded, having appeared so much before for him, and seemed to credit his informations. Another witness, he named, is sent for out of Ireland, who is in gaol for horrid crimes; they are both Tories, so was the fellow they pretend was poisoned, another villain also, for this person Lord Essex brought knows them all: this man was kept so private, none ever saw him since the messenger took him, but themselves, nor know what is become of him, but those so happily informed as myself. A lady out of the city told me it is certain there was before the Mayor yesterday examinations of some apprentices concerning a new plot,[1] and that five did take their oaths, it was to put the lords out of the Tower, and burn them and the Duchess of Portsmouth together: this is the latest design I hear off: if any other discoveries be made between this and Tuesday night, I hope I shall not fail to be your informer, and after that, that you will quickly be mine again: I long for it truly, my dear. Lady Southampton was to see the Marquesse of Winchester to-day: she says her Lord will try how Bourbon waters agree with him before she goes: so my Lady is to follow: she wants to go with him, she says: I know who could not be so shook off. Now they say, none must come to court that sees the Duke of Monmouth. The dinner at the club in the city has more angered the King than anything yet. Mr. Craford has stole a young woman worth 2000*l.* out of a window. Her mother had employed him to persuade her against a match she was not willing to consent to, and so he did, most effectually. Miss says she means to write herself, so I have no messages; but she knows not, I think, of this express, for truly, I had forgot it till, as I supped, they remembered me. I am so well pleased to be alone, and scribbling, that I never consider the matter. Pardon, my dear love (as

[2] Called, in that plotting age, the *Prentices' Plot.* The lords in the Tower were Earl Powis, Viscount Stafford, Lord Arundel of Wardour, and Lord Bellasis.

you have a thousand other failings), all the nonsense of this, and accept the passionate, kind intentions of your

R. RUSSELL.

The painting cannot be done till Wednesday: he can get no men to work. Lady Die is pretty well, they send me word from her house. Lauderdale[1] is only troubled with rheumatism. It is so cold, I stirred not to-day to chapel.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[2]

London, 1680.

I HAVE thought the day long, because I could never be alone to entertain myself, as I had most mind to do. I have now only Lady Margaret[3] left, who is so kind as to stay and eat a Woburn rabbit with me; and I believe they are just coming up, and it is nine o'clock; yet I must tell my joy I received his, and am glad to find Mr. James (Russell) is so very well accommodated for the weather, and so delighted with the country, and so much in the air, without caring for hat or periwig on his head. All the talk is, the Duke of Monmouth is to be sent for to appear at council; great talk of his raising a regiment; letters taken, and witnesses to prove. I was told this evening there would be some discourses to-morrow at council about this, and perhaps he might appear though not sent for. Lord Cavendish[4] is not to be admitted to Nell

[1] The Duke of Lauderdale, the tyrannical and worthless administrator of the affairs of Scotland during the greatest part of the reign of Charles the Second. See "Burnet's History of his Own Times," *passim*.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] Lady Margaret Russell.

[4] William, first Duke of Devonshire, the spirited friend of Lord Russell. See various anecdotes of his early life at this period, in the letters of Lady Sunderland, in Miss Berry's Memoir, p. 327. Mr. Macaulay speaks of "his magnificence, his taste, his talents, his high spirit, the grace and urbanity of his manners, admitted by his enemies. . . . He

Gwynne's house, nor Mr. Thynne.[1] Lady Ann Barrington,[2] about ten days ago, left her husband a letter to tell him she was gone to a fine place, where she should be very well pleased: his house was so dirty she could not endure it longer; so was not heard of till yesterday. She came home again, her sister was so afflicted, that a child dying, and another near, it was, she professed, the less affliction. Remembering no more tattle, and being nine o'clock, I take my leave, hoping to see your dear person in a few days. I am yours, as I should be,

R. Russell.

For the Lord Russell.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[3]

London, June 12, 1680.

My dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet; may you live to do so one fifty years more; and if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats:

had stood near Russell at the bar, had parted from him on the sad morning of the execution with close embraces and many bitter tears, nay, had offered to manage an escape at the hazard of his own life."—History, vol. ii. p. 32.

[1] Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, the same person who became the second husband of Lady Ogle, within a twelvemonth after the date of this letter, and who on her account (as it was supposed) was assassinated in his coach in Pall Mall, February, 1682, by Count Koningsmarck, and three foreigners unders his orders. See a detailed account of the whole of this transaction in "Reresby's Memoirs," p. 135.

[2] Lady Ann Barrington was a daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland (the son of the Parliament's Admiral in the great rebellion). She married Sir John Barrington, of Barrington Hall, in Essex, Bart.

[3] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

they are both well, and your great one's letter she hopes came to you. Charlton dined at Lord Leicester's[1] to-day with the great men, yet brings no news. The three chits go down to Althorpe, if they can be spared. There is great talk of a new plot. Duke Monmouth, Lord Shaftesbury, and many concerned. Lord Essex named one; in a few days we shall know what can be made out. Sister Northumberland and Lady Mary are here, and also Charlton; so that the chat is not in a low voice; and they stay to call for ombre, a less pleasing exercise; I hope you think it is to your ever obedient and affectionate wife,

R. Russell.

Saturday night.

For the Lord Russell, at Stratton, Hampshire,
to be left at Alresford, with the Postmaster there.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[2]

London, 1680.

The sadness of the weather and the remembrance of Blackwater, makes me very solicitous to read your letter of Friday; I hope it will bring no worse news than I send, your girls and your wife being as well as my best love left them, I praise God. Little Kate[3] takes her journey often to papa, but the other keeps her cares in her breast. My sister Northumberland and aunt Tresam dined at Charlton's to-day. The first meaning was to carry Lady Mary as far towards Derbyshire, but the water is too high for her to pass; so she comes back with them, and that may be a pretence for another dinner

[1] Philip, Earl of Leicester, the eldest brother of Algernon, Henry, and Robert Sydney, and of Lady Sunderland (Sacharissa). He married a daughter of the Earl of Salisbury and had three children, who may probably be the "*three Chits*" here mentioned as going down to Althorpe, the seat of their first cousin, the Earl of Sunderland, Sacharissa's son.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] Their second daughter, afterwards Duchess of Rutland.

if he pleases. I believe there is no other news but the inclosed; for Mr. Montagu was here this afternoon, and sat an hour by Lord Shaftesbury and I, and nothing could I learn of him. Several of the council went down to-day to Windsor, in order to to-morrow's business. Most say a parliament will sit;[1] some, the league is conditional it should do so. Lord Radnor[2] was sent for on Sunday to the council, but he said he must serve God before the King, and desired to be excused, as my author says. Lord Rochester has converted his wife;[3] she received the sacrament on Whitsunday, and is a mighty penitent at present; himself I mean. I wish your business so soon dispatched, that I will not take more of your time than is just necessary to tell you, you have a loving creature of your

R. Russell.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[4]

London, 1680. Saturday night.

These are the pleasing moments, in absence my dearest blessing, either to read something from you or be writing something to you; yet I never do it but I am touched with a sensible regret, that I cannot pour out in words what my heart is so big with, which is much more just to your dear self (in a passionate return of love and gratitude) than I can tell you; but it is not my talent; and so I hope not a necessary signification of the truth of it; at least not thought so by you. I hear you had the opportunity of making your court handsomely at Bag-

[1] It did not meet till the 21st October of this year. The Whigs had so great a majority in the Commons, that the Exclusion Bill went through all its stages there without difficulty.—*Macaulay*, vol. i. p. 258.

[2] Robartes, Earl of Radnor. He had been made President of the Council on the dismissal of the Earl of Shaftesbury in October, 1679.

[3] John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, was married to Elizabeth Mallet, daughter of J. Mallet, Esq. of Enmore, in the county of Somerset.

[4] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

shot,[1] if you had had the grace to have taken the good fortune offered. The Lord Pembroke is glad to keep out of sight at present,[2] though I was told the Lord Dunbarton says, he did no more than a man of honor ought to have done. As I was writing as much as I knew of the story, my sister sends me the print.[3] I present it to Mr. James.[4] It was Lord Colchester[5] helped to get him off, as they say. Bedloe[6] is believed to be dead at Bristol of a fever. I am told that Jenks;[7] you must guess who I mean, I know not how to spell it; it is Buckingham's creature; that he had yesterday a letter from Bristol, informing him that in his sickness, Bedloe sent for Sir John Knight, a parliament man,[8] and told him he was likely to die; if he should, he did there declare, all the evidence he had given was true; he had more to say to him, but was faint then; so Sir John Knight left him, and about four hours after came again, and told him there was a privy councillor in town; it might do very well, he would say to him what he had more to say. Bedloe consented, and North was brought, though unwilling to come at first; so Sir John Knight withdrew, and

[1] This must have been to the Duke of York then resident there, for she afterwards mentions the King as being at Windsor.

[2] Philip, seventh Earl of Pembroke, had been committed to the Tower the year before, for some insult offered to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. He had likewise been tried in 1678, for the murder of Nathaniel Coney, but was brought in guilty only of manslaughter. See "State Trials." The Editor knows not if the story to which Lady Russell alludes is connected with either of these circumstances.

[3] She means a newspaper, or a printed account of this adventure, whatever it might be.

[4] Mr. James Russell, Lord Russell's brother.

[5] Thomas Lord Colchester, eldest son of Thomas Savage, Earl of Rivers, who died in his father's lifetime.

[6] Bedloe was the colleague of the infamous Titus Oates, in the accusation of the Popish plot.

[7] Probably Sir Leoline Jenkins, who in the beginning of this year had been made Secretary of State in the place of Mr. Henry Coventry.

[8] He was member for Bristol.

North[1] and his clerk being only present, took his words, and then sealed up the paper. This is the story as I have it, and those who told it are confident there is truth in it. Your father writes me word, he had above twenty knights and gentlemen dined with him, and your health was heartily drunk. The King is very well at Windsor, as the inclosed will certify you,[2] if you can bestow time to read it. I care not to write a story out of it, so I send it. They say I shall be too late; yet I took to this exercise as soon as I could get from eating boiled oysters with Mr. Darcy; but I leave writing to Woburn also, so cannot lengthen this short epistle, from yours entirely,

R. Russell.

Lady Ogle is well of the measles. Bethell[3] has dined at Copt-Hall, and professed he did not find courtiers such bugbears as some would have them; so that possibly it is hoped in time he may understand himself.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[4]

London, August 24, 1680.

Absent or present, my dearest life is equally obliging, and ever the earthly delight of my soul, it is my great care (or ought to be so) so to moderate my sense of happiness here,

[1] Sir Francis North, then Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, afterwards Lord Keeper.

[2] A newspaper or letter, which is not to be found.

[3] Slingsby Bethell, who with Alderman Cornish were Sheriffs of London this year. See Lady Sunderland's letters, No. 6. Copt-Hall was then inhabited by Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset; now the property of Henry Conyers, Esq. Some account of the proceedings of these "mooting Sheriffs," as L'Estrange calls them, on the execution of Viscount Stafford, will be found in the "Enquiry into Echard's Statement of the part Lord Russell took on that occasion."—8vo. Lond. 1852. Privately printed.

[4] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

that when the appointed time comes of my leaving it, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or be in some measure prepared and fit to bear the trial of the other. This very hot weather does incommode me, but otherwise I am very well, and both your girls. Your letter was cherished as it deserved, and so, I make no doubt, was hers, which she took very ill I should suspect she was directed in, as truly I thought she was, the fancy was so pretty. I have a letter about the buck, as usual, from St. Giles's;[1] but when you come up, I suppose it will be time enough to give order; the 1st of September is the day they desire it. Coming so lately from St. Giles's I am not solicitous for news for you, especially Sir Harry Capel[2] being to see your Lordship to-morrow; and the greatest discourse we have is (next to Bedloe's affidavit), Tongue's accusing Lord Essex, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Wharton, for the contrivers of the plot, and setting his father and Oates to act their parts; this was told me by a black-coat who made me a visit yesterday, but I hear it by nobody else. My sister and Lady Inchiquin are coming, so that I must leave a better diversion for a worse, but my thoughts often return where all my delight is. I am yours entirely,

R. Russell.

They say Lord Pembroke is at Paris. Sir John Curiton[3] is dead: Master Charlton knows him. You may tell him his lady is well, sitting by me. His son is come this morning from Tunbridge. He says the waters agree to a miracle with Mr. Montagu: he comes back on Saturday. Chief Justice North sent up Bedloe's affidavit to the Council; but Lord Bath says it was no more but to confirm what he had evidenced

[1] The seat of Earl of Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire.

[2] Brother to Arthur, Earl of Essex. He was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II., and was afterwards created a Baron by the title of Lord Cape of Tewkesbury.

[3] Most probably Sir John Coryton, Bart., of Newton, co. Cornwall, who died about this time.

in his life, though others will not believe it. My sister and Lady Inchiquin are just come from Bartholomew Fair,[1] and stored us all with fairings.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[2]

London, September 17, 1680.

Those moments of true pleasure, I proposed at the opening of your letter, were hugely disappointed; first, when I found less than one would dispatch in the reading of it; and secondly, yet more, that I could not prolong my delight as usual, by reflections on those expressions I receive as the joy of my unworthy life, which can never be very miserable in any accident of it, whilst my affectionate heart can think you mine, as I do now. But your headache over night, and a dinner at Bedford next day, gives me more than ordinary longings for a new report of your health in this crazy time. The maid, in our house, died last night. Poor Lord Shaftesbury continues ill. As I was at dinner yesterday, the doctor coming to the maid, was sent for to him, so I did not see him, to inquire what he thought of him; though I fancy it was the first time he had been sent for, and so he knew nothing of his condition. I doubt he had a double fit yesterday, as I can understand by messages. He has taken the Jesuits' powder five times since yesterday morning. Lord Halifax[3] came to town on Thursday, and next morning his coach stood at Sir Thomas Chichley's.[4] The town says he is to hear all sides, and then choose wisely. He kissed the Duchess's (Portsmouth) hand last night; and she is

[1] Bartholomew Fair was, in these days, we see, visited by the first company in London.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] George Savile, Earl, and afterwards Marquis of Halifax. He had married Lord Sunderland's sister, the daughter of Sacharissa. See her letters addressed to him, in Miss Berry's Memoir, p. 328.

[4] Sir Thomas Chichley was married to Lord Halifax's mother. He was member for the town of Cambridge.

gone this morning to tell the news at Newmarket.[1] My brother James walked over to-day to show me how fair he looks, now he has a swelled face; but talks of Woburn on Monday, hating the place he has been sick in. Lady Newport, my sister Allington tells me, is ill: was taken with a coldness in her head, and drowsiness; but was better to-day, and talks cheerfully. Lord Lauderdale, it is plain, his humble servants say, is not out of favor, but being weary of business, transfers it to a son-in-law. My sister Allington desires you to bring her some larks from Dunstable.[2] I forgot to send her of mine; so have not confessed I had any, unless she hears otherwise of them. Sir John Barnardiston[3] at Hackney, that was cut for the stone, is dead. Dispose, I beseech you, of my duty and service, and all other ways, as you please, in all particulars, of your ever faithful, obedient, passionately affectionate wife,

R. Russell.

Sidney[4] is come: he says the Duke of Hanover[5] is coming

[1] To the King, who was there.

[2] Dunstable still maintains its reputation for these birds.

[3] Father to Sir Samuel Barnardiston, who was tried, in 1684, for sedition, and fined ten thousand pounds, for writing four private letters, in which the execution of Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney was commented on, and blamed.

[4] Henry Sidney, afterwards Earl of Romney. A younger brother of Algernon Sidney. He was now returned from Holland, where he had been minister. What the provocation here alluded to is is not clear. Algernon Sidney had received the King's pardon, and permission to return to England in 1677. He had since twice lost his election for a seat in the House of Commons, by the opposition of the Court, and had attached himself to that party, who, unfortunately for themselves, had allowed the Duke of Monmouth to rank himself among them. The "discourse" of Henry Sidney seems to allude to what his brother Algernon "so provoked," not himself, "might be induced to do." Or whether the provocation was Henry Sidney's at the opposition of the Court to his brother's election, and the evil eye with which he was considered, or at Algernon's still associating with a suspected party, seems doubtful. See Lady Sunderland's letters in Miss Berry's Memoir.

[5] Afterwards George the First. He came to England in December of

over to take our Lady Anne away. I hear he runs high in his discourse, what a brother, so provoked, may be induced to do. The Duchess (of York) is to have three new maids, Miss Watts, Miss Falbrey, and one Miss Len, a niece of Lady Pulteney's; and the Duke must give 200*l.* a year a piece.

Mrs. Cellier[1] stood this day in the pillory, but her head was not put in the hole, but defended one side of her head, as a kind of battledore did the other, which she held in her hand. All the stones that were thrown within reach, she took up and put in her pocket.

My sister Northumberland's intelligence is, that Madame de Soissons[2] has won millions at play of the Jews at Amsterdam.

this year, with an intention, as it seems, of marrying the "Lady," afterwards Queen "Anne."

[1] Mrs. Cellier, a midwife, of the Roman Catholic religion. A woman of some cleverness, but of very bad character. She had been charged, in the preceding year, with being concerned in the Popish Plot, but was acquitted; and her accuser, Dangerfield, committed to prison. She had been now convicted of the publication of a libel, called "Malice Defeated;"* and was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and fined a thousand pounds.

[2] Olympia Mancini, Comtesse de Soissons, sister to Madame de Mazarin, and mother to Prince Eugene. She had fled from France the January of this year, being implicated in the affair of La Voison's poisonings. She was *decrétée de prise du corps*, by the tribunals of Paris, and never returned to France, living afterwards at Bruxelles. Madame de Sevigné gives the following account of her sudden disappearance from a supper at her own house at Paris, together with another woman of fashion, accused of the same crime:—

"Pour Madame la Comtesse de Soissons elle n'a pu envisager la prison; on a bien voulu lui donner le tems de s'enfuir; si elle est coupable. Elle jouoit à la bassette Mercredi: M. de Bouillon entra; il la pria de passer dans son cabinet, et lui dit qu'il falloit sortir de France, ou aller à la Bastille, elle ne balança point; elle fit sortir du jeu la Marquise d'Alluie;

* London, 1680. Folio. At the end of this account published by herself she says: "I do not yet so much fear the smell of Newgate, as to be frightened for telling the truth; nor is death so great a terror to me, but that I am still ready to seal the same with my blood."

She says also, that Lady Halifax[1] has lost no beauty in the country, and takes particular care you may know it. Mrs. Lawson is coming up again; so that there is great strife likely to be between her and your cousin Howard of Escrick.

They say this young Hanover is one of the handsomest and best bred men of the age: spends now in the academy twenty thousand pounds a year.

Do not forget the larks.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[2]

From Stratton to London (during the sitting of Parliament), 1680.

Thursday night.

SENDING your victuals by the higler, I take the same opportunity to let my dearest know I have his by the coach, and do humbly and heartily praise my God for the refreshing news of his being well: yet you do not in words tell me if you are very well; and your going to the House tells no more than that you are not very ill. If your nose bleeds as it did, pray let me beg of you to give yourself time to bleed in the arm. My heart, be assured, mine is not easy, till I am where you are;

elles ne parurent plus. L'heure du souper vint; on dit que la Comtesse soupoit en ville: tout le monde s'en alla, persuadé de quelque chose d'extraordinaire. Cependant on fit beaucoup de paquets, on prit de l'argent, des pierreries; on fit prendre des justaucorps gris aux laquais, aux cochers, on fit mettre huit cheveaux au carosse. Elle fit placer aupres d'elle dans le fond la Marquise d'Alluie qu'on dit qui ne vouloit pas aller, et deux femmes de chambre sur le devant. Elle dit à ses gens qu'ils ne se missent point en peine d'elle, qu'elle, étoit innocente: mais que ces coquines de femmes avoient pris plaisir à la nommer: elle pleura: elle passa chez Madame de Carignan, et sortit de Paris à trois heures du matin."—"Lettres de Madame de Sevigné," vol. v. p. 53. Grouvelle's edition.

[1] Lord Halifax's second wife; the lady here mentioned, was Gertrude, daughter of William Pierrepont, second son of the Earl of Kingston.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

therefore, send us a coach as soon as you can: it shall find us ready whenever it comes, if God bless us to be well. I wrote more fully to this purpose in the morning, only I am willing to hint it again, in case of its miscarriage. I have sent up one maid this day, and on Monday all follow. It seems to me the ladies at Petworth[1] are as particular to the Marquis as they were to the Duke before: but the wondrous things he tells, I may aim at, but shall never guess, nor care to do it; or anything else, but to move towards London, and meet my better life, as I wish to see him, well and mine, as I am his, and so to be to an old age; but above all, praying for hearts and minds fitly disposed to submit to the wise and merciful dispensations of the Great God. I mean to keep your friend Chesterfield's[2] letter; and hope you will make good his character in

[1] "The ladies at Petworth" were probably the Countess of Northumberland (Lady Russell's sister), her daughter, Lady Ogle, and her mother-in-law, the elder Countess Dowager of Northumberland, sister to the Earl of Suffolk.

[2] Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, whose son afterwards married a daughter of Lord Halifax's by his second wife, who was mother to the fourth Earl, author of the "Letters to his Son."

The letter here mentioned is not to be found, but the following letter from the same correspondent to Lord Russell, of a much earlier date, appears to the Editor worth preserving.

"June the 7th, Bretby, 1673.

"Since nothing can give me greater satisfaction than the testimonies of your kindness, I think I need not tell you, how much you obliged me by the favor of your last letter, which as at first it gave me great concern for your indisposition, so the latter part dissipated that trouble, by the assurance of your perfect recovery, and brought me the relation of your engagement with the Dutch, which I hear since was much to the advantage of his Majesty's navy, I cannot say of England, since many judicious persons, who love both their King and country, do apprehend the ruin of our enemies, likely to prove fatal to ourselves; but I hope this is a vulgar error: however, I am sure it is no ill prayer to desire God to grant us what is necessary for us, since He knows better than we that ask. Possibly this ejaculation may surprise you; but, dear friend,

all accidents of your life. From the sharpest trials good Lord preserve us, if it may be. I guess my lord will be soon in town; pray present my duty to him. Our girls are very well: we were altogether at the farm-house this day. They are plastering the granary. Pray keep good hours, and take care of ——[1] hackney coaches. Believe me your obedient wife,

R. Russell.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[2]

London, February, 1680. Tuesday night.

Since you resolve not to be here till Thursday, this may come time enough to tell you we are all well; and I will say little more, guessing this as likely to miss of coming to your hands, as to be read by you, since I hope you lie at Dunstable to-morrow. I shall defer answering any particular of your last till we meet, and then shall fail, I doubt, of my part in some; but it will be by my incapacity, who can never be what I should or would to my best and dearest life: but I ever will submit. I saw Lord Bedford to-day at Southampton House. Lord Essex has lost his youngest son. The match is concluded with our Madame[3] in France, and the King of Spain, as Lady Newport says. I am in a little haste, and am content to be so, because I think what I have said is to no purpose: but I defy Lord Russell to wish for Thursday with more joy and passion;

if the country,* a wet summer, and the being forty years old, does not mortify a man, he must be of a much stronger constitution than is, Sir,

"Your most faithful, and ever humble Servant,

"Chesterfield.

"Pray let my obedient service be presented to the Lady Vaughan."

[1] A word in the MS. not to be deciphered.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] "Our Madame," must mean the infant daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans; then about seven or eight years old.

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* See the reasons assigned for his retreat into the country, in the "Mémoires de Grammont."

and will make him own he has a thousand times less reason to do so than has his

R. Russell.

For the Lord Russell, at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire; to be left with the Post-master at Brick Hill.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

London, September 6, 1680.

My girls and I being just risen from dinner, Miss Rachel followed me into my chamber, and seeing me take the pen and ink, asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going to write to her papa. "So will I," said she; "and while you write, I will think what I have to say;" and truly, before I could write one word, she came and told me she had done; so I set down her words; and she is hard at the business, as I am not, one would conclude, by the pertinence of this beginning; but my dear man has taken me for better and worse in all conditions, and knows my soul to him; so expressions are but a pleasure to myself, not him who believes better things of me than my ill rhetoric will induce him to by my words. To this minute I am not one jot wiser as to intelligence (whatever other improvements my study has made me), but I hope the afternoon's conversation will better me that way. Lady Shaftesbury sends me word, if her lord continues as well as he was this morning, I shall see her; and my sister was visiting yesterday. I will suck the honey from them all if they will be communicative. I have not seen Allington. Mr. James had a gentle fit, no cold, and is pretty well to-day; if it holds, he sends me word. Pray talk of his nurse, that she that is, may not be thought the occasion of my not liking her. I have staid till Mr. Cheeke[2] is come in, and he helps me to nothing

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] A son of Sir Thomas Cheeke. He was married to a daughter of Philip Sidney, Earl of Leicester.

but a few half-crowns, I expect, at back-gammon; unless he may read my letter, he vows he would tell me none, if he knew any; and doubting it is not worth his perusal, I hasten to shut it up. Lord Shaftesbury was alone, so his lady came not. I hear my sister and Lady Harvey went thither this afternoon; but she has not called here to-night. Your birds came safe to feast us to-morrow. I am yours, my dear love,

R. Russell.

For the Lord Russell, at Woburn Abbey,
Bedfordshire; to be left at Brick Hill.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

London, about February, 1681.

From the opinion I have, that Lord Russell is a very sincere person, I am very well pleased with all the parts of his letter, that he came in good time to his inn, and had really such kind reflections as he tells me of. I hope we shall enjoy those dozen years he speaks of, and cannot forbear wishing to double them: as one pleasure passes, I doubt not, but we shall find new ones: our nursery will help to furnish us; it is in good order, I thank God. Your father came this morning, and gave me the report of Devonshire elections. Sir William Courtney and Rolle carried it without polling: my brother Robert[2] says they joined, but sister Allington says Partridge has lost it by three or four hundred voices. Cotton and the other carried it; Russell lost it.[3] In Middlesex, Ranton and Roberts[4] have it. Lord Suffolk had a letter sent him, to let him know he need not wait: they

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] The Hon. Robert Russell, one of the brothers of Lord Russell.

[3] For the county of Cambridge. The sitting members in this Parliament were Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Levinz Bennet. Those of the preceding Parliament had been Ferdinand Russell and Edward Patrick, Esquires.

[4] Nicolas Ranton and Sir William Roberts.

sent it at eleven o'clock at night. Lord Manchester's[1] was sent into the country to him. Lord Aylesbury acts as Lord Lieutenant in Huntingdonshire, for the Lord Sandwich;[2] so does my Lord Chamberlain,[3] for the Duke of Grafton, in Suffolk.

[1] The Earl of Manchester had been Lord Chamberlain to the King, and seems to have been sent to Lord Suffolk, to explain or modify the letter he had received to dispense with his coming into waiting as Lord of the Bedchamber to the King.

[2] Lord Sandwich was a minor; the son of Edward, Earl of Sandwich, who was blown up with his ship in the engagement with the Dutch fleet, 28th May, 1672. See "Evelyn's Diary," for his account of that transaction, and for Lord Sandwich's character, vol. i. p. 430.

[3] The Earl of Arlington. The Duke of Grafton was his son-in-law; his only child, the Lady Isabella Bennet, having been married, at five years old, to the Duke of Grafton (son of the King and of the Duchess of Cleveland) at eight years old. See "Evelyn's Diary," vol. i. p. 432, who was present at this first marriage, and likewise at a second marriage, which took place between them in the year 1679, which he thus describes: —"6th November, 1679. Dined at the Countess of Sunderland's; and was this evening at the re-marriage of the Duchess of Grafton to the Duke (his Majesty's natural son), she being now twelve years old. The ceremony was performed in my Lord Chamberlain's (her father's) lodgings at Whitehall, by the Bishop of Rochester, his Majesty present. A sudden and unexpected thing, when every body believed the first marriage would have come to nothing; but the measure being determined, I was privately invited by my lady her mother to be present. I confess I could give her little joy, and so I plainly told her; but she said the King would have it so, and there was no going back. This sweetest, hopefullest, most beautiful child, was sacrificed to a boy that had been rudely bred, without anything to encourage them but his Majesty's pleasure. I pray God the sweet child find it to her advantage; who, if my augury deceive me not, will in a few years be such a paragon, as were fit to make the wife of the greatest prince in Europe. I staid supper, where his Majesty sate between the Duchess of Cleveland (the mother of the Duke of Grafton) and the sweet duchess the bride: there were several great persons and ladies present, without pomp. My love to my Lord Arlington's family and the sweet child made me behold all this with regret; though as the Duke of Grafton affects the sea, to which I find his father intends to use him, he may emerge a plain, useful, and robust officer;

And, at last, Lord Allington owns he is for Cambridgeshire, which, with the King's orders to stay at the Tower, when the Parliament sits at Oxford, put him in very good humor on Thursday last. I have not seen Charlton since you went. Your own story of thieves, and so many as we hear of every day, makes me very desirous of your being at poor Southampton House again, in the arms of your

R. Russell.

For the Lord Russell.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.[1]

March 6, 1679—80.

Though I am very earnest to hear, good doctor, how my brother[2] is after his journey, and melancholy welcome home, yet I had not troubled you so very soon, if some discourse

and, were he polished, a tolerable person, for he is exceeding handsome, by far surpassing any of the King's other natural issue."

In a fragment of a letter from Lord Russell to his wife, he says: "Lord Sunderland, I am told, exclaims openly of my Lord Arlington, and says, he had his promise for his daughter's marrying of his son." It would seem there were other pretenders to this infant heiress, by the following mention made of her in Carte's "Extracts from the Life of James II.," published in Macpherson's "State Papers:"—

July 13, 1672. "Buckingham proposed to the King, if he would break off the marriage with Lord Harry (created Duke of Grafton in 1677) and Arlington's daughter, to get Lady Percy (Lady Elizabeth Percy) for Lord Harry. The King answered that it was too late, the other being concluded. Buckingham, at the same time, offered to the Countess of Northumberland (Lady Russell's sister) to get the King to consent, that he should command the Duke of York to marry her."—See Macpherson, vol. i. p. 67.

[1] A divine, for whom Lady Russell had a great esteem and friendship; he had been chaplain to her father, as he was afterwards to the Duke of York; rector of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and canon of Windsor, which preferments he lost after the Revolution, upon refusal of the oaths.

Lord Noel.

with Lord Shaftesbury[1] had not occasioned it, who coming here, was much concerned to find they could have no meeting with my brother, to adjust things as they desired; but since he did not apply himself to do it, they hope he is satisfied how they must proceed, in order to their trust; and telling me it was necessary they should speak with the person who managed the estate, and understood it best, I thought it fit to let my brother know it, and so if he please the same person (who I suppose to be Holloway) may bring up the papers; and being by so safe a messenger, my brother may consider whether he will not send the original ones; for their counsel says, they must be here, before they can do anything effectually. But my brother will, however, think fit to keep attested copies, and hasten those he sends up as soon as possible. This is what their counsel advises upon them as necessary, and absolutely so.

My Lord presents his service to my brother; I do so too; and heartily pray to God to comfort him in his sorrows, and direct him in all his actions.

I am, good Doctor,

Your humble servant,

R. Russell.

My kindest service to all the dear young ones.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[2]

London, March, 1681.

I hope my dearest did not interpret amiss any action of mine, from seven o'clock Thursday night, to nine on Friday morning; I am certain I had sufficient punishment for the ill conduct I used, of the short time then left us to spend together,

[1] Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, who married Margaret, daughter of William Lord Spencer, and Penelope Wriothesley.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

without so terrible an addition: besides, I was really sorry I could not scribble as you told me you designed I should, not only that I might please myself with remembering I had done you some little service at parting, but possibly I might have prevailed for the laying by a smart word or so, which will now pass current, unless you will oblige a wife after eleven years, by making such a sacrifice to her now and then, upon occasions offered. I hope, as I write this, you are safe near Oxford,[1] though it is not noon; but being to meet Lady Inchiquin at dinner at Montagu House, I thought this the best time to dispatch this affair with pleasure. If anything offers itself, fit to be inserted, I shall gladly do it; but I doubt it. Charlton going to-day to his lady's at Barnet, he promised me, if he knew anything before he set out, he would impart it. Lord Cavendish keeps a soldier at his back still.[2] Vendôme,[3] another nephew, is come over; so they say he shall take Lord Cavendish's concern; but fighting must be in the end: what Lord Mordaunt has done can never be put up; nor he will not submit. We conclude nothing but the great Earl of Aylesbury can assist this matter: he must come up of necessity.

The report of our nursery, I humbly praise God, is very good. Master[4] improves really, I think, every day. Sure he is a goodly child; the more I see of others, the better he appears: I hope God will give him life and virtue. Misses and their mamma walked yesterday after dinner to see their cousin

[1] The Parliament met this year at Oxford, on March the 21st; but, from its uncomplying temper with the wishes of the Court, was suddenly dissolved by the King on the 29th of the same month.

[2] This must probably have been to prevent an intended duel from some dispute at play.

[3] The Vendôme here mentioned, was the *grand Prieur* Vendôme, great-nephew to Cardinal Mazarin, and son of Laura Mancini; he was consequently cousin to the Duchess of York, and to the Duchess of Mazarin. The nephew mentioned as already here, was the Duc de Nevers, brother to the Duchess of Mazarin.

[4] Her son, Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford, born 1st November, 1680.

Allington. Miss Kate wished she might see him :[1] so I gratified her little person. Unless I see cause to add a note, this is all at this time from yours only entirely,

R. Russell.

Look to your pockets: a printed paper says you will have fine papers put into them, and then witnesses to swear.[2]

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[3]

London, March, 1681.

I cannot express to my dearest, how pleasant to me the sight of his hand is; yet I readily excuse the seeing of it, when he cannot perform it at a seasonable hour, or that he is pressed with more weighty affairs, so that I may be assured he will let me know if he be not well. We are entertained with divers reports; yesterday's were, that my Lord Salisbury had broken his neck, and my Lord Shaftesbury was impeached, which puts his poor lady into uneasinesses, though we all conclude there is no reason to credit the report. I find by a letter of Pordage's,[4] that you expect to hear of us every day: if there were anything amiss, you should not fail; but while all is well, I thought we did enough. Truly it was my fault the intelligence of lies[5] are not sent; I believed you might buy them at Oxford. Your care to inform us of the King's speech was more than needed; we are better supplied than you imagine, having read that in print before you did, I believe. The Lord Mayor[6] re-

[1] A new-born son of Lady Allington.

[2] The caution here given, conveys a curious idea of the suspicion and insecurity of the times.

[3] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[4] Pordage was the house-steward.

[5] She means, probably, the newspapers of the day.

[6] The Lord Mayor, this year, was Sir Gilbert Gerard; the same who had headed a petition to the King, for calling a Parliament.

covers. The Duchess of Buckingham[1] is likely to be blind, a favor of her Lord's, which she has been ever very thankful for; but lately, some friend, in kindness, endeavoring to inform her judgment and reform her behavior, reasoned it with her, and represented her obligation to such a husband, upon which the little wise woman showed some resentment to her lord; but he soon made her confess who this friend was, and a grievous bustle there has been, but the poor creature is almost eaten up with her case. Our finer ladies are not all alike satisfied: Lady Arundel[2] goes not to Oxford, as she designed, but to Northamptonshire; and if she did not, Lady Betty Felton threatens to mortify her above all sufferance: for she vows she will not suffer Lord Shrewsbury[3] to adore there any longer; and for my Lord Thanet,[4] she says, the world shall see how much more powerful her charms are than those of a great monarch. She is resolved to make that conquest, and then he shall behave himself, in Court or Parliament, as she appoints. These things we hear; they serve to pass our time, whether true or false. I hope you present my duty to my Lord, and gave him my reasons as I desired you, why I trouble him not with my letters. The children are all well. We hear the Lord Halifax is at Oxford; if that be false, let us know. My uncle Ruvigny has been indisposed with his phthisic: he has not supped here

[1] Mary, only child and heiress of Thomas Lord Fairfax, the Parliament-General, married to George Villiers, the second and last Duke of Buckingham of that family.

[2] Probably Lady Arundel of Trerice. She was the daughter of Sir Henry Slingsby, of the county of York, and the widow of Sir Richard Mauleverer. After the death of Lord Arundel she married Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke.

[3] Charles Talbot, Earl and afterwards Duke of Shrewsbury, in 1691.

[4] Nicholas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, who married Elizabeth, third daughter of the Earl of Burlington. "Here is much striving for Lord Thanet. My Lord of Bedford would give 12,000*l.* I believe that is true; but I do not, what I am told of my Lord of Winchester's orders left here to offer him 20,000*l.*"—Letter (4) Countess Dowager of Sunderland to the Earl of Halifax. Miss Berry's Memoir, p. 327.

yet; what he will to-night, I know not. I think this is sufficient for one time, from your obediently faithful wife,

R. Russell.

Pordage's wife continues very ill. We have a report that the King's lip was bit with a weasel at Cornbury. My uncle, Mr. Charlton, Mr. James, your two sisters, are all your servants; but not one word the more in this letter for them.—My duty to papa.[1]

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[2]

Stratton, 1681. Thursday morning.

A messenger, bringing things from Alresford this morning, gives me the opportunity of sending this by the post. If he will leave it at Frimley, it will let you know we are all well; if he does not, it may let such know it as do not care, but satisfy no one's curiosity in any other point; for, having said thus much, I am ready to conclude, with this one secret, first, that as thy precious self is the most endearing husband, I believe, in the world, so I am the most grateful wife, and my heart most gladly passionate in its returns. Now you have all, for this time, from your

R. Russell.

Boy is asleep, girls singing a-bed. Lord Marquis[3] sent a compliment yesterday, that he heard one of the girls had the measles; and if I would remove the rest, he would leave his house at an hour's warning. I hope you deliver my service to Mr. James.

For the Lord Russell; to be left at Frimley.

[1] These last four words were written by the child.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] Of Winchester.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

Stratton, 1681.

It is so much pleasure to me to write to you, when I shall see you so soon after, that I cannot deny myself the entertainment. My head will lie the easier on my pillow, where I am just going to lay it down, as soon as I have scribbled this side of paper. All has been well here since you, our best life, went. My nieces[2] came last night from Tichfield, all but Betty, and Mr. Garat and Harborough. Sir Walter Young dined here to-day; as, I believe, he has told you, on the road he meant to lie at Harford Bridge to-night, and so to London to-morrow; he was not tempted to make one at our ball; but we have had one without him, very formally. I need not tell you I received your letter; Will Wright's[3] coming shows it: nor I need less say anything to acquaint your dear self the joys it brought with it, from the expressions in it to poor unworthy me: some alloys possibly I found, but I defer that matter till Friday, when I hope once more to be blessed with the sight of what I love best. Good night, dearest life: love your

R. Russell.

I have sent you Mrs. Lacon's letter to read, not thinking it worth your reading at Stratton.

For the Lord Russell, at Frimley.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[4]

Stratton, September 20, 1681.

To see anybody preparing, and taking their way to see what I long to do a thousand times more than they, makes me not

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] The daughters of her eldest and favorite sister, Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, married to Edward Noel Viscount Campden, created Earl of Gainsborough in 1682. They were then living at Tichfield, in Hampshire, which had been the seat of the Lord Treasurer Southampton. Elizabeth Noel, their third daughter, afterwards married Mr. Norton.

[3] A groom.

[4] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

endure to suffer their going, without saying something to my best life; though it is a kind of anticipating my joy when we shall meet, to allow myself so much before the time: but I confess I feel a great deal, that, though I left London with great reluctance (as it is easy to persuade men a woman does), yet that I am not like to leave Stratton with greater. They will tell you how well I got hither, and how well I found our dear treasure here: your boy will please you; you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand. They fancy he wanted you; for, as soon as I alighted, he followed, calling Papa; but, I suppose it is the word he has most command of; so was not disobliged by the little fellow. The girls were fine in remembrance of the happy 29th of September;[1] and we drank your health, after a red-deer pie; and at night your girls and I supped on a sack posset: nay, Master[2] would have his room; and for haste burnt his fingers in the posset; but he does but rub his hands for it. It is the most glorious weather here that ever was seen. The coach shall meet you at the cabbage-garden: be there by eight o'clock, or a little after; though I guess you can hardly be there so soon, day breaks so late; and indeed the mornings are so misty, it is not wholesome to be in the air so early. I do propose going to my neighbor Worsley to-day. I would fain be telling my heart more things —anything to be in a kind of talk with him; but, I believe, Spencer stays for my dispatch: he was willing to go early; but this was to be the delight of this morning, and the support of the day. It is performed in bed, thy pillow at my back; where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night, and many more, I trust in His mercy, notwithstanding all our enemies or ill-wishers. Love, and be willing to be loved, by

R. Russell.

I have not seen your brother; yet I wish matters go well.

For the Lord Russell.

[1] The birthday of Lord Russell. [2] Her son.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

London, October 2, 1681.
Saturday night.

I HAVE deferred so late to write, that now I have little time to do it in: my intention was good, hoping still to learn some sort of tattle might entertain you, but nothing comes; yet Mr. Montagu is but just gone. Now the company is gone to Stockbridge, he has a little leisure to pay his civilities: he says Lord Cavendish comes next week: he has got 500*l.* returned him by old Devon,[2] as I understand. Your father went this morning; and Lady Margaret also. The King comes not till Friday. The Ladies' quarrel is the only news talked of: Lady Betty[3] lies a-bed and cries. Lord Newport came yesterday morning, and says he never saw the King more enraged; he sent to Lord Suffolk to chain up his mad daughter, and forbid her the Court; so at present neither Lord nor Lady Suffolk see her; and little Felton[4] is leaving her. Our family, I thank God, is well, as you left it. I hear your cousin, Tom Newport, is very ill of a fever. Mrs. Pelham[5] is brought to bed of a fair daughter; so the sport is begun in our Square. Lord Shaftes-

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] To what this alludes the Editor knows not. See, on the subject of Lord Cavendish and his father, Lady Sunderland's Letters, No. 1. In Miss Berry's Memoir, p. 334. "Waller does swear and stare that he would have half his estate now, and will not make him a leg for it."

[3] Lady Betty Felton, before mentioned in these letters. It is impossible now to discover what was the "ladies' quarrel," or who were the other ladies engaged in it. Lord Cavendish is mentioned in Lady Sunderland's letters, as one of Lady Betty Felton's admirers and followers. She seems to have been *the* fine lady of her day. Her reign was short, for she died at twenty-five, the very year this letter was written, leaving an only daughter, afterwards married to John, the first Earl of Bristol, of the family of Hervey.

[4] Her husband.

[5] Mrs. Pelham was a daughter of Sir William Jones, married to Mr. afterwards Sir Thomas Pelham, created by Queen Anne Lord Pelham, in 1706.

bury had a good night: Charlton waited on his wife out of town yesterday: so that you are to imagine it a little dull in our quarters: it is not so to me at this present, but will be as soon as I have signed,

R. Russell.

For the Lord Russell, at Stratton, in Hampshire;
to be left with the Postmaster at Basingstoke.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

Stratton, October 20, 1681.
Saturday night.

The hopes I have, my dearest life, that this will be the concluding epistle for this time, makes me undertake it with more cheerfulness than my others. We are very busy in preparing, and full of expectation to see a coach come for us: just at twelve this morning I heard one, was not altogether so welcome as Mr. Whitehead will be: it proved Lady Worsley;[2] but Miss, who had me by the hand, would not quit it, but led me to her dinner, and told my Lady Worsley, I said I would dine with her; then she would dine there too; and Miss consented she should: so we took your table to my chamber, and pleased all parties, I hope, I being so, now it is over. I put her to work as soon as we had eaten. We laid up all your pears: I intend them to go by Monday's carrier. Your hawks we know not what to do with, but stay they must, I say, till we are gone, and horses come back; but your new dog, I hope you will think of, for what to do with him I know not: I have a mind to have him led along with the wagon; for then he will be safe going through towns, and Betty Forster may take care of him at nights; but I hope you will tell us your mind to-morrow, if you can think of anything but parliamentary affairs. I pray

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] Sir James Worsley, of Pilewell, in Hants, married Mary, daughter of Sir William Stewart, of Harteley Mauduit, in the same county.

God direct all your salutations there, and, my dearest dear, you guess my mind. A word to the wise. I never longed more earnestly to be with you, for whom I have a thousand kind and grateful thoughts. You know of whom I learned this expression. If I could have found one more fit to speak the passion of my soul, I should send it you with joy; but I submit with great content to imitate, but never shall attain to any equality, except that of sincerity: and I will ever be (by God's grace) what I ought, and profess, thy faithful, affectionate, and obedient wife,

R. Russell.

I seal not this till Sunday morning, that you might know all is well then. Miss sends me word she is so, and hopes to see papa quickly; so does one more.

For the Lord Russell; at Southampton House, London.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[1]

Stratton, November, 1681.
Monday, 10 o'clock.

I have felt one true delight this morning already, being just come from our nurseries, and now am preparing for another: these being my true moments of pleasure, till the presence of my dearest life is before my eyes again: how I long for it, I will not go about to tell you; nor how I take your abusing me about my perfections: you should leave those things to your brother to say, when occasion serves. On Friday, he may know how soon he may be put to his best language;[2] for Wednesday is the day of trial, and the report to be made on Friday; but now we have choice of old and young. There is a young, handsome, well-natured, discreet gentlewoman, solely at the disposal

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] This seems to have been, either in jest or in earnest, some intended proposal of marriage to be made by Mr. James Russell.

of Mr. W. with 7000*l.*, a Lady Nines's daughter, here in the west. I name her, because possibly you may see somebody may have known something of them; and this coming by the carrier I thought it would make no discovery. I put a note into the box of pears last night, intending then not to write to-day; but I have no power to let it alone; and, as an inducement to myself to make it more reasonable, I consider I need not send again to-morrow to Basingstoke, since you will have both on Wednesday morning; that is, unless there should be any change, as I trust in God there will not; so that look for no news by the post: if there be cause you shall hear. The pears, I sent you word how they are distinguished: all the south are in papers and linen. I am something discouraged as to good news, you having had Sir William[1] so long, and give me not a word of comfort; nor, truly, I found none in the news-letter, but increase of witnesses against Lord Shaftesbury. My service to the ladies that met you. Poor Lady Shaftesbury writes me word, she finds her brother[2] the same man. No fault must be found with the Ministers, though they feel the sad effects of their malice and cruelty. The carrier is ready to go: he promises, by twelve o'clock, to be with you. Yours entirely,

R. RUSSELL.

Miss brings me her mite; but there has been almost wet eyes about it, she thinks it so ill done.[3]

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.[4]

Stratton, September, 25, 1682.

I STAYED till I came from church, that I might, as late as I could, tell you all your concerns here are just as you left them.

[1] Sir William Jones, who had been Attorney-General.

[2] The Hon. Robert Spencer, frequently mentioned in these letters.

[3] A letter from the child was inclosed.

[4] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

The young man as mad, winking at me, and striking with his drumstick whatever comes to his reach.[1] If I had written before church, whilst my morning draught was in my head, this might have entertained you better; but, now those fumes are laid, I find my spirits more dull than usual, as I have more cause; the much dearer and pleasanter part of my life being absent from me: I leave my Lord Russell to guess who that is. I had a letter last post from Mrs. Lacon: pray tell her so, and that you had the paper about the King of Poland;[2] for she is very inquisitive to know, it being so new, she says Charlton had not seen it. I know nothing new since you went; but I know, as certainly as I live, that I have been, for twelve years, as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so one twelve years more; happy still, and entirely yours,

R. Russell.

For the Lord Russell, at Southampton House, London.

LADY RUSSELL TO HER UNCLE.[3]

Apologies, dear Uncle,[4] are not necessary to you for anything I do, nor is my discomposed mind fit to make any; but I want your assistance, so I ask it freely. You may remember, Sir, that a very few days after my great and terrible calamity,[5] the King sent me word he meant to take no advantage of anything was forfeited to him, but terms of law must be observed, so now the grant for the personal estate is done and in my hands. I esteem it fit to make some compliment of acknowledgement to his Majesty; to do this for me is the favor I beg of you;

[1] Her son.

[2] This was, probably, a report that the Duke of York was to be made King of Poland.

[3] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[4] The Honorable John Russell, Colonel of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards.

[5] The death of Lord Russell.

but I have writ the inclosed paper in such a manner that if you judge it fit, you may, as you see cause, show it to the King, to let him see what thanks I desire should be made him; but that is left to you to do as you approve.

Truly, Uncle, 'tis not without reluctancy I write to you myself, since nothing that is not very sad can come from me, and I do not love to trouble such as, I am sure, wish me none. I ask after your health, and when I hear you are well, it is part of the only satisfaction I can have in this wretched world, where the love and company of the friends and nearest relations of that dear and blessed person must give me all I can find in it now; it is a great change from as much happiness as I believe this world can give, to know no more as never must,

Yours.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.[1]

It is so much my interest, my Lord (relying as I do upon your Lordship's judgment and favor to me), to be careful in humbly acknowledging those I do receive, that unless you will be strictly just to me you will imagine this is sent your Lordship from other ends than, upon my word, it is, since I could never in expectance of a future advantage by it, constrain myself to do uneasy things (as doing this is to so discomposed a mind as mine), but to be kindly used, and not any way appear I have a sense of it, would, if it be possible, add to the intolerable pressure my sad heart mourns under; all other considerations would permit me to excuse myself from, or at least to defer an exercise I am rendered so utterly unfit for; especially unless I might complain in such sad words as my raging griefs fill my amazed mind with, and indeed offers me no other without putting a force upon myself, which being fit to do at this time, I ask your Lordship's pardon for what I have said, and

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoirs.

in real compassion as to one very miserable you must give it to, my Lord,

Yours.

I think fit to acquaint your Lordship that I have written to my uncle Russell to present my thanks to the King, but have intimated in another cover that he may, if he sees fit, read it to the King, having written it with that design: if this be enough, I like it better than doing more; but if your Lordship is of another mind tell but my Lord Vaughan so, and I shall know it before the letter be given. If it be seasonable to move in the other, I presume your Lordship will not forget me.

I hear the Sergeant has been troublesome to your Lordship; it would be impertinent to trouble you with all that [has passed,] but I think I have not been to blame, for he demanded it only upon the account that I was to have the personal estate, and I promised him satisfaction when I had the grant.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE KING.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY—

I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your Majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows to hear your Majesty is prevailed upon to believe that the paper he delivered to the Sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest that [during his imprisonment[1]] I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than

[1] The words included in the brackets are crossed out.

to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your Majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your Majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true;[1] as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request; and the author of it, in all his conversation with my husband that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your Majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your Majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so. And if, after the loss in such a manner of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your Majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him, which, when I was so importunate to speak with your Majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your Majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extremities, [and your Majesty in your greatest posts,] and one that is not conscious of having ever done anything to offend you [before]. I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign.

Who am, with all humility,

May it please your Majesty, &c.

[1] It contained an account of all that passed between Dr. Burnet and his Lordship, concerning his last speech and paper. It is called the "Journal," in the "History of his Own Time," vol. i. p. 562.

DR. FITZWILLIAM TO LADY RUSSELL.

February 2, 1684.

MADAM—

A fortnight ago I received a letter from your honor, which by its date, the 30th of the last, should have been near the same measure of time coming to me; and the reason why I deferred the acknowledgment of it to this minute, was to have gained time to return such an answer to it which should have been accompanied with a little treatise suited to your circumstances: but the want of leisure, occasioned through the destitution of a curate by illness, and the consumption of my time in correcting several copies of a sermon[1] sent me from London with a great many errors of the press, hath hitherto obstructed that design; and I have now no more (because I will defer the cognition of your excellent letter, freighted with divine thoughts, no longer) than will serve me barely to name the heads of those considerations, which, through God's Spirit setting them home upon your heart, may fortify you with patience, to support your condition, as sad as you represent it to yourself, and have been pleased to do in pathetical expressions to me. And if they shall have any way this operation on you, or dispose you but to that, I shall, upon your intimating so much, clothe these dry bones with flesh and skin, and give them some complexion, and last of all, after your use, to whom I devote them first, if they may be made subservient to that of others in the same or like case, make them public.[2] Those, or at least some of those, I shall insist upon, you shall find here annexed, with a prayer to be addressed to Christ Jesus, to enable you to imitate the admirable example of patience,

[1] Sermon on Prov. xxiv. 21, 22. 1683. 4to.

[2] Perhaps his Discourse on Isaiah, chap. xxxviii. v. 1. London: 1696. 12mo.

"In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death. And Isaiah the prophet, the son of Amoz, came unto him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live."

charity, &c., he set you. But though this hath been long a coming, and comes maimed and imperfect, I hope it will not be the less acceptable to your Ladyship, or at least the less pardonable.

I am, Madam, upon the account you suggest, of knowing in what entire friendship you and your Lord lived together, most ready to acknowledge your loss of him, as well as your manner of losing him, to be very afflicting; and to allow you cannot have too deep a sense of it, while it proceeds from the value and estimation a wife ought to have for a dear husband; but then I must add, your thoughts may dwell too long upon that disconsolate theme, and so prejudice both your body and your soul, your natural life and your spiritual; for, as the sense is hurt with conversing too long with a vehement object, though it pleaseth the eye, for example, by gazing too much or too long on light, so may the mind, by a continued meditation on grief, though it is delighted with the contemplation, and the body so macerated as not only to be made unserviceable to the mind, but to render that so to herself.

This way I am afraid you offend; and then it is, when your thoughts have been saddened to a great degree, by a long fixation on the doleful object, suppose that they pass into black and dismal ones of questioning God's providence, and a future state, the devil facilitating the passage, which almost seems natural, with his suggestions then.

And yet, while he is busy to amuse you with these, God's Grace, as you most Christianly observe, powerfully steps in to correct them, by putting you upon humbling yourself for the rising, or his injection of such an impiety, and enables you to concur with that motion, in having a kind of hatred and detestation of yourself for them.

In this sense God brings good out of evil; and, as I remember, the devout St. Austin, in his Confessions, mentions this as the benefit of sin repented of. He means that it begets humility: and no doubt but God permits many exalted Christ-

ians in the degrees towards perfection, to fall sometimes into some gross, scandalous sin, to abate their more dangerous spiritual pride. I do not charge such imaginations as these, when they enter into your mind, but that yields not its consent to them as downright sins; nor are you, Madam, to do so; but however you are to lament them as you do, as the unhappy effects of corruption, and endeavor immediately to suppress them, and reject them with disdain.

Towards getting rid of such importunate, troublesome guests, you can take no more successful method than to transfer your thoughts from the sad object which occasionally excited them, to others; as first, to the making reflection on the emptiness of the world, when most enjoyed, in one respect, that it yields no satisfaction, and its fruitfulness in another, that it produces briers and thorns without number, to scratch and tear the mind. Hereby you will gain another important advantage. Wean yourself from it; and if you are so weaned, you may rather thank God than complain that you have been afflicted, even by the dispensation which makes you heavy, since taking him out of the world whom you loved most in it, hath quite taken away your affections towards it. But because this contemplation, by accident, may produce impatience, render you weary of continuing in a world of vanity and trouble, and where you want the desire of your eyes; you are, in the next place, as you do likewise practice, to ascend thither with your meditations where faith alone, and not reason, can mount them; I mean, place them on that happiness above, which is perfect, and not to be disturbed by the interposition of ill accidents, eternal, and not to be concluded by time, reserved for you and[1]

[1] The remainder lost.

DR. BURNET[1] TO LADY RUSSELL.

February 2, 1684.

I was just sitting down to write an answer to your Ladyship's former letter, when I received your last, so now I have two upon me, and therefore I hope you will be so good as to forgive the length of this. Since the bearer is sure, I will say many things on which I would not venture by the ordinary conveyance. I must begin with your last. I see I was not mistaken in thinking, I durst venture on saying, what occurred to me on a thing which in itself was highly good and charitable, but in such an age might, as I judged, not look so well. I can truly say the vast veneration I have for your Ladyship, both upon his account to whom you were so dear, and on your own, which increaseth with every letter I receive from you, makes me impatient if anything should occur that might be matter of censure. I know you act by noble and worthy principles, and you have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop out of my hand when I begin to write to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain. I am confident God has not bestowed such talents on you, and taken such pains, both by kind and severe providences, to distinguish you from most other women in the world, but on a design to make you an instrument of much good; and I am very glad you intend to employ so much of your own time in the education of your children,

[1] After Lord Russell's death, Dr. Burnet was, by Charles the Second's order, discharged from preaching the Thursday lecture at St. Clement's; and for a sermon preached on the 5th of November at the Roll's Chapel, on the words—"Save me from the lion's mouth, thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns;" which was thought of dangerous construction, because the lion and unicorn were the two supporters of the King's scutcheon. "I made no reflection in my thoughts on the lion and unicorn, as being the two supporters of the King's scutcheon (for I ever hated all points of that sort as a profanation of Scripture); but I showed how well Popery might be compared to the lion's mouth, then open to devour us."—Burnet's Own Times, vol. ii. p. 437. Ox. 1823.

that they shall need no other governess; for, as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wounded and wasted spirits. I long so much to see your Ladyship, and them about you in this employment, that I hope you will pardon me if I beg leave to come down and wait on you, when the Master of the Rolls[1] goes out of town; for since it was not thought fit that I should go on with the Thursday's lecture, I am master of my own time during the weeks of the vacation; and I will esteem that which I hope to pass at Woborne as the best of them.

I will not touch in all this letter your deep and ever green and tender wound. I believe the touching of it in the softest manner, gives more pain than all I can say about it can mitigate, and therefore I shall say no more of it, but that it comes in as a large part of my best thoughts that God would give you such an inward sense of his love, and of the wisdom and kindness of his providence, and of the blessed state to which he has raised that dearest part of yourself, and whither the rest will follow in due time, that all these things may swallow up the bitter sense of the terrible stroke you lie under, and may possess you with those true and solid joys that are the only proper cure for so deep a wound. But I will dwell no longer on so dismal a subject, for I am afraid you dwell too much on it.

Now the business of the printer[2] is at an end, and considering how it was managed, it has dwindled to a very small fine, which one may well say was either too much or too little. The true design of the prosecution was to find me in it, and so the printer was tampered with much to name the author.

[1] Sir John Churchill was appointed Master of the Rolls, January 12, 1684–5. He died at his house of Churchill, in co. Somerset, on Thursday, 8th October, 1685, and was buried in the parish church there on the Sunday following.

[2] John Darby, the printer, convicted of printing a libel, called Lord Russell's Speech, made his submission this term, February, 1683–4, and was fined but 20 marks.

I have never taken notice to your Ladyship of the quick sense I saw you expressed in a letter to Mr. Hoskins on that head; but I had no sure bearer till Mr. Pordage went down, and it did not then occur to my thoughts. I hope you believe I have all the just and high sense of that concern that becomes me, and would have been very little troubled, though they could have[1]

MR. GRIFFITH[2] TO LADY RUSSELL.

1684.

MADAM—

Since your Ladyship imposes upon yourself the task of returning answer to such letters as these (where neither business nor ceremony require it), though a selfish (not to say ambitious) principle would put me upon writing often; that I might often receive the honor and satisfaction of such valuable returns; yet the laws of morality forbid me to give your Ladyship too frequent occasions of such unnecessary trouble. However, Madam, I can no longer forbear to acknowledge, which I do with all imaginable gratitude, my great obligations to your Ladyship for your singular kindness in accepting my former letter without taking offence at the freedom and plainness of speech I there used; which with some persons, inferior in quality to your Ladyship, would not have passed, nor the supposal of an honest meaning obtained an allowance for. But I humbly beg your Ladyship's pardon for putting this goodness (I presumed upon) to so rude a trial; though it has succeeded in giving me both a larger notion and a more indubitable evidence of it than I had before. I should not have believed till then that it could have extended so far to bear with such a rigid assertion as

[1] The remainder of this letter is lost.

[2] It is not known who this correspondent was. It is possible it may have been John Griffith, M.A., Curate of Edensor, Derbyshire, and Chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire. He published several sermons, one against the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

seemed to your Ladyship implied in my words, viz. that a constant sadness for a loss which can never be recovered here, is inconsistent with a state of grace. I am heartily sorry, Madam, for having unhappily let fall any ambiguous or unwary expression that might give occasion for that mistake. God forbid I should be so rash to assert or think any such thing. I confess I was puzzled to reconcile your Ladyship's reckoning upon being ever mournful here for the loss of a temporal comfort, with that hope of those infinitely better, immutable and endless ones, in the future state, which in some lines before your Ladyship declared (and I was much affected therewith) that your longing soul had a prospect of and waited for. Such exercise of faith and hope, I thought, must needs hinder that sort of sorrow from keeping a perpetual possession for life in your Ladyship's breast during life. I grant that after it is dislodged, it may get in again, and yet all this while the soul continue in a state of grace which we know is not privileged from changes, faintings, cloudings, and divers infirmities, whereof the best saints have had experience; though they are never without faith and hope, yet these graces may sometimes, through temptation, be at a low ebb; and then such grief may gain the upper hand for a time. This I suppose to have been your Ladyship's case at the subscription of the same letter. Nor are such sudden changes less incident to the inward, than they are to the outward man. An eminent instance we have in David, who in the same Psalm represents himself in opposite tempers, one while rejoicing and glorying in God, and soon after cast down and at the brink of despair; but still he recovers himself at last, by rousing up his soul to renewed actings of hope and trust. And as I find your Ladyship humbly confessing, with him, this is my infirmity; so I doubt not but I shall find your Ladyship revived likewise with him, by the same means through Divine assistance.

LADY RUSSELL TO —— GRIFFITH.

Woburn Abbey, Feb. 4, 1684.

SIR[1]—

In my perplexed state those momentary refreshments, if my afflicted soul finds any, are when I am able to apply such healing considerations as good and charitable men like yourself offer to my wounded spirit. I cannot receive so valuable a gift, and not tell you, sir, myself, that I take it thankfully, and will do my endeavor to use it profitably; but, alas! so inveterate is my disease, it seems to me above the cure of arguments; nothing but the mighty grace of God can assuage such grief as mine. I have loved man too well, and did not weigh enough how short my interest might be in that loved object of my desires; had God had full possession of my soul, or had I prized his love, adored his wisdom, and believed his goodness in all the secret conducts of his providences (yea, although I groaned under the sharpest dispensations of it), I should not be cast down; but passion rebels, and I cannot with that constancy and frame of spirit I desire follow his steps in that thorny path of suffering he trod before me with so much ease; this calls for the sharpest accents of my lamentations; but I still bestow them upon the loss of earthly enjoyments; our grosser part lying nearer to their more suitable objects in the mixed state of this world; sense soon prevails, and by perpetual sharp and quick remembrances, brings to my mind how full of content my mind lately was, and that I must never here know no more; it is a bitter reflective, can only be allayed by seriously fixing upon that consideration you have lighted on to offer me, that whatever he did in his place he did it faithfully, as unto God, and upon that belief may safely ground a hope he was lifted from a prison to a throne; then I know it is very unreasonable to take so heavily, that what was so precious to me, his gain, should be matter of so grievous and lasting a

[1] Now first printed from the original letter in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., F.R.S.

weight of sorrow to me; but I must hope this is my infirmity, and that our High Priest, who was touched with ours, will give me (who with my soul desires with my groans to mingle justification of my God) suffering grace, for a suffering condition, making his rod medicinal to me; and by giving a strong faith in the precious promises of the gospel, I shall one day be able to evidence to my soul, that they belong to me, that his rod and love have gone together, and, though sorely chastised, yet instruction hath accompanied correction, awakened and quickened me to make my calling and election sure, bearing up my evidence to heaven, where, after a few more weary days, we shall together enjoy the visions of God, ever praising him to eternal ages, without interposition of ill accidents; that I may prepare for this blessed change, and without undue impatience wait the time, and in the meanwhile attain such a measure of comfort as is necessary for a prudent and faithful discharge of my remaining duty to him, to whom I owe as much as can be due to man. Remember me, good Mr. Griffith, in your supplications to the Throne of Grace for suitable divine assistance to the miseries and necessities of, sir, your ever sad but faithful friend to serve you.

DR. BATES TO LADY RUSSELL.[1]

London, Feb. 2, 1684.

MADAM—

I had some hopes that, after such an interval of time, your spirit had recovered some strength to resist the violence of

[1] From the original in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, printed in Mr. Wiffen's Memoirs of the House of Russell, vol. ii. p. 283.

Dr. William Bates was an eminent Nonconformist divine, born November, 1625. He held various appointments in the Church of England. On the Restoration of Charles II. he was appointed one of his chaplains. He is said to have been offered the Deanery of Lichfield and Coventry. He took, in 1665, the oath commonly called the Five Mile Act, and was appointed on the part of the Presbyterians in the further attempt to render

your sorrow; but I perceive you are still very disconsolate. It is true your loss was so great, and your sorrow is so just, that to attempt the assuaging it by mere human considerations would be in vain; but it is not above the remedy which the Word of God offers to you. Methinks God speaks to your afflicted spirit, with a little variation, in the words of Elkanah to his distressed consort: "Am I not better to thee than ten husbands?" The extraordinary circumstances that exasperate your sorrow may, by Divine grace, be a happy advantage to declare your more entire and resigned submission to the wisdom and will of God. Consider—was it not, Madam, your most ardent desire, for your dear lord and yourself, that you might, at the end of this short life, obtain and enjoy together the heavenly glory? You have this consolation, that half of your desire is accomplished. Your dearest part has fought the good fight, has overcome the last enemy, and is crowned, and can you be so afflicted for your absence from him as not to rejoice more in his felicity? I know that you, who so perfectly loved him, cannot cherish such a low affection, to be more concerned for your own temporal interest than to be pleased with the belief of his everlasting happiness. I have in my thoughts often applied to your Ladyship the verses of our divine poet:—

> "The most of me to heaven is fled,
> My joys are all packed up and gone,
> And for their old acquaintance plead."

There, Madam, let your conversation be; let your most serious thoughts, earnest affections, and the tendency of your life be for heaven, where you will be united to your most dear husband, by a love infinitely more pure and noble than that which

the Book of Common Prayer acceptable to Nonconformists. He stood by the side of Baxter when that excellent man was brought before the execrable Jeffreys. His works are collected in one volume folio, 1700. He published a work generally known as "Batesii Vitæ Selectæ," 4to. 1681, dedicated to Lord Russell. He died July 24, 1699.

warmed your breast here. I most heartily recommend you and your relatives to the Divine mercy, and am, Madam, your most humble and obedient servant, WILLIAM BATES.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE received, good Doctor, your friendly letter and excellent prayers, indeed, very excellent ones; and although neither could have come too soon, yet I could not wonder they stayed so long. The rigor of the season[1] has been extreme as ever was known sure in England, or in these parts of the world; but a little time of patience has carried us through all the inconveniences and hardship of it, yet not without very great and very sharp sufferings to numbers of the poorer sort; the consideration of which is a most fit contemplation for my sad thoughts, whose sufferings of another nature will have a like period; and, by faith and trust in God, a happy one, when I shall forever (as is my hope my loved Lord is now) be enabled to perform the everlasting race of obedience, which here, by reason of those strong impressions things in this life of sense make upon us, is much weakened. But I am much encouraged by your allowing that I have a just sense of sorrow, and that you saw not my mourning so much to be condemned as you apprehended they were; it excites me better to struggle for my duty, than, when doing all I can, to think I do so ill, that

[1] The forest trees and even the oaks in England split by the frost; most of the hollies were killed; the Thames was covered with ice eleven inches thick; and nearly all the birds perished. Evelyn, in his "Diary," gives various particulars of the effects of this frost, and mentions, among other incidents, that a printer gained 5*l.* a day for printing names of "ladyes" and ballads on the Thames, and that "London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the aire hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so fill'd with the fuligenous steame of the sea-coale, that hardly could one see crosse the streetes, and this filling the lungs with its grosse particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could hardly breath." The only evergreen that escaped destruction in his garden was the cypress.

I may have reason to be amazed, and fear a punishment in both states; but my merciful Father truly knows the sharpness of my sorrows, and the weakness of my person, not fitted to stand out against such storms; but with his help we can do all things. As to the two points your letter, Doctor, insists upon, I will first say for myself, I am very confident I shall ever so take either the reproof, caution, or advice of a friend in such a manner, as I shall never lose a friend for acting the part of one to me, who shall make at least this advantage by finding such, that I shall be subject to the fewer deliberate follies; by sudden acts, I expect to be guilty of many, left to the trouble and distraction of choice alone, as I must now be. Therefore, good Doctor, let me engage you to continue the same way of proceeding, though I may not always comply with what you offer to me, yet that may be best for me, if I could discern it so. Now, for the first particular concerning a chaplain, I shall not be untractable. I told you I could not live under my distresses without one: for the delay I touched upon, the distance of time now before I shall be settled, so as to require the use of one, will much take off my former objections; and as to the definition of a prudent person, you and I shall reconcile it to the same thing. I approve with you the Church of England the best church and best offices and services in it, upon the face of the earth that we know of; but, Sir, I shall covet one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all such as cannot think so too; but of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably with such as may have freedom in my family though not of it, without giving offence, and I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions.

As to your kind offer of assistance, whenever cause for it, I shall ever use a freedom with you, Sir; but, in a fit return, remember an old proverb, "Not to spur a free horse too fast." Sir, your circumstances, and my heavy ones, may most likely render that unfit; but I shall not in appearance be soon in want, seeing my removes next summer will probably be very

short. For having an eye upon any particular person, I must approve, and thank you for your kindness in it; but if you have, let it be so; the person may not know it, for this reason, several that had opportunities of seeing me often in my first extremities, urged my doing what you have since done: and to them I answered as I have to you. Now, if they have been mindful of my necessities, and have any person fit to[1]

Woborne Abbey, Feb. 22, 1683-4.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

It is above a fortnight, I believe, good Doctor, since I received your comforting letter; and it is displeasing to me that I am now but sitting down to tell you so; but it is allotted to persons under my dismal title, and yet more dismal circumstances, to have additional cares, from which I am sure I am not exempt, but am very unfit to discharge well or wisely, especially under the oppressions I feel; however, it is my lot, and a part of my duty remaining to my choicest friend, and those pledges he has left me. That remembrance makes me do my best, and so occasions the putting by such employments as suit better my present temper of mind, as this I am now about; since if, in the multitude of those sorrows that possess my soul, I find any refreshment, though, alas! such as are but momentary, it is but casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compassionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep; or in reading such discourses and advices as your letter supplies me with, which I hope you believe I have read more than once; and if I have more days to pass upon this earth, I mean to do so often, since I profess, of all those have been offered me (in which charity has been most abounding to me), none have in all particulars more suited my humor. You deal with me, Sir, just as I would be dealt withal; and it is possible I feel the more smart from my raging griefs because I

[1] Remainder lost.

would not take them off, but upon fit considerations; as it is easiest to our natures to have our sore in deep wounds gently handled; yet, as most profitable, I would yield, nay desire, to have mine searched, that, as you religiously design by it, they may not fester. It is possible I grasp at too much of this kind, for a spirit so broke by affliction; for I am so jealous that time, or necessity, the ordinary abater of all violent passions (nay even employment, or company of such friends as I have left), should do that my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief, as I can ever hope for, a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and such a victory over myself, that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents, offering to my memory that dear object of my desires, which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live; that so, when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part is incumbent upon me in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with great strength of spirits, and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God, who will not always let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait till he have pity on me, humbly imploring that by the mighty aids of his most Holy Spirit, he will touch my heart with greater love to himself. Then I shall be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of such spiritual blessing, who remain so unthankful a creature for those earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer. Yet God, who knows our frames, will not expect that when we are weak we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections, which are surely increased by the subtle malice of that great enemy of souls, taking all advantages upon my present weakened and wasted spirits, assaulting with divers temptations, as, when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room, as when I am less afflicted (as I before complained), then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions

of some sort or other; that if either greater persuasions had been used, he had gone away; or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrows): so that not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts.[1]

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Believe me, good Doctor, I find myself uneasy at reading your short letter of 8th April (which I have but newly received), before I had answered yours of the 11th March. I have several times taken my pen in my hand to do it, and been prevented by dispatching less pleasing dispatches first, and so my time was spent before I came to that I intended before I laid away the pen.

The future part of my life will not I expect pass, as perhaps I would just choose; sense has been long enough gratified, indeed so long I know not how to live by faith; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together being gone, I have no sort of refreshment but when I can repair to that living fountain from whence all flows; while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet; but am undone, irrecoverably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition; but the same merciful hand

[1] Remainder lost.

which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will (I verily believe) do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run too greedily upon this subject; indeed it is very hard upon me to restrain it, especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist towards my relief any way in their power. I am glad I have so expressed myself to you, as to fix you in resolving to continue the course you have begun with me, which is to set before me plainly my duty in all kinds: it was my design to engage you to it; nor shall you be less successful with me, in your desires, could there happen occasion for it, which is most unlikely, Doctor Fitzwilliam understanding himself and the world so well. On neither of the points, I believe, I shall give you reason to complain, yet please myself in both, so far of one mind we shall be.

I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Stratton, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: but I must pass no more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me! Nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better accquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate one, is settling, and indeed giving up the trust, my dear Lord had from my best sister.[1] Fain would I see that performed, as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire in it, I will (by God's permission) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay more than two or three weeks, my children remaining here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance, therefore shall hasten back to them.

[1] Lady Elizabeth Noel, who died in 1679.

I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. I take, if I do go, my sister Margaret, and believe Lady Shaftesbury[1] will meet me there. This I choose, of thinking some persons being there to whom I would observe some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild and sad thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But blest by the good prayers of others for me, they will, I hope, help me forward towards the great end of our creation.

I am most cordially, good Doctor,
Your ever mournful, but
Ever faithful friend, to serve you,
R. Russell.

I hear my Lord Gainsborough and my Lady will be shortly at Chilton. She is one I do truly respect: I can never regret being near her, though my design is to converse with none but lawyers and accountants.

Woborne Abbey, April 20, 1684.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTAGU TO LADY RUSSELL.

Mar. ye 7th (1684).

It is the saddest thing, my dearest sister, in the world to read your letters, by which one finds your affliction, if it be possible, daily to increase; but, for God's sake, do not add to it by making reflections when it is too late, but as you say afterwards, consider it was God's will it should be so, and it is impossible when that is for us, for us with all our care and industry to hinder it; and it ought to be a great comfort to you that you left nothing undone, either as to your advice or other endeavors, to hinder that fatal stroke. For my part, when I give myself leave to think of your misfortunes (which

[1] Her cousin, who Miss Berry says was merely a good and pious soul, sensible of her inability to offer more than her pity and her prayers.

I confess I do as little as I can, finding it but too uneasy to me), I cannot but look upon it as the immediate work of God, that chose him out to undergo those severe trials for his glory; for certainly never man suffered with more Christian patience the injustice of his enemies, by which he has left immortal fame here below, and without doubt gained a crown of glory in the kingdom of heaven, which ought to be your comfort. I am mighty glad your dear children are so well and prosper; pray God continue them so to a good old age. I am much concerned dear Master had not my token. As for our coming into England we have not yet the least thoughts of; this air, I thank God, agrees perfectly well with me and the children, so that I am very well to continue in it; and for my Lord, he is so really affected with your misfortune that I think it has given him a dislike to his country, as will hinder him from returning till your healths are so established as that we may make the journey altogether. He is your very real humble servant. We have now the finest weather that ever was seen, which you will believe when I tell you that for this ten days I have not seen one spark of fire, only one little vine fagot morning and night to air my linen, and the sun is now so hot that I cannot bear going out in the coach till four o'clock, and in a little time, I believe, must leave it quite, for there is no shade in the country. I am a very humble servant to all the good company, especially to Lady Margaret. My dearest sister, farewell! pray God preserve you and support you that you may not sink under your affliction.

Yours, with all passion,

E. Montagu.[1]

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, married third Lord and first Duke of Montagu.

DR. SIMON PATRICK[1] TO LADY RUSSELL.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LADYSHIP—

I received your letter of the 11th instant, and give you my late but most humble thanks, for taking in so good a part that poor tender of my duty and service, which in the sincerity of my heart I made to your Ladyship; and though I now find that there was no occasion at all for it, yet I cannot be sorry for my mistake, since I enjoy the benefit of it, in reading a letter which is so well stored with devout and heavenly thoughts.

I cannot read, without rejoicing, your Ladyship's submission to the divine Providence, in resolving all to this—That whatever you find will be best, and anything you could imagine would have been worse; nor without begging of God, in the words of David, 1 Chron. xxix. 18, "To keep this for ever in the imagination of the thoughts of your heart." For, as your Ladyship cannot have a more honorable and worthy and just opinion of God, than to believe that all he does is for the best, so neither can you entertain a thought which tends more

[1] A learned English prelate, to whose writings Lady Russell was much attached, which will be particularly seen in the interesting letter, in the second volume, written to her children on the anniversary of Lord Russell's death. To the influence of the noble family, Patrick owed his appointment to the Rectory of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. It is to his honor that he never left his parishioners when the plague was raging amongst them; and it is said refused the Archdeaconry of Huntington, that he might not be absent from his parochial duties. "I am sure," he writes, "while I stay here I shall do good to their bodies, and perhaps save some from perishing, which I look upon as a considerable end of my continuing." He was one of the divines chosen, by Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, in the controversy with the two Romish priests, when James was anxious to convert his minister to Popery. At the Revolution he was much consulted in settling the affairs of the church. He was made Bishop of Chichester, and finally promoted to the See of Ely. He died there in 1707. His paraphrase on the Old Testament is still greatly consulted, and "The Heart's Ease, or a Remedy against all Troubles," has a considerable sale.

to your own ease and satisfaction; for it is indeed the very secret of contentment. And sure there cannot be a more reasonable thing in the world, than to think well of what God does, and to allow him, who is the fountain of love and goodness, as well as of wisdom and understanding, to choose better and wiselier for us than we possibly can for ourselves. It is true that some particular providences look otherwise at the first sight, and we cannot so readiiy explain, and make out the benefit and advantages of them. The man, who in riding to a port to take shipping, and by a fall from his horse broke his leg, and thereby was stopped from his intended voyage, did not apprehend the mercy of that Providence at first, till he afterwards understood that that very ship was cast away, and all the passengers in it. In like manner, we are often puzzled in beholding the frame and structure of this visible world; for many things which at the first appearance seem to be blemishes in the creation, yet, upon further examination, we find to be so very useful and beneficial that we are forced to bear testimony to that divine approbation, which once pronounced them to be all very good. And so I doubt not, but by a diligent examination, we may give ourselves a very good account of the ways, as well as of the works of God, and discover such advantages and gracious passages in every affliction, as may force us to acknowledge that we should not have been so well without these afflictions, and that he of very faithfulness has caused us to be troubled. And as such sensible and experimental acknowledgments must needs be acceptable to God, because thereby we honor him, and speak well of him of our own knowledge, so, on the other hand, it is impossible for our minds to dislike that, which we cannot but acknowledge to be best for us, even we ourselves being judges. Your Ladyship's pious determination not to part with the hope of a future state, if all the glorious offers of this present world were set against it, is according to all the rules of prudence, which even worldly men themselves think fit to practise in other matters: for who will sell the reversion of a great estate for a present penny? or

who, on the other hand, will not disburse his ready money for some very gainful improvement of it hereafter? And yet there is some proportion in these things, for the most gainful improvement is but the same money multiplied over again, and the greatest estate is but a penny so many times told; whereas an eternal happiness, and this transitory world's false joys, hold no proportion.

I intend to read over the same authors which your Ladyship names, and if your Ladyship pleases to impart some of your thoughts upon any passages in them, I shall value them as misers are wont to do their treasure, who envy sight of it to all the world besides. Your Ladyship's discourse upon occasion of my Lady[1] Bedford's death, I understand as an instance

[1] Anne, daughter and sole heir of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by his too celebrated Countess, Frances Howard, the divorced wife of Essex. Francis Earl of Bedford, it is well known, only consented to the match on the King's interference. "The health of this amiable lady," says the historian of the House of Russell, "had received a shock from which it never recovered; from the moment of Lord Russell's tragic death it visibly declined; and in musing on his manly virtues, and her own irreparable loss, she pined silently away, like another Anticlea, whose moving complaints may so forcibly illustrate her own:—

"For thee, my son, I wept my life away;
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and slow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted queen her bow;
No dire disease bereaved me of my breath,
Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and death;
Unkindly with my love my son conspired—
In thee I lived, for absent thee expired."—*Odyssey*, book xi.

"Yet her death is said to have been accelerated by another incident of striking pathos—the accidental sight, in a window of the Earl's study, of a pamphlet commenting on her mother's guilt, of which she is stated to have been till then mercifully kept in ignorance. The pang of this disclosure was too great for her enfeebled frame to bear, and, in the recoil of concentrated feeling, the chord of life gave way. She was found senseless by her attendants with the open page before her."

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who paid a visit to Woburn Abbey in 1732, looking at the beautiful portrait of the Countess by Vandyck,

of your preparation of mind, and readiness to be dissolved, to be with Christ, which is certainly best for you whenever He pleases. But the continuance of your Ladyship's life and health, if God see it good, is so absolutely necessary to the support of your noble family, that I hope they will be prolonged, and for the sake of your children ought not to be shortened, so much as by an otherwise innocent wish. My master's education particularly, does plainly depend on your Ladyship's care of yourself in the first place, and then of him, for whose health I the more earnestly pray, because, with grief, I lately heard that he was ill, but I hope it is over before this. I beg your Ladyship's pardon for this tedious length; and therefore, as to the other parts of your letter, shall only crave leave to say, that your Ladyship ought to take comfort in the inward testimony of your sincerity, and not to be discouraged at any weaknesses that may possibly attend it, for that outweighs them all. I humbly beg your Ladyship to present my most humble service to my good Lord of Bedford, to whom I should have written upon this occasion, if I had understood that it had been proper for me, and that I should not rather have renewed his grief, and beseech you to accept of my hearty thankfulness for all your goodness towards me, who am,

Your Ladyship's
Most humble, most faithful,
And most obedient servant,
S. Patrick.

May, 1684.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.[1]

Woborne Abby, May 24, —84.

Let this, good Doctor, acknowledge the favor of your excellent letter, writ the 7th of this month; I have not yet had

said: "I really fear if I had been a man I should have disobeyed my father, for she was both beautiful and good."—MS. Letters at Woburn Abbey.

[1] From the original in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

the occasion of profiting as I hope to do, from the instructions in it, in the time I expect to spend at Stratton; that journey being delayed first by the lawyers, and next, which would have done it, however, by the death of Lady Bedford. I would not choose to leave a good man under a new oppression of sorrow, that has been and is so very tender to me. He is a stronger Christian, and, therefore, does his duty in all trials better than I can do; yet, since I may maintain there is no comparison in our losses, though it is, I can easily believe, difficult parting from a friend one has lived easily with near fifty years. Yet when it falls away, like ripe fruit that must be gathered, or if it remain hanging some time longer must become insignificant, sure it wants the aggravations of mine ever to be lamented calamity. But I must not, you tell me, give way or too much time, to muse, or rather to be astonished at what has happened to me. I do, and truly think do so sincerely. God's "will be done in earth as it is in heaven," but the interruption I find is—was this his determination—had we not a free choice? yes sure we had, but it is as sure he permitted it, and there I must rest, and meekly submit to this most heavy dispensation. I do confess, and fear I have not thankfulness only for the blessings I have yet remaining, as if I could relish nothing but without that sharer of my joys and sorrows; but I pray I may, and in God's own time, shall be heard: he will not suffer the eye that waits on him to fail, and though he kill me, I will trust in him.

My Lady Gainsborough tells me they are all to be at Andover this month, and I hear my Lady Northampton and Dursey goes. She must contrive mightily to lodge them all. We have it, as news, my nephew and Miss Worsley will make a match. I shall not wonder if he likes her, for she is a fine girl, truly. I have not fixed my time, being once unfixed, yet I have fed my fancy with seeing this place, and believe I should be the easier after it. I took the opportunity of seeing another[1] lately (with those who performed the last solemnity to their dead

[1] Chenies, in the church of which her husband was deposited amongst the remains of his ancestors.

mother) which I had as much bent my thoughts upon; though I concealed them till just I went to do it, which was about a week before I did. I told Lord Bedford my resolve, but as one I could not be diverted from, had ever designed it my first visit, so designing for Stratton the week after, went there a few days before it. I think in two days after I told him and afflicted him, the thought I would do it; she grew worse, so foreseeing what would happen, I deferred it; but I have accomplished it, and am not the worse, having satisfied my longing mind, and that is a little ease, such degrees as I must look for. I had some business there, for that to me precious and delicious friend desired I would make a little monument[1] for us, and I had never seen the place; had set a day to do it with him not three months before he was carried thither, but prevented by the boy's illness. I must conclude abruptly or not at all, while I have paper to write one, but I will use no more of this than to sign myself your sad but sincere friend.

For my much-esteemed friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam,
at Cottenham, near Cambridge.
Leave this at the Black Bear, in Cambridge, to be
sent as above directed. Cambridge.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE received yours, good Doctor, writ on St. Barnabas's day, and must own, that although in those years my unprofitable life has been preserved, in this vain and wicked world, I have been made acquainted with many sad and mortifying events; yet, I am too sure that great work of real mortification to the over-much love to, and expectation from creatures, is so very imperfectly wrought in me to this day, that I ever need such instructions as shall help to wean me from binding up my life and content in them, though in the best of creatures

[1] One monument in the style of the period is erected to the memory of the first Duke and his son Lord Russell.

in their best estate: and very perverse it is in me towards my heavenly Father, if I do secretly repine at his dispensing to me that which my corrupt nature makes so necessary for me; but it must be his free effectual grace that must perfect the work. He has called me to different encounters, and thereby invites me to stir up that grace he has put into my heart, and known to be so by him, though not by myself, or I should not be so tried; that power who permits, if not appoints what I endure, having said, we shall not be tempted above what we are able to bear. He has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them, the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part, with tolerable ease, from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my laboring, weary mind, with some joy and satisfaction, at least in my endeavors to do that part towards them, their most dear and tender father would not have omitted. And which, if successful, though early made unfortunate, may conduce to their happiness for the time to come here and hereafter. When I have done this piece of duty to my best friend and them, how gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit (that is the case that holds it). It is a satisfaction to me you did not disprove of what I did in it, as some do that it seems have heard of it, though I never mentioned it to any besides yourself.

Doctor, I had considered, I went not to seek the living among the dead; I knew I should not see him any more wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myself, not to break out in unreasonable fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put

an end to a happy society; there I would willingly be, but we must not limit our time: I hope to wait without impatiency.

As to the information you require, it is not in my power to be punctual. I reckon my first and chief business is my attendance to these children, that is, their persons; and, till I see the boy in full strength, I dare not leave him, though but for one fortnight. I had fixed on the 20th of May, and from that time to this, good Lady Shaftesbury has been in a constant expectation to be summoned to meet me there, but Lady Bedford's death, and then the child, has kept me yet in this place. He has three teeth to cut, and till they be, I am apt to think, he will hardly recover full strength: they may do so in a week; it may be not in a month, as the wise folks say. This is the chief of my uncertainty; then indeed I depend on the conveniency (which I suit my journey to) of a gentleman, who hast most kindly and helpfully assisted me, by following my business for me, and whom I have engaged (as finding it almost necessary) to my affairs, one Mr. Hoskins;[1] I grew first acquainted with him at Lord Shaftesbury's, who used to call him cousin; he is a very worthy and ingenious man. Now he uses to drink Tunbridge waters, therefore I have sent to him if he chooses to do so, not to alter his course, for I can defer, as I have done, till he has performed it. So you see my uncertainties, but as soon as I am fixed you shall be sure to know it, as hastily as I can send the notice. Being more certain of the other proposition you offer me concerning a charity, what I will do in it, I answer to it more positively, Yes, I will, Sir.

If you hear how Watkins has provided for himself, you will be satisfied I have not been injurious to him at all; I am within a few days made acquainted he goes to Lord Campden. He has given me notice a good while, that at Midsummer I

[1] John Hoskins, co. Middlesex, Esq. He died several years before Lady Russell. He left an only daughter Catherine, who married in 1718 William, third Duke of Devonshire, Lady Russell's grandson.

should be provided, but really I did not guess where; he did not want my assistance to recommend him, and it seems Lord Campden was disposed it should be a secret, and so it was to me. I take it not ill from him, because I suppose he is not acquainted with the usual way of respectful proceeding in such cases. I wish, if he means to govern himself in so close a way, that he does no worse in greater matters, for I believe he will be an honest servant.

I have made this letter so long it is high time to break off, but first I must recommend my wants to your retirements, more than ordinary at the return of that time of year my miserable days had a beginning; which, though I suffer to slide away as easily as I can, yet I mistrust I shall not be able to pass, without reflecting what my dismal employment on them was.

I am, good Doctor,
With great truth, though great mournfulness,
Your faithful friend and servant.

Woborne Abbey, June, 1684.

Lady Northampton writes me word she is going to Chilten; it seems they have left Titchfield with my Lady Gainsborough's great good-will. She must have great skill to make Chilten hold them all.

EARL OF BEDFORD TO LADY RUSSELL.[1]

Woburn, this 7th July, 1684.

DEAREST DAUGHTER—

There is nothing in this world can come so welcome to me, as to hear of increase of hopes, that God Almighty will be so infinitely good and gracious unto me, as to give unto my fervent prayers that dear child, which if it be his good and pleasure to grant to so unworthy a creature as I am, I shall look upon it all the days of my life as the greatest temporal blessing

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

can be bestowed upon me, and that will supply and make up in a great measure the other great afflictions and crosses he has been pleased to lay upon me. Dear daughter, I look upon it as a good sign the holding up of his head, that the humor is gone, which I believe was the cause of the hanging down of his head. I pray Christ Jesus to give such a blessing unto the means, that I may have every day more and more hopes of seeing that day of rejoicing, in enjoying your company and his here again, which is the constant and fervent prayer of my soul unto my gracious God.

* * * * *

So, hoping to hear of some comfortable tidings by the bearer of that dear little one, being full of prayers and fears for him and you, I rest with all the kindness in the world, which I am sure I shall do to my last breath.

Your most affectionate
Father and Friend
to command,
BEDFORD.

My dear love and blessing to my dear boy and Mrs. Rachael. I am much cheered with Mrs. Karterine's company: she is often with me, and looks very well.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THE last letter I writ to you, good Doctor, was upon the 21st July; and I find yours dated the 25th; so I conclude you had not read mine. If you have not, yours is the kinder, since I find you had entertained a memory of that return of time my sufferings in this sad and dismal year began; and which, indeed, I could not pass but with some more than usual solemnity; yet I hope I took the best arts I could to convert my anguish into advantages, and force away from my thoughts those terrible representations they would raise (at such time especially)

upon me; but I was so large in my discourse then, that it being possible it may have lighted into your hands before this. does, I will not be ever repeating either my own sad story, or my own weak behavior under it; but rather speak to the question you would be answered in, when I design for Stratton, or whether not at all? Truly, I cannot tell you which; since I move but as I am convinced is best in reference to my boy, at present, with the care of his sister, the only worldly business I have in this perishing world.[1] You hear I am at Totteridge,[2] and why I came thither, and soon will know I wanted the auxiliaries you took care to send me: sure I did so; but it hath pleased the Author of all Mercies to give me some glimpse and ray of his compassions in this dark day of my calamity, the child being exceedingly better; and I trust no secret murmur or discontent at what I have felt, and must still do, shall provoke my God to repeat those threatenings of making yet more bitter that cup I have drank so deeply out of; but as a quiet submission is required under all the various methods of Divine Providence, I trust I shall be so supported, that though unfit thoughts may haunt me, they shall not break in importunately upon me, nor will I break off that bandage time will lay over my wound. To them that seek the Lord his mercies are renewed every morning: with all my strength to him I will seek; and though he kill me I will trust in them; my hopes are not of this world; I can never more recover pleasure here; but more durable joys I shall obtain, if I persevere to the end of a short life.

I do congratulate your expectations, they being sure well grounded; but I wonder a little you should hesitate whether or no to be hovering thereabouts till the issue is ascertained.

[1] Lady Russell's children were Wriothesley, Rachel, and Catherine.

[2] Totteridge, on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire; Lady Rachel resided here for a short time after Lord Russell's death: possibly in the house of Francis Charlton, Esq., whose name occurs in these letters—he was suspected of being concerned in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion.

If you do not, I hope you will not baulk Totteridge if I am here, which I do not intend a day longer than the Doctor thinks it best. He is not averse to giving him a taste of Stratton air; but it was only touched upon the last day of his being here; it is so much further from the Doctor, and the Court will so quickly go to Winchester (when I am sure you will not think it fit I should be there) that I think it more likely I shall let it alone. If I go at all, it must be suddenly; when I see the Doctor next, I will resolve; and wherever I am, and in all conditions, sincerely continue,

Good Doctor,

Your affectionate friend and servant.

August 3, 1684.

I conclude the good Bishop[1] is well, because you say nothing to the contrary. I am glad of it.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

At my return from Totteridge, I did resolve one of my first exercises of this nature should be to you: why it was not so, Mr. Taylor might have told you: I desired he would: it was his coming to you: and I judged the entertainment of him would be a better diversion to you, than a letter from me; so I deferred it till his return. Whether the report you had, just at parting from him, of the good Bishop of Winchester's[2] probably hastening to the end of his race, which, without doubt,

[1] Morley, Bishop of Winchester, with whom Dr. Fitzwilliam appears to have been very intimate.

[2] Morley, Bishop of Winchester, died 1684. "A very eminent man, zealous against Popery, and yet a great enemy to Dissenters, with a considerable share of learning, and great vivacity of thought." Speaker Onslow, in the note to the new edition, says: "That his public benefactions amounted to above 40,000*l*. He left but a small estate to his family, considering what he might have done for them."—Burnet, vol. ii. p. 428. Ox. 1823.

he will finish with joy, has called you sooner from your habitation than you meant, I know not: it may make this matter the shorter, but not prevent my best thanks offered for yours of 13th August, and for anything I remember, the 3d also: but if the last was acknowledged before, I am in no error to do it twice; yours all merit, every one of them, the acknowledgment of my whole life. As they help to slide comfortably away sad hours, so I persuade myself the consequence will be profitable through my whole life, how long soever the Disposer of all things permits it to last; that it will have an end, every day presents us a convincing argument, by the death of some acquaintance very often, if not a friend: then, what the raging war devours is matter of deep meditation, and more amazing than I will discourse of in this paper. But to me death hath come so near as to fetch a portion from my very heart, and by it calls on me to prepare against the second death, from which, by the merits of a great and merciful Redeemer, I hope my best friend is delivered; and having a reasonable ground for this hope, it is unaccountable why I must ever lament what I valued as my own soul is past all the difficulties of this narrow passage.

I find you have submitted to great mourning for the deprivation of a very dear friend, though you are more a conqueror than I, in the lifting yourself out of such depressions as my weak nature has suffered itself to be plunged into; but we are not all made to be strong alike, and I one of the meanest of God's creatures every way: yet it is his good pleasure I should be singled out in a calamity. All I have to do is to suffer his good and holy will, and I shall be exalted in due time, though not as Job, yet with divine comfort here, and joy hereafter. It is so grateful to my afflicted mind to run on thus, where I am free, that I doubt I give you true cause to wish I would use you less like a friend. I am sure I intended nothing like this when I took my pen to write, but in a short letter to acquaint you with what I have not yet touched on—my resolve to try that desolate habitation of mine at London this winter. The doctor agrees it is the best place for my boy, and I have no

argument to balance that, nor could take the resolution to see London till that was urged; but by God's permission I will try how I can endure that place, in thought a place of terror to me: but I know if sorrow had not another root, that will vanish in a few days. Now, Doctor, as soon I had formed, or rather submitted to this advice, which was but just as I left Totteridge (for I hastened hither upon it, that Lord Bedford might have some weeks of comfort in the child before I took him from him) I took into my thought how the chapel should be supplied—so short a warning as I had given myself could never secure my being supplied as I desire; and I considered one of your order is not to be used as other domestics,[1] so that if unhappily I should have entertained one not agreeable to me, it would have been hard to have relieved myself; so I lighted on this expedient: To invite an old acquaintance of yours to pass this winter with me, and if her husband, Mr. Hanbury, could dispense for some weeks with officiating himself at Botley, I would be willing he should supply my chapel; being at present unprovided; so I give myself this approaching winter to fix. I am sure he is conforming enough, and it will not be difficult to any if willing, to act that prudent part I formerly hinted, and at which you seemed almost to have some objections against; but I leave that for a discourse. I do not purpose a removal till the end of this month, if the child continues so very well as he is, and the weather be tolerable. My Lord Gainsborough and my Lady have invited themselves to great honors from the Court. My Lady writes me word, the charge seems to fright my Lord (at present) against another year. I admire her conduct to manage all that company at Chilten. I hear my Lady Digby[2] is safely laid of a girl; the

[1] Mr. Macaulay's account of the treatment of the clergy at this period is well known in his interesting chapter on the state of England on the death of Charles II. Lady Russell appears to have had a right sense of the manner in which they should be received.

[2] Frances, eldest daughter of Edward Noel, Earl of Gainsborough, married William, fifth Baron Digby, Peerage of Ireland.

sex can be no disappointment to them, likely to have so many. I hope they are a very happy couple; then, I believe she does not regret the opportunity of being made a courtier.

The constant uneasy hurry I was in at Totteridge (which a little matter is cause of to so broken a mind as mine) made me forget to send the money for your poor children as I appointed; and since it is so, unless you order other, I will now delay the doing it till we meet, or I hear you are at London. In all places I am, good Doctor,

Your assured friend to serve you
Under all my sadness.

Oct. 1, 1684.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE very lately received one of yours from London, and had one also from Cotenham since I wrote; but I had measured your time to be at London so near, that I would not send a sad, dull paper to wander up and down, as some did when you was at Farnham with the good Bishop,[1] whose present state you do in such a manner describe, as makes me feel at the reading (though it is not the first time neither) a lightsomeness I am not used to, and by a kind of reflex-act, make it my own in prospect. The consideration of the other world is not only a very great, but (in my small judgment) the only support under the greatest of afflictions that can befall us here; the enlivening heat of those glories are sufficient to animate and refresh us in our dark passage through this world; and though I am below the meanest of God's servants, that have not in the least degree lived answerable to those opportunities I have had, yet my Mediator is my judge, and he will not despise weak beginnings, though there be more smoke than flame. He will help us in believing; and though he suffers us to be cast down, will not cast those off who commit their cause to him.

[1] Morley, Bishop of Winchester.

I have, you find, Sir, lingered out my time here; and I think none will wonder at it, that will reflect the place I am going to remove to was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life, I could sure have laid down mine to have had continued. It was, Doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But I must remember I have a better friend, a more abiding, whom I desire with an inflamed heart to know, not alone as good in a way of profit, but amiable in a way of excellency; then, spiritual joy will grapple with earthly griefs, and so far overcome as to give some tranquillity to a mind so tossed to and fro, as mine has been with the evils of this life: yet I have but the experience of short moments of this desirable temper, and fear to have fewer when I first come to that desolate habitation and place, where so many several passions will assault me; but having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadows will not sink me. To one so lately arrived at London, and engaged, as I know you to be, I am too tedious, for one who desires always to approve herself, good Doctor,

Your faithful friend and servant.

Woborne Abby, 17 Nov. 1684.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

You pursue, good Doctor, all ways of promoting comfort to my afflicted mind, and will encourage me to think the better of myself, for that better temper of mind you judge you found me in, when you so kindly gave me a week of your time in London. You are highly in the right, that as quick a sense as sharpness on the one hand, and tenderness on the other, can cause, I labor under, and shall, I believe to the end of my life, so eminently unfortunate in the close of it.

But I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things

has been; and though they are passed away no more to return, yet I have a pleasant work to do, dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect; amongst whom my hope is my loved Lord is one; and my often repeated prayer to my God is, that if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul.

Do not press yourself, Sir, too greatly in seeking my advantage, but when your papers do come, I expect and hope they will prove such. The accidents of every day tell us of what a tottering clay our bodies are made. Youth nor beauty, greatness nor wealth, can prop it up. If it could, the Lady Ossory had not so early left this world; she died (as an express acquainted her father this morning) on Sunday last of a flux and miscarrying. I heard also this day of a kinsman that is gone; a few years ago I should have had a more concerned sense for Sir Thomas Vernon;[1] his unfitness (as I doubt) I do lament indeed.

Thus I treat you, as I am myself, with objects of mortification; but you want none such in your solitude, and I being unprovided of other, will leave you to your own thoughts, and ever continue,

Sir, your obliged servant.

Jan. 13, 1684–5.

My neighbors and tenants are under some distress, being questioned about accounts, and several leaves found torn out of the books, so that Kingdome and Trant offered 40,000*l.* for atonement; but having confessed two more were privy to this cutting out leaves, the King will have them discovered. Till Monday they have time given them. You had given Lady Julian one of those books.

[1] Probably, Sir Thomas Vernon of Hodnet, co. Salop, so created July 22, 1660. The title became extinct, 1726. He was on the jury against Sir Samuel Barnardiston, tried for writing some letters offensive to the King.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I RECEIVED your letter and papers inclosed, and I desire, good Doctor, you would receive my thanks for both, in particular that part concerns my immediate wants; and for the other you would give me the first sight of, and then the office of delivering it to others; which I did faithfully as you directed, and could not but receive an equal approbation. As you are kind in believing what thoughts I had entertained of you, so I assure you, you are but just in it. And I wish from my soul I may keep as steadfast to the truth, as I believe you intend to do: and as I doubt not that your strength will fail, so pray mine may be as firm under all trials our heavenly Father may permit us to fall, but not sink under I trust. Man passeth away, but the truth of God endureth for ever. The saddest state to a good soul will one day end in rest. This is my best comfort, and a greater we cannot have, yet the degree is raised, when we consider we shall not only rest, but live in regions of unspeakable bliss. This should lead us sweetly through the dark passage of the world; and suffer us to start at nothing we either meet, or our fears suggest may happen to us. I am sorry my sister Alington will not dispose herself to receive your compassionate visit. Pray God comfort her with his Spirit working in her heart, that she may evidence to her soul she is bettered by affliction. After the first changes following our great one, all is silent; your friends are the rising men; Lord Ormond intends to be at sea by 10th March, but who goes I hear not. It is now in justices hands, the Chancellor and a Lord Granard.[1] Lord Campden is gone this day to Hampshire. Most are moving about elections. God direct the spirits of all men in so difficult a time as this. My Lord Gainsborough told me to-day he is bespoke to give Lady Mary Compton in marriage to the Lord Dorset, and about ten days hence he goes to Titchfield. His son will be housekeeper, he

[1] James Butler, Duke of Ormond. James Forbes, Earl of Granard.

says, which I was sorry to hear, but I must submit to sorrows of all degrees, with as much of that excellent virtue of patience you recommend, and with so pious a zeal, as I can attain, who am,

Doctor, very sincerely,
Your friend and servant.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

NEVER shall I, good Doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labor and love, so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time, when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here; I would have it as it is; and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward; and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time, than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences, that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, Doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it, then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and re-

vive the anguish of its soul than I have had; yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God! and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus; that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honor and dishonor, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored me my little girl; the surgeon says she will do well. I should now hasten to give them the advantage of the country air, but am detained by the warning to see my uncle Ruvigny here, who comes to me; so I know not how to quit my house till I have received him, at least into it; he is upon his journey.

My Lady Gainsborough came to this town last night, and I doubt found neither her own daughter[1] nor Lady Jane in a good condition of health. I had carried a surgeon on the day before to let my niece blood, by Dr. Lower's direction,[2] who could not attend, by reason my Lord Radnor[3] lay in extremity, and he was last night past hopes. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold, and he fears her to be something hectic, but I hope youth will struggle and overcome; they are children whose least concerns touch me to the quick; their mother was a delicious friend; sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a hus-

[1] Married Lord Digby.

[2] A celebrated physician. Lord Dover, in his note in the "Ellis Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 70, says: "His practice had been at one time most extensive, but had declined during the latter years of his life, in consequence of his being out of favor at Court, by reason of his Whig principles."

[3] John, created in 1679 Viscount Bodmin, and Earl of Radnor, died 1685.

band and a sister than myself, yet how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me. I must stop, for if I let my pen run on I know not where it will end.

I am, good Doctor,
With great faithfulness,
Your affectionate friend to serve you.

Southampton House, July 17, 1685.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

You cannot make so great a mistake, good Doctor, I know, as not to be assured I accept most kindly every method you take for the disposing my sad heart to be submissively content with my portion here; and then to revive it to some thankful temper by various reflections. I do not resist so foolishly as to say they are not proper ones; I can discern so justly as to know you do not err, Doctor, in the manner of magnifying your charitable respect, nor in the design nor prosecution of it; the virtue you chiefly recommend to practice is so beautifully set forth, it is as a burning shining light, and one is willing to live with that light. But my languishing weary spirit rises up slowly to all good; yet I hope by God's abundant grace, in time your labors will work the same effect in my spirit; they will indeed in less time on others better disposed and prepared than I am, who in the day of affliction seem to have no remembrance, with due thankfulness of prosperity. Your papers sure, Sir, are rarely fitted for the use of all struggling under the burthen of sin or sorrow, though by a singular and particular charity composed for my lamentable calamity, and as seasonably is this new supply come as is possible, for its first perusal by me. Since I unsealed your packet this very morning, the 21st July, a day of bitterness indeed, I seasoned the first minutes of retirement, I allotted on this day for prayer

and mourning, with reading them, and made a stop for some time on those lines—"We may securely depend on the truth of God's promises, to this purpose, that a seed-time of tears shall be followed by a plenteous harvest of joys." It is a sound I must hereafter be a stranger to, in my pilgrimage here, but that it shall one day belong to me is a contemplation of great comfort, and I bless God it is so; I must not in lowliness of mind deny the grace I sometimes feel, though faint are my best thoughts and performances as I am sensible.

So willing I am to hearken to arguments of consolation, and so convinced that yours are strong, that though the phrase seemed odd I read in your letter, that you would try to draw comfort to me from the cause of my sorrow, and administer it from the very calamity I feel; yet I did with much eagerness read on, and must acquiesce in much of it with you. You imagine that these late confusions have afforded matter of tumultuous devouring thoughts, and though not so well digested as they are in your letter, yet every clause in it I have tossed up and down.

And now, Doctor, I take this late wild attempt[1] to be a new

[1] Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Among the MSS. at Woburn Abbey there is a copy of a letter from the unfortunate Duke, signed James R. "To our trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor, Christopher Lord Duke of Albemarle," requiring him to bring in the troops under his command, and raised in opposition to us and our royal authority, and immediately repair to our camp, where you shall not fail of every kind and hearty reception. The answer of the Duke is sadly mutilated. The following is all that can be deciphered:—

"I received your letter and do not doubt . . . . use me very kindly if you had me . . . . have given yourself the trouble of inviting . . . . is to let you know I never was, or never . . . . Rebel to my lawful King, who is James the . . . . brother to my late dear master, King James . . . . Charles the Second, if you think I am in the wrong and yourself in the right, whenever we meet I doubt not the justice of my cause will sufficiently convince you that you had better have left this rebellion alone, and not have put yourself to such trouble.

"ALBEMARLE.

"For James Scott, late Duke of Monmouth."

project, not depending on, or being linked in the least to any former design, if there was then any real one, which I am satisfied was not no more than (my own Lord confessed) talk. And it is possible that talk going so far as to consider, if a remedy to supposed evils might be sought, how it could be found? but as I was saying, if all this late attempt was entirely new, yet the suspicion my Lord must have laid under would have been great; and some other circumstances I do confess must have made his part a hard one. So that from the deceitfulness of the heart, or want of true sight in the directive faculty, what would have followed God only knows. From the frailty of the will I should have feared but little evil; for he had so just a soul, so firm, so good, he could not warp from such principles that were so, unless misguided by his understanding, and that his own, not another's; for I dare say, as he could discern, he never went into anything considerable, upon the mere submission to any one's particular judgment. Now his own, I know he could never have framed to have thought well of the late actings, and therefore most probably must have sat loose from them. But I am afraid his excellent heart, had he lived, would have been often pierced from the time his life was taken away to this. On the other hand, having, I trust, a reasonable ground of hope he has found those mercies, he died with a cheerful persuasion he should, there is no reason to mourn my loss, when that soul I love so well lives in felicities, and shall do so to all eternity. This I know in reason should be my cure; but flesh and blood in this mixed state is such a slave to sense, the memory how I have lived, and how (as I think) I

In the same collection is a copy of Lord Ormond's letter to the Earl of Bedford, describing Monmouth's attempt, and its wickedness, and "who will not have many days to revolve and repent his crimes, and to consider from what happiness and to what misery he has brought himself and his innocent wife and children, a sad instance of the uncertainty of things in this world, and of the desperate and deplorable condition of man when abandoned by God, and left to the corruption of his own nature and disordinate passions."

must ever do for the time to come, does so prevail and weaken my most Christian resolves, that I cannot act the part that mere philosophy, as you set down many instances, enabled many to an appearance of easiness, for I verily believe they had no more than me, but vainly affected it. As I began the day with your letter and the sheets of discourse both inclosed in one paper, so I conclude it with some prayers you formerly assisted me with. Thus, Doctor, you see you have a special right to those prayers you are pleased I should present for the same effect on your spirit, if a portion of suffering should be your lot, as you now wish on mine, which, after my poor fashion, I will not be wanting in, that am,

Sir,

Your obliged faithful friend and servant.

Southampton House, July 21, 1685.

M. DE RUVIGNY TO THE KING.[1]

Sept. 1685.

SIRE—

Puis que par une funeste accident je ne dois pas me presenter devant votre maiestie j'espere qu'elle aura la bonté de me pardonner si ie prends la liberté de luy ecrire; ie le fais avec un profond respect pour rendre encore une fois a votre maiestie mes tres humble actions de graces du favorable traitement que i'en ay reçue, et pour la supplier en toute humilité de croire, que ie n'ay rien presumé de moy mesme lorsqu' avec sa permission ie l'ay entretenue sur le suiet de M. Russell; qui suis ie? et quels services ai ie rendues pour m'imaginer de pouvoir obtenir de vostre maiestie une grace de la nature de celle que i'ay eu l'honneur de luy demander? Sire ie l'ay demande appuie seulement sur la consideration que vous aves pour la memoire d'un grand Chauvelier et d'un grand tresorier du feu roy

[1] Copy indorsed by Lady Rachel: "My uncle Ruvigny's letter to the King, just before he left England, about September 28, 1685."

votre frere, et pour celuy de votre maiestie avoient si etroitement unies, ie l'ay encore demandé, etant persuadé q'une action de votre clemence en faveur d'une femme et d'un enfant de quatre ans, pouvoit produire dans l'esprit du monde des effectes capables de convertir beaucoup de gens, qui peut etre n'ont pas encore toute l'affection et toute la fidelité qu'elles doivent a vostre maiestie; ce sont la, Sire, les veritable motifs qui m'ont poussé de vous parler d'une personne dont le merite ne vous est pas incognue; i'espere sire de vostre iustice que vous ne me croires pas capable d'une si sotte presumption qui me rendroit indigne de l'honneur de vostre bienveillance, et que vous aurez la bonté de vous resouvenir que ie suis, avec tout le respect et toute la passion imaginable,

Sire,

De vostre maiestie le tres humble,

&c. &c.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Now I know where to find you, good Doctor (which I do by your letter writ at my cousin Spencer's), you must be sure to hear from her who is still not ashamed to be on the receiving hand with you. God has given you the abilities and opportunity for it, and not to me; and what am I, that I should say, Why is it not otherwise?—No, I do not, nor do I grudge or envy you the pious and ingenious pleasure you have in it; my part in this world is of another nature, and I thank you, Sir (but God must give you the recompense), you instruct me admirably how to overcome, that I may once make application of the text, Rev. iii. 12,[1] and raise such hopes as cannot mis-

[1] "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name."

carry. The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart to the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and dispensations He sees best, and when He will break us to pieces we must be broken. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the end? But who can praise his mercies more than wretched I, that He has not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgments! The stroke was of the fiercest sure; but had I not then a reasonable ground to hope that what I loved as I did my own soul, was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows that I increased not his sufferings by seeing mine? How were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise Christians, without ceasing, admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me! You know, Doctor, I was not destitute; and I must acknowledge that many others like yourself, with devout zeal and great charity, contributed to the gathering together my scattered spirits, and then subjecting them by reason to such a submission as I could obtain under so astonishing a calamity: and further, He has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet very tractable and sweet dispositions; spared my life in usefulness I trust to them; and being I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I almost never knew, not so much as a strong fit of the headache have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently. This calls for praises my dead heart is not exercised in, but I hope this is my infirmity; I bewail it. He that took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the weakness of my person, and the sharpness of my sorrows.

I should not forget to mention, Sir, I did receive your papers and a letter I never had the opportunity to tell you of, dated 13th August; and another letter after that, where you write of your being in London within a fortnight; so that

time slipping I know not where to find you, nor how I came to let time do so.

I know not if you have heard some unwished-for accidents in my family have hurried me into new disorders. A young lady my uncle Ruvigny brought with him falling ill of the smallpox, I first removed my children to Bedford House, then followed myself, for the quieting of my good uncle's mind, who would have it so: from thence I brought my little tribe down to Woborne, and when I heard how fatal the end was of the young lady's distemper, I returned myself to Bedford House to take my last leave (for so I take it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous, tender a friend as ever anybody had. To my uncle and aunt their niece was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary. She died (as most do) as she lived, a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her; ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country, where she could in peace give up her soul to Him that made it. What a glorious thing, Doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or worldly prudence, yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you, if you have leisure to look over them now they are so many; however, I keep them together, and so send them to you, who shall ever be gratified in what you ask from me, as a recompense of all your labors: it is a poor one indeed, the weak, unworthy prayers of

Your very much obliged servant.

Woborne Abbey, Oct. 11, 1685.

You say I may direct as I will about those papers now in my custody. I freely give my judgment, it is a great pity they should be hid like a candle under a bushel; as they are piously designed, they will carry the more effectual blessing with them into the hearts of such in whose hands they fall; and as I be-

lieve it is an excellent discourse, why should it not serve to excellent purposes? I could say more of my opinion concerning them, but truly methinks it is taking too much upon me; my modesty interposes.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

As you profess, good Doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience, to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments: doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be, but, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say some things sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned, or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not naught towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false, title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigor of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertaineth it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providences with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow, and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a

partner he was in all my joys and griefs: I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him; all relish now is gone, I bless God for it, and pray and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power, is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see. In the mean time I endeavor to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say, with the man in the Gospel, "I believe, help thou my unbelief."

If anything I say suggest to you matter for a pious reflection, I have not hurt you, but ease myself by letting loose some of my crowded thoughts. I must not finish without telling you, I have not the book you mention of Seraphical Meditations of the Bishop of Bath and Wells,[1] and should willingly see one here, since you design the present. I have sent you the last sheet of your papers, as the surest course; you can return it with the book. You would, Sir, have been welcome to Lord Bedford, who expresses himself hugely obliged to the Bishop of Ely,[2] your friend; to whom you justly give the title of good, if the character he has very generally belongs to him. And who is good is happy; for he is only truly miserable or wretchedly so, that has no joy here, nor hopes for any hereafter.

[1] The excellent Bishop Kenn, whose manual of Prayers is most probably the work alluded to.

[2] "Turner, Bishop of Ely, in a sermon he preached before the King, in vindicating the Church of England against the pernicious doctrines of the Church of Rome, he challenged the producing but of five clergymen who forsook our church and went over to that of Rome, during all the troubles and Rebellion in England, which lasted near twenty years; and this was to my certain observation a great truth."—Evelyn, Diary, vol. i. p. 576.

I believe it may be near Christmas before my Lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed him about it, nor how long he desires our company; so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know not; he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniences be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world, and for their good, I intend all diligence in the power of,

Sir,

Your obliged friend to serve you.

Woborne Abbey, Nov. 27, 1685.

I am mightily in arrear; pray let me know what, and if I shall direct the paying it, or stay till I see you.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Though I never think the returns come too thick, by which I have the advantage of conversing with Dr. Fitzwilliam, yet I am not captious in the matter, and would always have these favors suit your leisure, Sir, which in so busy a life cannot always be regular.

I had not stayed supplying you with new French papers, but that I was doubtful how the last got to you; I hasten these whilst you are in London, for now your engagements lie in so many places, one knows not where to find you; but still it is in employments of the noblest sort, doing the work of God; and man being a sociable creature, and of such a composition that the mind must be acting, how happy is it when all this is done conformable to duty, and serving to the best ends the salvation of men's souls? It is having chosen the better part; and carries with it (I make no doubt) peacefulness of mind which excels the strongest delights of earthly enjoyments, where that is shut out, or rather not so fully enjoyed; for if we weigh temporal against spirituals, how light would that scale be to the smallest grain of spiritual comfort, though

it were heaped with all the glories, fame, and wealth, the most carnal heart can wish for! The one satisfies the immortal part of a man: the other satisfies the depraved appetite. As buried as I am in earth myself, and ever mourning the loss of an earthly felicity, which if through weakness it exceeds I do bewail; yet, I reckon the sufferings for the name of Christ (if to have that honor be my lot), and the obtaining a title to an eternal inheritance in the place described, Rev. ch. xxi. and xxii., to be infinitely above our sufferings in these houses of clay; what I grieve the want of was such an one when here, but now glorified with the spirits of just men made perfect.

Doctor, I will take your advice, and vie my state with others, and begin with him in the highest prosperity, as himself thinks, the King of a miserable people; but truly the most miserable himself, by debasing as he does, the dignity of human nature; and though for secret ends of Providence, he is suffered to make those poor creatures drink deep of a most bitter cup, yet the dregs are surely reserved for himself. What a judgment is it upon an aspiring mind, when perhaps half the world knows not God, nor confesses the name of Christ as a Saviour, nor the beauty of virtue, which almost all the world has in derision, that it should not excite him to a reformation of faith and manners; but with such a rage turn his power to extirpate a people that own the Gospel for their law and rule! How infamous to his fame is the one! How glorious to his memory would the other have been! But he is too wicked to be an instrument of so much good to his degenerate age. Now, Sir, I cannot choose but think myself less miserable than this poor King. For the vast numbers of sufferers,[1] the sound thereof is more terrible to those at a distance than the calamity of a single person; but taken asunder, the sufferings of any one, and those I have and do feel, are not perhaps at so wide a distance as it appears, theirs being heaped together; but, as you very well note, there is no state to be pronounced extremely

[1] By the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

miserable, but a state of sin, which will deprive us of a future state of glory, without a deep repentance, which I wish to all sinners. I hear our King has given leave for collection for those Protestants which have been drove hither. God make his people thankful for it.[1]

My Lord Gainsborough and all that family, sent in here as they went by to Dunstable, last week.

I know you will use your power, and I wish you could prevail with my nephew to settle himself in a family of his own. I trust God will be gracious to the child of so good a mother, and incline him to what shall be in the end best for him.

Though I am in the country, I should call to memory you are in London. I do so, and therefore close this from,

Sir, your obliged

And affectionate servant.

Woborne Abbey, Nov. 1685.

The papers are swelled to a great bigness, but if you care for them in London, I will direct them weekly, though I may not happen to write; for sometimes indeed I have occasion to do so too much, for so heavy a mind as mine is. It is my present case this morning

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LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

When I tell you, Doctor, this is the seventh letter dispatched for this morning, any one of which could not be omitted, and

[1] "There had now been numbered to pass through Geneva only (and that by stealth, for all the usual passages were strictly guarded by sea and land) 40,000 towards Switzerland. In Holland, Denmark, and all about Germany were dispersed some hundred thousands; besides those in England, where though multitudes of all degrees sought for shelter and welcome as distressed Christians and confessors, they found least encouragement, by a fatality of the times we were fallen into and the uncharitable indifference of such as should have embraced them; and I pray it be not laid to our charge."—Evelyn, Diary, vol. i. p. 617.

that I have still before noon French dispatches to make, you will not, though I write but a few lines, believe I willingly decline the writing more. Letters of compliment I would lay aside for it, I assure you, if I had more time. Yes, Doctor, the liberty I take when I write to you, gratifies much more my weary mind, than the matter one fills up paper with to others; yet something of that sort must be, while we drag on here, especially when one has more than one's own miserable carcass to have a regard for, which, while my children are, I have, and with a diligent concern will I wrestle to support them, and make them great, or worthy to be so, who have been so early (by a special Providence) unfortunate. But who knows, says Solomon, what is good for a man in his life? all the days of his vain life? Yet there is an inseparable connection between God's wisdom and his will; so his work is perfect, for all his ways are judgment; and this is a necessary reflection at the astonishing changes of this age. If I look upon your letter, Doctor, I shall never end, but begin anew upon one part or other of it. Indeed that figure only of a man, if one speaks of him, engages to say a great deal: but I refrain.

I read a letter last night from my sister at Paris. She writes as everybody that has humane affections must; and says that of 1,800,000, there is not more than 10,000 esteemed to be left in France, and they, I guess, will soon be converted by the dragoons, or perish. So that near two millions of poor souls, made of the same clay as himself, have felt the rigor of that savage man. What you utter in a prophetical rage, I agree will come to pass. I have had reports of my nephew, but I will not proceed; yet I show you how hard it is not to do so, by

Your very affectionate friend to serve you.

Woborne Abbey, Nov. 1685.

DR. TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

Canterbury, Nov. 21, 1685.

HONORED MADAM—

When I look back upon the date of your Ladyship's letter, I blush to see it hath lain by me so long unanswered. And yet I assure you no day passeth, in which your Ladyship and your children are not in my mind. But I know not how, in the hurry I am in in London, one business presseth so hard upon another, that I have less time for the things to which I have most inclination. I am now for a while got out of the torment and noise of that great city, and do enjoy a little more repose.

It was a great trouble to me to hear of the sad loss your dear friend sustained during his short stay in England.[1] But in some circumstances, to die is to live. And that voice from heaven runs much in my mind, which St. John heard in his vision of the last (as I think) and most extreme persecution, which should befall the faithful servants of God, before the final downfall of Babylon, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth;" meaning that they were happy, who were taken away before that terrible and utmost trial of the faith and patience of the saints. But, however that be, I do greatly rejoice in the preservation of your children from the great danger they were in upon that occasion, and thank God heartily for it, because, whatever becomes of us, I hope they may live to see better things.

Just now came the news of the prorogation of the Parliament[2] to the 10th of February, which was surprising to us.

[1] The death of her cousin, niece of Mons. Ruvigny, mentioned in the letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, p. 162.

[2] "The Parliament was adjourned to February, several both of Lords and Commons excepting against some passage of his Majesty's speech relating to the Test and continuance of Popish officers in command. This was a great surprise in a Parliament which people believed would have complied in all things."—Evelyn, Diary, vol i. p. 619.

We are not without hopes that in the mean time things will be disposed to a better agreement against the next meeting. But when all is done, our greatest comfort must be, that we are all in the hands of God, and that He hath the care of us. And do not think, Madam, that He loves you the less for having put so bitter a cup into your hand. He whom He loved infinitely best of all mankind, drank much deeper of it.

I did hope to have waited upon my Lord of Bedford at my return to London; but now I doubt this prorogation will carry him into the country before that time. I entreat you to present my most humble service to his Lordship, to dear little master, and the young ladies. I am not worthy the consideration you are pleased to have of me; but I pray continually for you all, and ever shall be, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most faithful
And humble servant,
Jo. Tillotson.

LADY RUSSELL TO MR. THORNTON.[1]

(circa Jan. 1686.)

I have put up some papers, Sir, and I desire you will tell my Lord we are all well, exercising our French. Master sung a French song yesterday with music, but the girls are all silent. My old uncle is very hearty after his journey; he made all his courts yesterday to the King and Queen in the morning, and Dowager in the afternoon; he was wonderfully well received; he told me last night Lord Herbury would be Chamberlain, and Lord Feversham have his Garter. I think of no more news, and

[1] From the original in the MSS. at Woburn Abbey. He was chaplain to the Earl of Bedford. Bishop Kennet states that he lived and died a Nonconformist. After the death of the Earl (the first Duke) in 1700, he resided with Lady Rachel. He had been tutor to her martyred husband. Several letters passed between them during Lord Russell's travels abroad, and are preserved among the MSS. at Woburn Abbey, where there is also a portrait of Mr. Thornton by Walker.

one whose thoughts are employed as mine eternally are, and from being so, no earthly thing can divert me. I have care enough on me to entertain my guests, though I meet them with much kindness, but the least busy life is the best for me; but at all times, I am, good Mr. Thornton,

Your faithful servant.

As Lord Delamere[1] came out of the Council Chamber he saw his brother, and bid him tell his wife he was sent to the Tower for words he never said, witnessed by a man he never saw. Rumsey[2] lies in chains.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I PRESUME, Doctor, you are now so settled in your retirement (for such it is in comparison of that you can obtain at London) that you are at leisure to peruse the inclosed papers; hereafter I will send them once a week, or oftener, if you desire it.

Yesterday, the Lord Delamere passed his trial, and was acquitted.[3] I do bless God that He has caused some stop to the

[1] "Henry Booth, second Lord Delamere, and first Earl of Warrington, which title he received from William the Third, for his services in promoting the Revolution. His love of liberty occasioned his being three times imprisoned. He was tried by his Peers in Westminster Hall on the 14th of January, for high treason, and unanimously acquitted; the infamous Lord Howard of Escrick, and Ford Lord Grey, were two of the witnesses against him. He died Jan. 2, 1694."—Lord Dover. Note in "Ellis Correspondence," vol. i. p. 3.

[2] Rumsey, one of the creatures of Lord Shaftesbury, and concerned with him in endeavoring to promote an insurrection in the city. He was one of the witnesses on the trial of Lord Russell, a man of whom Lord Russell had a bad opinion, and who was guilty of perjury at the trial.

[3] Mr. Macaulay says, in reference to Lord Delamere's acquittal. "the public joy was great. The innocent began to breathe freely, and false accusers to tremble." He quotes this letter as one scarcely to be read without tears. History of England, vol. i. p. 41.

effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But, Doctor, as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials into the same sour humor that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs: but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here; for which I hope my punishment will end with life.

The accounts from France are more and more astonishing; the perfecting the work is vigorously pursued, and by this time completed, it is thought; all, without exception, having a day given them; only these I am going to mention have found so much grace as I'll tell you. The Countess de Roy[1] is permitted, with two daughters, to go within fourteen days to her husband, who is in Denmark, in that King's service; but five other of her children are put into monasteries. Mareschal Schomberg[2]

[1] Countess de Roye, wife of Frederick Charles de Roye de la Rochefoucauld, Generalissimo to the King of Denmark; his daughter, Henrietta, was the second wife of William Wentworth, Earl of Stafford. In the Ellis Correspondence it is stated, that "her husband was created an Irish Baron, that his lady might with the less difficulty, as is supposed, wait on the Queen's Majesty, and have the honor to be saluted by her, which otherwise she could not have pretended to," vol. i. p. 323. There is no trace of such a creation.

[2] "The Prince de Croy arrived last night from Holland, and Marshal Schomberg with his weather-beaten spouse by land. Frederic Schomberg, Marshal of France, and Duke of Schomberg in England, so created by William the Third. He commenced his military career in the service of Holland, and afterwards passed into that of France, where he greatly distinguished himself. He was a Calvinist in religion, and was in consequence obliged to leave France, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which was the cause of his present journey into England. He subsequently attached himself to the Prince of Orange, came with him into England in

and his wife are commanded to be prisoners in their house, in some remote part of France appointed them. My uncle and his wife are permitted to come out of France. This I was told for a truth last night, but I hope it needs a confirmation.

It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers, and sent into monasteries; their mothers to another. The husband to prison or the galleys. These are amazing providences, Doctor! .God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers. I am too melancholy an intelligencer to be very long, so will hasten to conclude, first telling you Lord Talbot[1] is come out of Ireland, and brought husbands for his daughters-in-law; one was married on Tuesday to a Lord Rosse; the other Lord is Dungan: Walgrave, that married the King's daughter, is made a Lord.[2] The brief for the poor Protestants[3] was not sealed on Wednesday, as was hoped it would be; the Chancellor bid it to be laid by, when it was offered him to seal.

I am very really, Doctor,

Your affectionate friend and servant.

Jan. 15, 1685–6.

1688, and was killed at the Battle of the Boyne* at the age of eighty-four. His 'weather-beaten spouse' was Susanna, daughter of the French Count d'Aumale d'Harcourt, who was his second wife."—"Ellis Correspondence," vol. i. p. 18.

[1] Richard Talbot, an Irish Roman Catholic, afterwards Earl of Tyrconnel. His wife was the beautiful Jennings of Grammont, sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

[2] Henry, Lord Waldegrave, of Chewton, married the Lady Henrietta Fitz-James, natural daughter to King James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to John, Duke of Marlborough; he retired to France in 1689, and died at Paris the same year.

[3] Evelyn says: "A brief was read in all churches for relieving the French Protestants who came here for protection from the unheard-of cruelties of their King."—Diary, vol. i. p. 626.

* Buried at St. Patrick's, Dublin, with an indignant inscription against his heirs, for not raising a monument to his memory, and leaving this duty to strangers; "Thus did the fame only of his virtue obtain more for him from strangers than nearness of blood from his own family."

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE received and read your letters, good Doctor. As you never fail of performing a just part to your friend, so it were pity you should not consider enough to act the same to yourself. I think you do; and all you say that concerns your private affairs, is justly and wisely weighed: so I let that rest. I acknowledge the same of the distinct paper which touches more nearly my sore; perhaps I ought to do it with some shame and confusion of face, and perhaps I do so, Doctor; but my weakness is invincible, which makes me, as you phrase it excellently, possess past calamities. But He who took upon Him our nature, felt our infirmities, and does pity us; and I shall receive of his fullness at the end of days, which I will silently wait for.

If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighborhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About 1 o'clock in the night I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant, and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montague House[1] was on fire; and it was so indeed: it burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by 5 o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bed-fellow very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapt

[1] "This night was burnt to the ground my Lord Montague's palace in Bloomsbury, than which for painting and furniture there was nothing more glorious in England. This happened by the negligence of a servant airing, as they call it, some of the goods by the fire in a moist season; indeed, so wet and mild a winter had scarce been seen in man's memory" [that of 1852–3 was perhaps equal to it].—Evelyn, Diary, vol. i. p. 623.

up in a blanket. Lady Devonshire[1] came towards morning and lay here; and had done so still but for a second ill accident. Her brother Lord Arran,[2] who has been ill of a fever twelve days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared; so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset House, where the Queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family; and that he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family.

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon! O! I could heartily cry out, When will longed-for eternity come! But our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the Chancellor[3] since the refusal to seal it, and his answer does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language; so in that respect we may not so soon despair.[4]

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to me about my son. One brought me six prayer-books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him, and asked if there was no mistake? He said, No. And after some other questions I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do as-

[1] Mary, second daughter to James Butler, Duke of Ormond; married William Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

[2] Richard, created Earl of Arran, 1662.

[3] The too notorious George, Lord Jeffreys.

[4] Doctor, afterwards Bishop, Beveridge, objected to the reading the brief in the cathedral of Canterbury, as contrary to the Rubric. Tillotson replied, "Doctor, Doctor, charity is above rubrics."—Birch.

Evelyn says, "The brief had been long expected, and at last was with difficulty procured to be published, the interest of the French Ambassador obstructing it."—"James was determined not to tolerate declamations against his religion and his ally. The Archbishop of Canterbury was therefore commanded to inform the clergy that they must merely read the brief, and must not presume to preach on the sufferings of the French Protestants."—Macaulay's "England," vol. ii. p. 79.

sure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise; but, as I told you, I shall ever take Lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so do you, I believe. My Lord is afraid if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my Lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman, so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who should learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows.

I have still a charge with me, Lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come into my chamber, so must break off.

I am, Sir, truly,

Your faithful servant.

January 22, 1685–6.

The young lady tells me Lord Arran[1] is not dead, but rather better.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I INTENDED you, good Doctor, a letter before I left Windsor, but I question if it succeeded, for the day I sent it to the coach, that was nearly gone; and the next you was gone, I believe. However, the French papers were the greatest loss; so it is pretty indifferent how it fell out; if a like fate befalls this, it will be of a like consequence, setting aside the information I write this on purpose to give you, which is—I have just dated my letter to my Lady Digby, of Coles-Hill, writ in answer to hers, by which she desires me, in pursuance of a dying brother's advice, and her son's inclination, to propose to Lord

[1] Lord Arran died January 25. He died with great suffering, and appears to have been much lamented. See "Ellis Correspondence," vol. i. p. 33.

Gainsborough a marriage between the present Lord[1] and Lady Jane. I have done it; though I wish she had made choice of any other person than myself, who desiring to know the world no more, am utterly unfitted for the management of anything in it, but must, as I can, engage in such necessary offices to my children, as I cannot be dispensed from, nor desire to be, since it is an eternal obligation upon me, to the memory of a husband, to whom, and his, I have dedicated the few and sad remainder of my days, in this vale of misery and trouble. But to suspend this and hasten my report: the proposition is accepted; my Lord declares himself willing to do all he can for his children; he offers 8,000*l.* paid as with the last, and leaves out the 2,000*l.* coming back if Lord Campden should happen to die. I believe Lord Digby and his mother will be soon in town. My sister Alington came to Bedford House three or four days ago. Lord Northampton's great match is crossed; and now the Lord Mulgrave[2] is an attendant on her person; he

[1] William, fifth Lord Digby. He married Jane, second daughter to Edward, Earl of Gainsborough, and died November, 1752, aged ninety years nine months.

[2] Lord Mulgrave, John Sheffield, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, married, first, Ursula, daughter of Colonel Stowel, widow of the Earl of Conway; second, Catherine, daughter of Fulke Grevile, Lord Brooke, widow of Baptist, Earl of Gainsborough; third, the Lady Catharine Darnley (natural daughter to King James II. by Catharine Sedley) who was the widow of James Annesley, Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was separated by Act of Parliament, for his cruel and causeless ill-usage. Horace Walpole, in his "Catalogue of Noble Authors," says: "The Life of this Peer takes up fourteen pages and a half in folio, in the General Dictionary, where it has little pretensions to occupy a couple. But his pious relict was always purchasing places for him, herself, and their son,* in every suburb of the Temple of Fame; a tenure against which, of all others, *quo warrantos* are sure to take place. The author of the article in the Dictionary calls the Duke one of the most beautiful prose writers and greatest poets of this age, which is also, he says, proved by the finest

* Buried in Westminster Abbey, with a laudatory epitaph by Pope.

went down in great equipage a week past. Lord Northampton challenged Seymour, but he does not use to fight, so that matter rests. I expect my old uncle Ruvigny and his family in two or three days. Doctor, I must not choose my entertainments, so can continue this no longer, but ever continue

Your faithful friend and servant.

Feb. 15, 1685-6.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

With my best respects, good Doctor, I send you the Gazettes. I take the town to be very barren of news, but I was out of it yesterday at Greenwich to see my old uncle Ruvigny,[1] so know the less. It is concluded the Princess is with child.

writers his contemporaries*—certificates that have little weight where the merit is not proved by the author's own works. It is certain that his graver compositions in prose have nothing extraordinary in them; his poetry is most indifferent; and the greatest part of both is already fallen into total neglect."

[1] "I went to visit the Marquess Ruvigné, now my neighbor at Greenwich, retired from the persecution in France. He was the Deputy of all the Protestants of that Kingdom in the Parliament of Paris, and several times Ambassador in this and other Courts: a person of great learning and experience."—Evelyn.

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* "Muse! 't is enough! at length thy labor ends,
And thou shalt live; for Buckingham commends—
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves: consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends."

Pope.

Swift is very severe upon him. See Sir Walter Scott's notes in his edition of Dryden's Works, where the poet calls him—

——"The Muse's friend,
Himself a muse. In Sanadrin's debate,
True to his Prince, but not a slave of State."

Abs. and Achit.

The Duke of Berwick is ill of the smallpox, and likely to be very ill with them; it will be the fluxpox, the doctors say. The intercourses between England and Holland do not calm, nor give content. Mr. Talmidg[1] has a regiment there, and a privy seal from hence; but I think he will not feel the seizure can be made, so he will stand by his regiment. We talk of a parliament just as men feel agues, once in so many days. Now it is to be in May; it is thought that will wear off. The Earl of Bolingbroke is dead;[2] he died in a boat, as he lived.

Lady Gainsborough sends me word her Lord mends still. Lady Campden's woman is in town to furnish lying-in things; I had the favor to have her come and give me a compliment on her Lady's part. I am glad when they remember to do civil things for their own sakes; but I a little wonder he has not been to see his father. My sister Alington is coming to town presently.

I have told my news, and now must yield to a less liked employment, being called upon to a little business.

Your obliged friend and servant.

March 23, 1685–6.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Your letter lies before me, Doctor, but I dare not read it over, it would furnish me with so much to say, and I must not take time to do it; the lowness of my spirits, and the sadness

[1] Most probably Thomas Talmash, afterwards a General, second son of Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, killed at Brest, 1695.*

[2] Oliver, second Earl—the peerage states that he died in 1688.

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* "Back to his native soil conveyed
His drooping head he on her bosom laid,
And in her service wasted, yet untir'd,
As fearless as he lived, expir'd,
And for the breath she gave too largely paid."
Poems on State Affairs, vol. iv. p. 404.

of my constant thoughts, make me fancy myself hurried with some of my own pitiful affairs, and the entertaining my sister, who came to me this day se'nnight.

The present temper of your mind appears so suitable to what mine ever must remain, that I could talk and not fear to give new oppressions to your mind so tendered with the loss of an excellent friend, and man. You carefully and religiously prescribe yourself limits and bounds to your lamentations; but I would willingly observe if you exceed them not; so natural it is to spy out the faults and infirmities of others, as if we had reason to think the better of ourselves for the charging others. But I will not run on; leave you to the French prints. As to English news, I have none would serve the purpose I would have it, which is to divert your thoughts so touchingly fixed upon mortifying objects, but I hear of no other.

The disposers of the brief-money met the first time yesterday; I am told the Chancellor carried it in a manner he sent away many with sad hearts, he concluded so strictly on the qualifications of such as were to partake of the charity: I think he would admit none to receive of it, that did not take the sacrament from his own chaplain. I doubt not you will be better informed than I can do it.

The reports from France are still the worst that can be. Duc de la Force is thrust into a convent, to be vexed till he will change. At home, I fear no amicable composition of the disaster between Lord D—— and my sister. My mean endeavors must not be wanting, and that indeed employs my time and thoughts, there being few days to determine that matter in, the term beginning so soon. Her being here keeps me from Stratton, where I proposed to be the end of this month. But God does not dispose of things and persons as we form designs.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

April 14, 1686.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Your letter, Sir, dated June 27, and sheets of paper that accompanied it, found me at Woborne; by a letter from sister Alington, I understood you were with her that very day, and had completed your intention towards her, as you have most admirably your pious one towards distressed me; for which the world may hereafter stand indebted to my uncommon sad fate, for all that good they may share out of it. It is most certain, if you give me the power you speak of, I dare not deprive this wanting generation of so rich a supply, when I may have the dispensing of it. Your errors, Doctor, would be others' perfections: for I must believe your being master of very much matter, gives a vast advantage over others: yet I allow a cause of some trouble to yourself, by restraining that flux of words and notions that flow so fast from you; but it is a rare excellency when the pain is more to refuse than choose. I cannot tell, Doctor, whether your papers met me in a better temper now than at some other times to relish them; yet sure I esteem these sheets to be so fine, that it brought into my mind the loss you have lately sustained of a much-loved friend; and to conclude, that a new experience of grief had, in your struggles to overcome all unfit discontent, raised your fancy to the highest pitch of framing arguments against it: it is a happy effect of sorrow, and a sure evidence to the soul, that the promises of the Holy Word belong to her; that the work of grace is apt, and grows towards those degrees, where, when we arrive, we shall triumph over imperfections, and our wills desire nothing but what shall please God. We shall, as your phrase is, be renewed like eagles; and we, like eagles, mount up to meet the Lord coming in the clouds, and ever tarry with Him, and be no more faint or weary in God's service. These are ravishing contemplations, Doctor! They clasp the heart with delight for such moments, or, to say more truly, part of a moment, that the soul is so well fixed. It is true, we can (you are sure) bear the occasions of grief without being sunk and drowned in those

passions; but to bear them without a murmuring heart then is the task, and in failing there lies the sin. O Lord, lay it not to the charge of thy weak servant; but make me cheerfully thankful that I had such a friend to lose; and contented that he has had dismission from his attendance here (an expression you use I am much pleased with). When my time comes that I shall have mine, I know not how it will find me then; but I am sure it is my best reviving thought now; when I am plunged in multitudes of wild and sad thoughts, I recover and recollect a little time will end this life, and begin a better that shall never end, and where we shall discover the reasons and ends of all those seeming severe providences we have known. Thus I seem to long for the last day, and yet it is possible if sickness, or any other forerunner of our dissolution were present, I would defer it if I could; so deceitful are our hearts, or so weak is our faith. But I think, one may argue again, that God has wisely implanted in our nature a shrinking at the approach of a separation; and that may make us content, if not desire a delay. If it were not so implanted there, many would not endure the evils of life, that now do it, though they are taught duty that obliges us thereto.

I know, Sir, I am very tedious; and if it be impertinent, I know also you will take it as if it were not so. Now I take this freedom scarce with anybody else: but it is a great indulgence to myself, and I am very certain you are pleased I should use it. I find it most especially useful on the return of these my saddest days, when dismal and yet astonishing remembrances crowd fastest into my mind: however, I shall, by God's goodness to me, stick close to those helps you have provided me, and read every day these new sheets, till the bitterest of all be past. On Tuesday, my sister Alington designs to be here; I am sorry it happens to be just that day, since I affect nothing that is particular or singular; but as yet I have not seen anybody besides my children on that day, being 13th July; nor does it seem decent for me to do it, almost, when I remember the sad scene I saw and attended at all that day, and the

miserable accidents of it, as the unfortunate end of Lord Essex, to me so fatal, if the Duchess of Portsmouth told me true; that they said the jury could not have condemned my Lord, if my Lord Essex had not died as he did.

But I will do as I can: I hope she will not misconstruct what I shall do. I am sure I will never fail to her (by God's grace), because I know how tenderly he loved her, though I am apt to think now, she returned it not in love to a degree I once thought she had for him, and that sure he merited from her. But we are not loved most always by those we love best: she is very engaging where and when she pleases; but enough of this.

I will make no answer to that part of your letter, where you express some resentment at the joining hands by another than yourself. I had no part in it, but the disappointment of not seeing Doctor Fitz. on a day I thought I should. When I heard who was to do it, I did conclude they thought the Dean would be disobliged by laying him aside, being in his parish. I let pass the misfortunes fallen on another Dean, or rather on his parishioners; but God is the supreme pastor, who still lives, and to Him we may still go, should we be bereaved of all others.

I hear by my sister Montagu[1] she found a sickly family at Paris; her daughter in a languishing condition, worn to nothing almost with a fever, which has hung about her for these last six weeks; the doctors apprehend a hectic, but youth, I hope, will overcome it.

I have sent you the Gazettes, Doctor, though they will be so old, all the use of them will be to practice your French tongue.

I am, with great sincerity,
Your faithful friend to serve you.

July 11, 1686.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (widow of Joseline, Earl of Northumberland), married Ralph, third Baron and first Duke of Montagu.

Sir William Coventry[1] left a noble charity when he died, 2,000*l.* to the French refugees, and 3,000*l.* to redeem slaves. His four executors are, Harry Savil, James and Harry Thin, which are two brothers of the Lord Weymouth, and Frank Coventry, his nephew. He died at Tunbridge, and was buried at Penshurst, where there is a monument to his memory with an inscription.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Good Doctor—

I am sure my heart is filled with the obligation, how ill soever my words may express it, for all those hours you have set apart (in a busy life) for my particular benefit, for the quieting my distracted thoughts, and reducing them to a just measure of patience for all I have or can suffer. I trust I shall with diligence, and some success, serve those ends they were designed to. They have very punctually, the time you intended them for, the last two sheets coming to my hands the 16th of this fatal month; it is the 21st completes my three years of true sorrow, which should be turned rather into joy; as you have laid it before me, with reasons strongly maintained, and rarely illustrated. Sure he is one of those has gained by a dismission from a longer attendance here; while he lived his being pleased led me to be so too, and so it should do still; and then my soul should be full of joy; I should be easy and cheerful, but it is sad and heavy; so little we distinguish how, and why we love, to me it argues a prodigious fondness of one's self; I am impatient that is hid from me I took delight in, though he knows much greater than he did here. All I can say for myself is, that while we are clothed with flesh, to the

[1] Fourth and youngest son of Thomas first Lord Coventry. Burnet calls him, "A man of great notions and eminent virtues." Lord Clarendon says, "He was a sullen, ill-natured, proud man, whose ambition had no limits, nor could be contained within any."

perfectest, some displeasure will attend a separation from things we love. This comfort I think I have in my affliction, that I can say, unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my trouble. The rising from the dead is a glorious contemplation, Doctor! nothing raises a drooping spirit like it: His Holy Spirit, in the mean time, speaking peace to our conscience, and through all the gloomy sadness of our condition, letting us discern that we belong to the election of grace, that our persons are accepted and justified. But still I will humble myself for my own sins, and those of our family's, that brought such a day on us.

I have been under more than ordinary care for my eldest girl; she has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, as we call it, and is not yet free from it. I had a doctor down with her, but he found her so likely to do well he stayed only one day. I have sent you these Gazettes, and will send no more, for I reckon you will be in your progress of visits.

I wish with you Lord Campden would marry: but I want skill to prevail by what I can say. I hope I need employ none to persuade Dr. Fitzwilliam that I am very acknowledging, and very sincerely

His friend and servant.

July 18, 1686.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I CAN divine no more than yourself, good Doctor, why a letter writ the 18th of July should come to you before one that was writ the 13th: they went from hence in order, I am very sure. I answer yours as soon as I can, and yet not soon enough to find you at Cotenham, as I guessed, being, you say, you intended to be at Windsor the middle of September, and the greatest part of the interval at Hereford; and I remember you have in a former letter told me, you intended a visit at Lord Gainsborough's; so that this paper being likely to be a

wanderer, and so in hazard of not coming to you at all it may be, I will not charge it with those letters you ask for; they are too valuable to me to be ventured, especially since mine loiter so by the way; therefore I will hear again from you before I send them, with particular directions where they shall come to you. I read with some contentment, Doctor, that as either to speak or write a compliment would ill become you, it is your opinion my nature is averse to be so treated. It is so indeed, if I know myself; and I thank you for your justice to me. I have long thought it the meanest inclination a man can have, to be very solicitous for the praise of the world, especially if the heart is not pure before God. It is an unfaithfulness I have been afraid of, and do not fear to say it has often excited me to be what I found good people thought me.

I do confess there is a beauty in godliness, that draws our love to those we find it in; and it does give a secret pleasure to have that attributed to one's self that one finds so charming in another. I am very certain, Doctor, your judgment is without error, that the fastest cement of friendship is piety. One may love passionately, but one loves unquietly if the friend be not a good man; and when a separation comes, what veneration do we give to their memory we consider as loved by God from all eternity!

As to your papers, Sir, I would not by any means abuse the power you give me, nor can I think I do so, if I am a cause that others have it in their power to try the same cordial I have found comfortable when under great heaviness of heart. I have read those books you have avoided to read, and must say as you do, the same matter may be handled several ways. In mixing cordials for faint spirits, we often make them differ in the taste; yet one is as useful and effectual as the other; perhaps one is most so to the one, when the other is to another; but that is not known till both tried. As to the commonness of the subject, why should that hinder? No man is at all times laying himself out to the uttermost of his ability, that is, in treating the deepest points; yet, if some such work

ought to be public before one of this sort, I will not be contentious nor tyrannical, in the power which is in my hands, because you have given it: it would be an unjust return to your compositions in my great distress. I would acquiesce, and be content with copies, for such to whom I would recommend the reading of them also. I will tell you another scruple just now (as I write) risen in my thoughts, and therefore not at all digested, that though you do not own the work by your name before it, yet the author seldom fails being known, and the peculiar occasion, when there is one. Whether the politic part were good then in the publishing of it, it is advisable to consider of perhaps. And pray do so, and not from a quickness of mind answer me presently; you put it not in balance when the design is to serve one you profess a particular respect to. But remember my end is served; and theirs, we know, may be so too: those we know not, will be the losers. This is my highest objection, and what I will not too easily pass over. We live in difficult times. God in mercy fit each one for his lot. My letters lie ready, and some prayers you sent me with the first papers.

My sister Alington we have kept still here: she threatens to leave us every week. Rachel is very well again; I desire to bless God for it. My sister's girl is recovering. Our news letters say her Lord has a new friendship with Lord Danby; but nothing is strange in such as follow Courts.

Not knowing the fate of this letter, I will add no more from,

Good Doctor,

Your obliged friend and servant.

Woborne Abbey, August 12, 1686.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

As I think time very well spent in reading your letters, good Doctor, I am ever disposed to thank you for them, and all the consolation they bring with them, the excitations to all good

directions relating to practice or contemplation, by all pious arts, seeking a cure to an unhappy creature, and faulty in giving too much scope to nature and passion, not duly considering the great blessings God still continued to me; for that must have softened the sharpness of other thoughts, that have subdued me but too absolutely; yet, as you exceedingly well remember me, I might reflect how my son was raised in my great day of trouble, and that I felt lately I could yet be more miserable, if the evil threatened had fallen on another beloved child; but God has been gracious to me in healing her sorrow, and I will endeavor religiously to perform my resolution, made in my agonies for her, of some cheerful thankfulness.

Your last, Doctor, I received since my return to Woborne: the date was the 10th October. I have been the less quick in my answer, from some expectation, if you came to London, I should hear again from you; but I think your usual time is, not till November, and that is too long to stay, to send this to Windsor.

I will not argue about the sheets of paper, since there cannot well be any determination, till you have, I guess, those papers you once ordered to be sent to you to Cotenham; but your letter came not so timely for me to think fit to send them, by reason of your journey to Herefordshire. I am very solicitous you should be safe in the first place; and then it is fit to wish all good people all the benefit they can have by the pious labors of such as are blessed with gifts to prepare it for them. Alas! Doctor, I am as far as yourself can be from imagining, that any the most forward to take his life (in whose all the innocent delights of mine were bound) had the least thought to embitter mine; or indeed thought of me at all. The point in that kind is no more, as I conceive it, than the sense of an officiousness to one that so sadly laments what they would have all rejoiced at; but this is a matter so far sought for, that I think there is nothing in it, and the less from the acquaintance, which is so notoriously known, and your dependence once upon my father. I will let it rest this time, with my hearty wishes,

you may advise and choose best in this and all other concerns; I do it as one very sincerely,

Your affectionate friend to serve you.

Woborne Abbey, Oct. 27, 1686.

I have now received a letter from Lady Gainsborough, as surprising as anything of that kind can be to one. It is to tell me that Lord Campden was come from his sister Digby's, the night before, to ask his father's leave to marry the Lord Brooke's eldest daughter,[1] and was returning in haste to accomplish it. My Lady indeed writ to me, as long ago as when they were entertaining the King at Portsmouth, that a Warwickshire Knight had writ to her Lord to propose this young lady to his son, but I expected no other effect from it, than has been from so many other motions of that kind; however, the wise man says, there is a time for all things. I am certain there can be none in which I do not wish their mother's children happy as my own. I think myself hugely obliged to my Lady in taking care I may not have all the advertisements from a newspaper, or the hand of those as little concerned, as I had now, and happened to open it before hers, not knowing it, the superscription not being her hand. It was a matter so unlooked for by me, it gained no credit, till I read my Lady's own letter.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I DO not love, good Doctor, to let your letters lie by me unanswered. I ever find much in them that expresses my obligation to you, and as soon inclines me to be saying something by the way of thankfulness. The gratefulness I can make, I am persuaded, is to do myself good, by letting into my soul deep impressions of those necessary duties you so elegantly

[1] Wriothesley Baptist, Lord Campden, son to Edward, Earl of Gainsborough, by Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley; married Catherine, daughter to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

urge. I do promise you my endeavors, and assure you, you treat me as I would be treated. All the fault I can find is in your apologies; they are too humble towards yourself in the mistrusts of your proceeding. Indeed, Doctor, you observe too punctually respects to err on the one hand, and are too stout and sincere a Christian to do it on the other, so that it is safe to be under your conduct. If high quality shuts out a freedom in those cases, I bless the goodness of God I am out of that exalted rank, for I would choose to be told my smallest errors.

I join my wishes most sincerely with yours for the prosperity of Lord Campden, and that his happiness in marriage may exceed his expectation. Some years past I should have been mightily pleased at the double relation this marriage gives me to him, but there is a stain[1] in the father can never be washed off to my sight. I am sorry for it: however, that will not lessen my respect to the young lady, and especially when she is my nephew's wife. I hear from all but himself he is a transported lover. I fear he will be gone before I get to London; I fear it because, I could be content to see him since his inflexibility is conquered. My sister Alington, I hear, has much of his company; I doubt not but she has some of yours also. More discourse of the papers is deferred till we meet, which, if God permit, may be under three weeks, or thereabouts.

Nov. 19, 1686.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Nothing less fatal than what happened last week in my poor sister's family, I think, should have kept me, I am sure not willingly, from writing to you, good Doctor; but you will not

[1] What stain Lady Russell alludes to is uncertain, unless, as he is said to have performed sundry acceptable services to King Charles the Second, some of those services may have been viewed by her Ladyship as not very honorable.

wonder I found no time for such an exercise as this, when you know it has been the will of God to take the life of her eldest son,[1] after lying ill of a fever eight days. I believe she takes it heavily, for truly I have not seen her since the child died on Sunday morning, and her Lord and herself went on Saturday night to Lady Harvey's.[2] She gave me her girl to take home to me; the other boy being then feverish also, continues in the house. Now my own sad trials making me know how mean a comforter I can be, I think my best service is to take some care of her two children, who are both well now, and hope God will be pleased to keep them so, and teach her to be content. God should place his creatures where He knows it is best for them to be, and when it is best for us, we shall go to them, but they must not come back to us, who remain to struggle in an unquiet world, in all appearance; yet God's hand is not shortened that He cannot save; however, if He will not here, He will hereafter, if we patiently wait the day of consolation that will endure for ever. Join your fervent prayers with my weak and cold ones, good Doctor, that no secret murmurs of heart may stand between me, and hinder my hopes of the admirable comforts of that great day, for which my mourning soul longs.

The poor Princess is wonderful sad I hear.[3] It is said the King is not pleased with the Envoy Extraordinary[4] the States

[1] Ralph, eldest son to Ralph Lord Montagu, died about twelve years old.

[2] Lady Harvey, Elizabeth, only daughter of Edward second Lord Montagu, was married to Sir Daniel Harvey, Knt., Ambassador to Constantinople, 1668.

[3] Princess Ann, married Prince George, second son of Frederic III. King of Denmark, in 1683.

[4] Monsieur Dyckvelt. The following is from the original in the handwriting of Lady Russell:—

"SOME PART OF MR. DYCKVELT'S DISCOURSE IN A VISIT TO ME.

"Thursday, March 24, 1686-7.

"I received a visit from M. Dyckvelt the Dutch Ambassador. He spoke in French to this effect:—

"To condole on the part of the Prince and Princess of Orange my terrible misfortunes, of which they had had a very feeling sense, and con-

are sending over; he is one, it seems, entirely in the interest of the Prince. The Chief Justice Benefield[1] died suddenly in the

tinued still to have so; and as my loss was very great, so they believed my sorrow still was such, for whose person in particular, as also my own family, and that I had married into, they had great respect and value, and should always readily take all occasions to show it: that it would be a great pleasure to them if it would give any ease to my thoughts to take the assurance that if ever it came to be in their power there was nothing I could ask that they should not find a content in granting.

"That for the re-establishing of my son, what I should at any time see reason to ask, would be done in as full and ample a manner as was possible. That he did not deliver this message in a private capacity, but as a public minister. Then, again, he hugely enlarged his compliment, giving me the content to tell me the high thoughts the Prince always had and still preserved of my excellent Lord, that his Highness had never accused his intentions, even at the time of his suffering, and had considered and lamented it as a great blow to the best interests of England and the Protestant religion. That he had frequently before heard the Prince take occasion to speak of him, and that he ever did it as of one he had the best thoughts one could have of a man.

"And he said (with protestation) that he did do so with design to make an agreeable compliment to me that he found the very same justice given to his memory here, and that so universal, that even those who pretended no partiality to his person or actings, yet bore a reverence to his name; all allowing him that integrity, honor, courage, and zeal to his country to the highest degree a man can be charged with, and in this age, perhaps, singular to himself, and he added at this completed with a great piety.

"Words to this effect (as near as my memory can carry it) he several times repeated, and gave me (as he termed it) one remarkable instance at what rate, such who were not his professed friends esteemed his loss. It was this—that dining at Mr. Skelton's (then the King of England's Resident in Holland) immediately after the news was come thither of my Lord's sufferings, &c., M. Dyckvelt, taking notice of what had passed, and in such a manner as was most proper for him to do to Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton sat silent when he named the Lord Essex, but that upon my Lord Russell's name he replied upon it, 'The King has, indeed, taken the life of one man, but he has lost a thousand or thousands by it.' M. Dyckvelt then added, this I know to be the very sense of so many that I should not have repeated it but for this reason, I do it because it was Mr. Skelton said it."

[1] Sir Henry Bedingfield, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

church last Sunday; and a Master in Chancery did so since, but I do not know his name. I must desire you once more to write how to direct my letters, for the last, which was to send them on Thursday, is so blotted, I fear to mistake, therefore this is by the post, to assure you I am very faithfully,

Your friend and servant.

Feb. 9, 1686–7, Ash Wednesday.

Lord Newport[1] gave up his staff on Tuesday. The Gazette this day, says Lord Waldegrave has the Lord Mainard's, and Lord Yarmouth[2] Newport's staff. Prince George is ill of a fever. Both the children were opened; the eldest was all consumed, but the youngest very sound, and likely to live.

THE REV. JOHN HOWE TO LADY RUSSELL.[3]

Utrecht, Feb. 9, 1686–7.

I DOUBT not, Madam, but you believe me sincerely willing to serve any relative of your Ladyship, or of the honorable family I am about to mention; and shall, therefore, forbear

[1] Francis Viscount Newport, and in 1694 created Earl of Bradford, married Diana, sister to William first Duke of Bedford.

[2] William Paston, second Earl of Yarmouth, Treasurer of the Household, married the Lady Charlotte Jemima Maria, natural daughter to Charles II., by the Viscountess Shannon, daughter of Sir William Killigrew.

[3] From Miss Berry's Memoir. "John Howe, a learned Nonconformist divine in the seventeenth century: born in 1630. He was domestic chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. In August, 1685, he travelled beyond seas with the Lord Wharton, and the year following settled at Utrecht, and took his turn in preaching at the English church in that city. In 1687, upon King James publishing his 'Declaration for Liberty of Conscience,' Mr. Howe returned to London, where he died April 2, 1705, and was interred in the parish church of Allhallows, Broad Street." Chalmers's Biog. Dic. vol. xviii. p. 254. He was a good Orientalist, and understood several modern languages. His "Blessedness of the Righteous" is esteemed his best work, and is popular in the present day.

everything of apology for the trouble I now give you. If your Ladyship think it not unfit to give me a character of my Lord of Bedford's (now) eldest son, and it prove as good on his part (which what I already know leaves me little place of doubt for), as I am sure it will be true on your Ladyship's supposing he have not determined still to live single, or be not otherwise pre-engaged, I might, perhaps (though I can only promise faithful endeavors), improve it to his advantage, with an English Lady,[1] my present neighbor, so very deserving in respect of all personal qualifications, family, and fortune, as to be capable of contributing what can be expected from such a relation, to the making a person, suitable to her, very happy in it. It would be requisite, to qualify me for attempting anything herein, that I be able to give an account, besides his strict sobriety, of his seriousness in religion, without being addicted (to the degree of bigotry) unto any the distinguishing modes of it used among sober-minded Protestants; and (which is a great essential) of that goodness of temper, wherein is a composition of prudence and kindness, that shall neither incline to a fond levity, nor too morose sourness; together with his certain estate, without reference to such possibilities, as, which God forbid they should, signify anything, either in reality or expectation. I doubt not I might receive very liberal encomiums of this noble person from other hands; but if I should ever mention such a thing to the Lady herself, nothing could give me so great a confidence therein as I should receive from your Ladyship's testimony: nor can anything (upon what I know of her just and high honor for your Ladyship) signify so much with her. I apprehend it will be the less inconvenient

[1] The Lady in question was Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Williams of Penrhyn, widow of Richard Lloyd, Esq., of Eclis, in Denbighshire. She married Mr., afterwards Lord Edward, Russell, the following year. He was long one of the Members for the county of Bedford, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Middlesex during the minority of his nephew, Lady Russell's son, Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford. He died, without children, in 1714.

for your Ladyship to give your sense upon this subject, that there will be no need, in doing so, again to mention his name, and that mere silence will serve as to any part (if there should be any) wherein your Ladyship cannot allow yourself to be positive; and it would be the more convenient, for that I doubt not your Ladyship can say all that will be for the present requisite, without making any inquiries from a third person, which, as yet, would not be seasonable.

Your Ladyship so well understands how little reason there is the great and wise Lord and Ruler of all things should make the state of things perfect and unexceptionable, in a world not intended for perpetuity, and designed to be a place of discipline, for the exercise and improvement of virtue and religion, not of full rewards for them; and you are so fully persuaded that the rewards of the other state will be sufficiently ample for all the sufferings and sorrows wherewith sincerity is often attended in this, that I need wish no more for your Ladyship's present continual support and consolation than that you may have the constant living sense of what you already know; which I cease not to pray for to your Ladyship, together with the fulness of all blessings, upon the most hopeful plants under your care; as greatly becometh,

Most honored Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

And most faithfully devoted humble servant,

JOHN HOWE.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE REV. JOHN HOWE.

February, 1687.

LET me assure Mr. Howe I do not write this with indifference, upon several accounts. I receive your letter as a kind testimony of your remembrance, which I value very much; and yet I feel myself more engaged by your zeal to do good to that family I have known so true content in, and am entirely dedicated to. It is honorable and worthy in the whole, and

every branch of it have their peculiar virtues; but every highest respect (meaning that sex we are to speak of) is placed, where my best and blessed friend placed his. This may possibly be a bar to your concluding, that what I may say should be received as impartially given; though yet I think it may, since I am sincerest in searching where I desire to find the fewest faults. Some, in this imperfect state, must be found in man: but I do sincerely believe the person is highly qualified to make one happy in the nearest relation we can have upon earth. I would for no advantage to myself, or friend, deceive any; especially by false acts, be an instrument to lead one eminently confident into error, and so desperate a one, out of which there is no recovery. But where there is great honor, truth, courage, and great good-nature, what supposition can there be that when joined with a prudent and virtuous woman, they should not feel the felicity of the happiest state of life? Self-interest does not bribe me to say this, since now the drudgery of living only remains to me; but, in my pleasant days, so near a relation, so very deserving, must have been gladly received, and even now must be owned a kind Providence; and would undoubtedly not fail to be so by the obliged family, which, I can pronounce, is the easiest to converse or live with that ever I have known, or could observe. There is one particular, that, without making inquiries from a third person (which you are of opinion would not yet be seasonable), I can give no report of, that is, their certain estate. I am entirely ignorant in that point; but do imagine Mr. Ashurst not quite so. I am very nice of inquiring into those particulars of all others, but I know they have an equal and just father, and what is once promised will be punctually performed. Proceedings of this nature can move so slow at such a distance, that more than I have said I do not take to be necessary, in order to your friendly attempting to facilitate a happy union. When the lady is again in England, I shall be early in paying my respects, and with great integrity acquitting myself of any part in this affair that can fall upon me; or, if it sinks into nothing, ever retain the sense

of your good-will and forwardness to dispose the Lady towards it; and shall as little fail to acquaint my Lord Bedford, whose mind is ever prepared to all real acknowledgments when he feels himself obliged.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I MUST keep still to Friday, since I have not a new direction from you, as I asked by the post last week. I will not repeat the sad intelligence I gave you then, because I am sure you cannot be without the information now.

The good Princess has taken her chastisement heavily; the first relief of that sorrow proceeded from the threatening of a greater, the Prince being ill. I never heard any relation more moving than that of seeing them together. Sometimes they wept, sometimes they mourned; in a word, then, sat silent, hand in hand; he sick in his bed, and she the carefullest nurse to him that can be imagined. As soon as he was able, they both went to Richmond, which was on Tuesday last.

My sister continues still at Lady Harvey's, much afflicted at her loss; it seems as if they would not return again at this time to Montague House, but take some house near Windsor. Her daughter is still with me, but the boy at Montague House: though now very well, he is not suffered to go further than the next room: the present terror upon loss of the other has occasioned more care for him than was necessary. This is a fine lively child; I hope God will spare it to them to their comfort, and not in wrath, as sometimes one would judge children are. We little know what we earnestly ask for, when we do so for the lives of children or friends.

The King refuses audience to Monsieur Dykvelt,[1] till matters

[1] "Of the diplomatists in the service of the United Provinces, none was in dexterity, temper, and manners, superior to Dykvelt. In knowledge of English affairs none seems to have been his equal. A pretence was found for dispatching him early in the year 1687 to England, on a

are adjusted with his new ambassador in Holland, for he has not had his yet. The ministers have been to visit this, that is, Lord Sunderland,[1] for he is as the whole. Every one has their guess what his business is, but all together are of one mind, that he might as well have stayed away for any advantage he will have in his journey. It is supposed Lord Clarendon[2] is kept in Ireland by the winds as the other was in England. There is great astonishment amongst that people, Lord Ormond yet walking with his white staff.[3] The reports are divers; some say he has answered the question unmannerly; but the King told him, in consideration of his age, he should wear his staff; others are apt to think he will be absent; and more are of this last opinion, as also that the Parliament shall continue still to be prorogued. The Lord Sunderland said to that effect a few days ago; but the words of ministers are not easily understood in their true meaning.

The talk is great that France will early in the spring fall into Alsace, but my French friends will not allow it; they agree he would fain make a peace of the truce, and fright them into it (if nothing else will do), with the threats of a war, yet will engage in none.

I am, Sir,
Your real friend, all the sad life of
R. Russell.

Feb. 18, 1686–7.

special mission with credentials from the States-General. But, in truth, his embassy was not to the Government, but to the Opposition; and his conduct was guided by private instructions which had been drawn by Burnet and approved by William."—Macaulay's "History of England," vol. ii. p. 245.

[1] Robert, second Earl of Sunderland,

[2] Henry Hyde, second Earl of Clarendon. "Clarendon was accompanied, or speedily followed across St. George's Channel, by a large proportion of the most respectable inhabitants of Dublin, gentlemen, tradesmen, and artificers. It was said that fifteen hundred families emigrated in a few days."—Macaulay's "History of England," vol. ii. p. 159.

[3] Duke of Ormond was Steward of the Household.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THERE is so much reason, Doctor, to think that time well spent is so in reading your excellent letters, that it is time lost to spend any in telling you I esteem it to such a height, I shall be very defective in expressing, if I went about it. But you must conclude one knows nothing of good or bad, and is contented with that sordid ignorance, before you can believe what you write is read with indifference; and since you have conceived better thoughts of me, I will hope (notwithstanding my many frailties), you will never find cause to let them sink so low as to doubt whether I use some strict care to be prepared for all future events, and to receive with thankfulness the counsel and instruction of good and wise men, whose friendship, zeal, and compassion dispose them with painful labor and pious arts, to win us to that is infinitely best for us. I often think, could but this single particular be fixed firmly in our hearts, that God knows where it is best to place his creatures, and is good to all, delighting not to punish what He has made, how easily and safely could we live by rule, and despise the world; not as, perhaps, I do, because I cannot recover what was a perpetual bliss to me here, but as considering we are strangers and pilgrims upon earth, travelling to a better country, and therefore may well bear with bad accommodations sometimes in our way to it. None are so dealt with, I believe, as not to live some days of joy, yet we can lay no claim to do so, nor are the happiest here below without tasting the bitter cup of affliction at some time of their life; so imperfect is this state, and doubtless wisely and mercifully ordered so, that through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, we may be the most apt to thrust forward towards, and in the end (with inexpressible joy) attain that state, where, as you express it, we shall feel no more storms, but enjoy a perpetual calm. What can be more! The thought clasps one's heart, and causes the imprisoned soul to long to take her flight! But it is our duty to wait with patience each of us our appointed time.

My sister is just now at Mr. Winwood's, by Windsor; when she comes back, I shall make her know how much you have considered her; and I pray God to lay it close to her heart, that she may retire into the strengths of grace, the more sincerely she is assaulted with discomfits here. She has a fine lovely boy left. The poor Princess continues still at Richmond, too sad I fear.

Monsieur Dykvelt had his audience on Monday, and was retired with the King half an hour in his closet. He is allowed to be a man of parts and integrity: what his business is, every one is left to his own guess as yet.

Lord Clarendon landed on Monday last: it is affirmed the new governor[1] lays heavy weight on him, as that he leaves the people under great discouragements, occasioned by the sad stories he has told them, and using all arguments to bring them away by whole families; that in a little time he did not doubt to reassume them, when they would be made sensible no harm was meant to them.

The King is marrying the Lady Mary Tudor to one Mr. Radcliffe,[2] a gentleman of great estate in the north, and ancient family; a papist.

Sir John Talbot is to be made a Lord presently: the King says he finds him to be a gentleman of better understanding

[1] "Lord Tyrconnell gone to succeed the Lord Lieutenant (Clarendon) in Ireland to the astonishment of all sober men, and to the evident ruin of the Protestants in that kingdom, as well as of its greate improvement going on. Much discourse that all the White Staff Officers and others should be dismissed for adhering to their religion. Popish Justices of the Peace established in all Counties, of the meanest of the people; Judges ignorant of the Law, and perverting it—so furiously do the Jesuits drive, and even compel Princes to violent courses, and destruction of an excellent Government both in Church and State. God of his infinite mercy open our eyes and turn our hearts, and establish his truth with peace! The Lord Jesus defend his little Flock, and preserve this threaten'd Church and Nation."—Evelyn's "Diary," vol. i. p. 635.

[2] Sir Francis Radcliffe, second Earl of Derwentwater, married Mary Tudor, natural daughter to Charles II. by Mary Davis.

than almost any he knows in England, and judges him to be a person of integrity; which is more than can be pronounced of Mr. Jenkyns[1] of the North, heir to an estate of 1200*l.* per annum.

He was accused as the author of Lady Mary Pawlet's grievous misfortune, but with great asseverations he denied it to persons of the best quality that were concerned for her; yet now owns himself her husband more than a year past. Enough of so bad a story. Lord Northampton on Monday last presented, on the Bishop's behalf, a petition to the King, to which there is yet no answer. The petition[2] contained no more than

[1] Toby Jenkyns, Esq., of Grimston, Yorkshire, married Lady Elizabeth Pawlet, youngest daughter of Charles Marquis of Winchester (first Duke of Bolton).

[2] George Compton, fourth Earl of Northampton, nephew to Henry Bishop of London. "The Bishop," says Burnet, "carried arms for some years. When he was past thirty he took orders. He was an humble and modest man. He applied himself more to his function than Bishops had commonly done. He was a great patron of the converts from Popery, and of those Protestants whom the bad usage they were beginning to meet with in France drove to us. Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, was on Monday suspended, on pretence of not silencing Dr. Sharp, of St. Giles's, for something of a sermon in which he zealously reprov'd the doctrine of the Roman Catholics. The Bishop having consulted the Civilians, they told him he could not by any law proceed against Dr. Sharp without producing witnesses, and impleading according to form; but it was overrul'd by my Lord Chancellor, and the Bishop sentenc'd without so much as being heard to any purpose. This was thought a very extraordinary way of proceeding, and was universally resented, and so much the rather for that of two bishops, Durham (Crewe), and Rochester (Sprat), sitting in the Commission and giving their suffrages, the Archbishop of Canterbury refus'd to sit amongst them. He was only suspended *ab officio*, and that was soone after taken off. He was brother to the Earl of Northampton, had once been a soldier, had travelled in Italy, but became a sober, grave, and excellent prelate."—Evelyn's "Diary," vol. i. p. 631, 4to. Sharp's sermon was preached May 2, 1686. "A memorable discourse, in which he expressed a contempt of those who could be converted by any arguments in favor of the Romish faith." The preacher, after various preferments, was consecrated Archbishop of York, July 5, 1691.

expressing a deep sense of lying under the King's displeasure, and begging that might be taken off. They say a declaration will presently come out, to show the King's dispensing power.[1] Mr. Savil was yesterday morning in the King's closet. The event is expected. Many are persuaded the French King is bent for action this spring; my French friends will not allow it. If my paper did not put me in mind, I know not how long I should have rambled on. Room must be left for all my good things: the best turkey, the best pork and cheese that can be eat: the last bit of pork eat last night. This is not lent-fare, Doctor.

Feb. 25, 1686–87.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Although I take your life, good Doctor, to be a continual doing good to souls, and am very certain you would not exclude mine from the best benefits you can help it with; and therefore, from the general course of your actions, do rely upon being profited by your precepts, examples, and pious prayers; yet I know myself to owe you, as one you have distinguished from others by your particular labors, to make my sorrowful soul find comfort in what true joys are only to be found. Therefore, if I knew how, I would, both in my actions and words, make my acknowledgments distinguished from others. I know of what sort they are you would like best; to preserve myself with better care to receive those comforts you can but externally administer, with prayer, that God by his good Spirit would deal inwardly in our hearts, and work his work of grace upon us; then we should do mighty things. I am sorry for my unaptness, and sometimes think, that certainly in my more

[1] "On the 4th of April appeared the memorable Declaration of Indulgence. It was severely censured by the Prince of Orange, whose words were reported to James, and disturbed him greatly."—See Macaulay's "England," vol. i. pp. 211 and 234.

pleasant days, I lived as if I knew no higher delight, and it is that makes my separation still so bitter to me, that, to my shame and sorrow, I must confess to you my heart seems so bound down to a perpetual sadness, that even the solemnity of this blessed time, which calls for our most exalted praises, could not stir it, nor yet does it melt at the meditations of my dear Saviour's suffering for sinners; but a flood of tears are ever ready, when I permit the least thought of my calamity. This is matter of great humiliation, and, I hope, I make it such; and must rest in doing the duty, till God sees it fit to let me know better refreshments, and taste of those joys in which his servants are often so transported; but I will wait with a quiet submission.

Here has appeared no great changes since you went; the liberty of conscience is so notorious a matter, I meddle not with it, confining myself to lower matters, as I may tell you. He who was Admiral Herbert[1] is forbid to go out of England. Mr. Forester, who has been in Holland some considerable time, is sent for by a privy seal.

There is a sheet of paper writ, as the King has said, by Doc-

[1] Arthur Herbert, created Earl of Torrington, 1689, by King William for his great services. "Arthur Herbert was much loved by the sailors, and was reputed one of the best of the aristocratical class of naval officers. It had been generally supposed that he would readily comply with the royal wishes, for he was heedless of religion. He was fond of pleasure and expense; he had no private estate; his place brought him in 4000*l.* a year; and he had long been reckoned among the most devoted personal adherents of James. When, however, the rear-admiral was closeted, and required to promise that he would vote for the repeal of the Test Act, his answer was that his honor and conscience would not permit him to give any such pledge. He was dismissed from all his places, and the account of what he had disbursed and received as Master of the Robes was scrutinized with great, and, as he complained, with unjust severity."—Macaulay's "England," vol. ii. p. 210.

But Burnet says of him that "he was upon every occasion sullen and peevish, and delivered up to pride and luxury. Yet he had a good understanding." He died without issue, April 14, 1716.

tor Burnet, to give reasons against taking away the Test. It is hard to get; when I have it you shall see it. Some think it is not Burnet's.

The Prince and Princess have consented to see him no more. Lady Rochester[1] lies still in a languishing condition. Lord Peterborough[2] is declared a Roman Catholic: the report is, two more, the Chancellor[3] and Lord President[4] will next Sunday. I remember no more, so leave you to the Gazette, ever continuing,

Your real friend and servant.

April 1, 1687.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

The morning I left London, I received a letter from you, dated 30th May, which informed me of your good inteutions to have seen me at this place, if I could have kept mine of being here a week sooner than I was. To have met at my first coming so pious and so kind a friend would have been an advantage to me I am not at all worthy of, who entertain with so heavy a heart those many and great mercies God still preserves to me his murmuring servant, who am indeed brimfull with the memory of that unfortunate and miserable change in my own condition, since I lived regularly here before.

The poor children are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been, both to me and them; yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible, and I could not but be content with it in my mind. Those whose age

[1] Henrietta, daughter of Richard Boyle, second Earl of Burlington and Cork, wife of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester.

[2] Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough; he died without issue male, 1697. "Distinguished as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor, but," says Mr. Macaulay, "of that strange unsoundness of mind which made his courage and capacity almost useless to his country."

[3] Jeffreys. [4] Earl of Sunderland.

can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family; though after that I would cherish a cheerful temper in them with all the industry I can; for sure we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit.

Lord Campden has sent to see me, but whether I shall see him or no, I cannot tell. I find my time is spent, so will put up the Gazettes, and bid you adieu for this time, ever continuing,

Your faithful friend to serve you.

My sister Alington, her sister, and daughter Alington, and my brother Robert, have made me a visit of two days. I am thankful, though I wished it longer. I hear Mr. Cheek is put from the Tower, and Sir Edward Hales[1] in his place.

Stratton, June 13, 1687.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE just received yours of the 21st; seasonable enough it comes to me, this being the eve of the sad day that ushered in the great calamity of my life; the same day my dear Lord was carried from his house, I entertained the sad assurance of quickly after losing the sight of him for ever in this world; what the manner of it will be in the next is dark and unknown to us; it is enough that we shall be happy eternally.

I think you judge amiss, good Doctor, that because those excellent rules and discourses I have by me do not fix me in a better (by a more settled) state of comfort, therefore your presence would not have had some useful influence. Our senses are

[1] Sir Edward Hales, Bart., a Roman Catholic. He was a Privy Councillor, Lord of the Admiralty, and Lieut.-Governor of the Tower. He followed James II. to France, and was created by him Earl of Tenterden, in Kent, Viscount Tunstall, and Baron Hales of Emley, May, 1692. He died in France in 1695.

quick, and a reflection as soon made as an object is presented; also the inconvenience of indulging it is as soon confessed when a reasoning friend is present; but we cannot have recourse to papers, and will not, or cannot, being before prepossessed, recollect by memory, and make application just then. However, Doctor, though I am not cured, my ill is less inveterate than sure it would have been without your pious labors.

I spoke with Mr. Nutt about the printing them, and he put me in mind of the hopes I had given him of the employment; to which I answered, I could not do that till you was in town.

My house is full of company; to-morrow being Sunday, I purpose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unjustifiable passions; and having given some hours to privacy in the morning, live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. It is my first trial; for all these sad years past I have dispensed with the seeing anybody, or till late at night; sometimes I could not avoid that without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like best to give up to reflection; the day my Lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world.[1]

I thank you again, good Doctor, for your seasonable prayer. It may be this shall be the last letter I send you from hence, though I stay till Monday se'nnight; variety of care and little affairs it is possible may prevent other exercises I stand more inclined to. When I come to Woborne, if no sooner, I will again repeat that I hold myself to be, good Doctor,

Your obliged friend and servant.

June 25, 1687.

Miss Montague is with me.

I hope breeding prevents my seeing my sister.

[1] Lord Russell was arrested June 26, tried July 13, and beheaded July 21, 1683.

THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY RUSSELL.

I DID not expect so many thanks, my Lady Russell, as I find in your letter by Mr. Dykvelt, who has said so much to me of all the marks of kindness you showed both to the Prince and myself, that I should be ashamed not to have answered it sooner, but that you know one is not always provided with an opportunity of sending letters safely, of which indeed I am as much to seek now as ever, but hoping Mrs. Herbert[1] will sooner find one than I, I resolve to leave this with her, not knowing when it may come to you; but whenever it does, pray do me the justice to believe, that I have all the esteem for you which so good a character deserves, as I have heard given you by all people both before I left England and since I have been here. And have had as much pity as any could have of the sad misfortunes you have had, with much more compassion when they happen to persons who deserve so well, and yet those are they we often see the most unlucky in the world, as you find by experience; but I hope your son will live to be a comfort to you, which, under God, I believe will be the best you can have. As for myself, I can only assure both you and my Lord of Bedford, that I should be very glad it lay in my power to do you any kindness; the same I can answer for the Prince; and indeed you have expressed so much for us both to Mr. Dykvelt, that if it were possible it would increase the esteem I had before for you, which I shall be very glad of any occasion to show, and more to be better known to you, that I might persuade you myself of the desire I have that you should be one of my friends.

MARIE.

Honslerdyke, July 12, 1687.

[1] Most probably the wife of Admiral Herbert, who was twice married: first, to Anne, daughter of a Mr. Hadley; and, secondly, to Ann, daughter of Sir William Armine, and widow of Sir Thomas Wodehouse.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Good Doctor, I can still but do the same thing over again, thank you infinitely for all your good deeds to me. I must observe to you how kindly Providence (I will imitate you, and not call it chance) disposes of your letters to my hands. I read yours of 11th July on the 20th, the eve of that day—I will not suffer my hand to write fatal, because the blow struck on it was that which gave eternal rest to my beloved friend. I do not contend on these days with frail nature, but keep her as innocent as I can. And now having laid all my sorrows at the foot of the throne of grace, I allow some of the remaining portion of my time to what disposes me best to cool my thoughts and entertain a tired mind, writing where I may do it freely; where my weakness shall be pitied, not censured; yet I shall be short, being forced to admit an interruption, not a welcome one this day; Lady Sunderland, in her way to Windsor, making a visit, which I refused not in the afternoon to receive. To my best I took the method you offered me, and I must tell you, that when I came to that part of your letter, where you put the case, if my heart tells me so, as indeed it does, I made a full stop, and would read no further till I had considered, and accused myself: then I compared how you had stated it for me, and found it just the same in matter. I had made him my idol, though I did not know it: loved man too much, and God too little; yet my constant prayer was not to do so; but not enough fervent I doubt. I will turn the object of my love all I can upon his loved children, and if I may be directed and blessed in their education, what is it I have to ask in relation to this perishing world for myself? It is joy and peace in believing that I covet, having nothing to fear but sin.

This must find you at Windsor,[1] so my letter shall be the shorter; I know how you will be taken up there. I perceive your business is a friendly charity; it is a happy thing to be

[1] Dr. Fitzwilliam was a prebend of Windsor.

going about doing good: may you do so long, Doctor. I hope you will find my sister carrying on a great belly.

I will ever remain, good Doctor,

Your obliged friend to serve you.

July 21, 1687.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Yours of the 28th September, telling me you will be long enough at the Bath to be told that you are kindly remembered by your friends, I desire, good Doctor, to be one of those that do so, and esteem myself much obliged to you for taking a portion out of your time (to let me know you thought on me) when it was so precious, as I take time to be to travellers. I wish you all the benefit of the waters you wish yourself; the same I do assure you, Sir, in all other occurrences of your life. It seems I must remit seeing you, as you once kindly intended. When I received your services to them, the Lady and mistress of Horsesheath[1] were both here; they left us last Thursday, but I guess you may meet them at London, about the beginning of the term. My sister says she intends but a week's stay. I am in expectation to see my niece Digby in her way to Warwickshire; she sends me word she will dine here, and give me a sight of her little boy. Lord Campden and his Lady have been at Bremer with their cousin Kingston.[2] I am told the two cousins agree the country is a dull place in winter. I am easily drawn to believe my Lord Gainsborough might be sensible of a change at Tichfield, finding a mistress of it, and remembering those he had known there before; but almost all changes seem strange, yet this world we are so apt to doat upon is a perpetual passing from one thing to another, and rarely to more

[1] The residence of Lady Alington, in Cambridgeshire.

[2] William Pierrepoint, Earl of Kingston, married Anne, eldest daughter of Robert Greville, Lord Brooke.

pleasing objects. But it is our duty to be contented with all —a hard task sometimes, Doctor.

I hear the French King, as a finishing stroke, is preparing an edict which all new converts shall sign; though so weak as to have signed before, yet they must now again, how they have been instructed, and are in their hearts convinced of the doctrine and practice of the Roman church, even to the article of Transubstantiation, that their sufferings have not been for religion, but their disobedience to the King's commands.

Doctor Burnet is outlawed in Scotland, and I am told a few days before (he knew it would be so), he invited all his friends to dinner, and after that was over took his solemn leave of them, resolving to converse no more with them.[1]

I can easily and with much satisfaction spend much time with you, but for expedition's sake, having an opportunity to send this by one just going to London, I will add no more than to sign a great truth, that I am,

Your faithful sad friend and servant.

Oct. 5, 1687.

I have a large bundle of Gazettes can easily be conveyed to London; but then you are at no leisure to read them, so unless you send for them their resting-place will be at Woborne.

[1] None of his enemies had ever been regarded by him (King James) with such animosity as he now felt for Dr. Burnet—even blood would not slake that frantic hatred. The insolent divine must be tortured before he were permitted to die. Fortunately, he was by birth a Scot; and in Scotland his legs might be dislocated in the boot. Proceedings were accordingly instituted against him at Edinburgh; but he had been naturalized in Holland: he had married a woman of fortune who was a native of that province; and it was certain that his adopted country would not deliver him up."—Macaulay's "England," vol. ii. p. 244.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

ALTHOUGH your letter, good Doctor, is dated 15th October, I read it not till the 20th, having received that with many others so late, I believe it was past midnight before I had done: yours was not the last neither, for when I had run over my common and impertinent ones (such I term compliments of course or feigned ones), I hastened to yours; indeed, you make me greater compliments than anybody else; but I have no charge against you for doing so; what they exceed in I must bring the accusation against myself. The near and pleasing concern you make the well being of me and mine to be to you, I believe most hearty and sincere, and kindly engages me to great thankfulness; but amongst your choicest expressions, you are induced to say you could rather envy my condition than pity it, from an opinion of being supported and comforted with a well-grounded persuasion of my having a right and title to those precious promises, that will give a pleasant and perpetual rest to the weary and heavy laden soul. This, Doctor, is perhaps what you mistake in; and I have led you into the error by speaking too well of my own thoughts or exercises, which are truly all mean and encompassed with uncomfortable weakness; yet I have not the confusion to reflect I have said anything from a false glory; I should, if I can discern right, wrong my own heart by it, and that grace of God which disposes me, though in the meanest degree, to ask for and thirst after such comforts as the world cannot give. What it can give I am most sure I have felt, and experienced them uncertain and perishing; such I will never more (grace assisting) look after; and yet I expect a joyful day, after some more mournful ones; and though I walk sadly through the valley of death, I will fear no evil, humbling myself under the mighty hand of God, who will save in the day of trouble: He knows my sorrows and the weakness of my person. I commit myself and mine to him.

I had, as you guess, Doctor, the satisfaction of seeing Lady

Digby, and her prosperous son, and hope she will maintain that house with an honorable and virtuous race. Lord Tiviot[1] has been here two days of this week, full fraught with stories out of Hampshire, some of them too much at the expense of such as must ever have a title to my best wishes, which fetched sighs from me. Yet the beauty of Providence should reconcile us to all sorts of dispensations. I have sent a large packet of Gazettes; and have no other papers I believe you have not seen. If I had that which you mention, of Remarks upon the Declaration, I have mislaid or it is taken away.[2] Another paper sent me with the Letter to the Dissenter vanished, so that I never read it; that kind of title has kept it in my head ever since. Your curiosity, Doctor, is sure blameless, though very mean are most of the amusements of a life to endure so little a while, as the longest is upon earth.

[1] Robert Spenser, brother of Henry, first Earl of Sunderland, and second son of William, second Lord Spenser, of Wormleighton, by Lady Penelope Wriothesley, eldest daughter of Henry, Earl of Southampton, created Viscount of Tiviot, Oct. 20, 1685.

[2] "Of the numerous pamphlets in which the cause of the Court and the cause of the Church were at this time eagerly and anxiously pleaded before the Puritan, now, by a strange turn of fortune, the arbiter of the fate of his persecutors, one only is still remembered, the 'Letter to a Dissenter.' In this masterly little tract, all the arguments which could convince a Non-conformist that it was his duty and his interest to prefer an alliance with the Church to an alliance with the Court, were condensed into the smallest compass, arranged in the most perspicuous order, illustrated with lively wit, and enforced by an eloquence earnest indeed, yet never in its utmost vehemence transgressing the limits of exact good sense and good breeding. The effect of this paper was immense; for, as it was only a single sheet, more than twenty thousand copies were circulated by the post. The Government was greatly irritated, and spared no pains to discover the author. Some imagined that they recognized the sentiments and diction of Temple. But, in truth, that amplitude and acuteness of intellect, that vivacity of fancy, that terse and energetic style, that placid dignity, half courtly, half philosophical, which the utmost excitement of conflict could not for a moment derange, belonged to Halifax, and to Halifax alone."—Macaulay's "England," vol. ii. p. 220.

The result of the matter of Magdalene College is known to you before this, and will be to us here, I hope to-morrow.[1]

I am glad my sister has the advantage of so good company as yourself in her solitude, so I reckon Windsor now, and suppose her Lord makes frequent visits to London; there I expect to meet you when December is begun, that am,

Your obliged sincere servant.

Oct. 22, 1687.

We have just heard the very ill news of the Princess's miscarriage. God comfort her, poor Lady.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

It is a reproach to myself, good Doctor, that I have not once since you went given you this mark of my respect; but it has come to pass, I think, from an invincible necessity; nothing else can excuse it to myself, and that I know will to you, who I believe will not soon accuse me of a crime I intend never to deserve to have laid to my charge. The truth is, Sir, the great affair you know me engaged in takes up both my time and thoughts. Many difficulties are met with by the manner of the settlements, and yet not got over: one week more I hope will make me guess at the issue.

This day Miss Noel is made a wife, and my girls are but just come from the ceremony; I should have spoke properly to have said yesterday, for I hear it strike one o'clock, yet I had company would sit to see my girls come home; and I could not leave this to be written to-morrow, for I am to be in my coach at seven o'clock to dine with my sister Montague at Windsor.

The news most talked of is, the King has sent to call over

[1] An interesting account of King James's arbitrary proceedings in his matter is given in Mr. Macaulay's "History of England," vol. ii. p. 287.

the English forces out of Holland;[1] the French papers will tell the rest. The town is full of what you or I have little to do with, balls and rejoicings.[2] It is time to close this from,

Your faithful friend to serve you to my power.

Jan. 27, 1687–8.

One o'clock in the morning.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

JUST after I had retrieved time enough to scribble to you, and inclose some French papers, I received yours of 24th January, which, though you would not term it such, I made as a sort of kind reproof, and indeed I had a guilt upon me, that it might justly be so, for I am ready to own I have received obligations enough from Doctor Fitzwilliam to make me careful to give him the mean content of such letters as mine. But in earnest I am in a great and constant hurry, from my careful endeavors to do my duty to my child,[3] and to my friend, sister Margaret Russell,[4] which, by God's grace, I design to do as cordially as to my children. I meet with many difficulties in both; yet, in my girls, there is no stop but such as the former settlements cause, which, from any we can learn of yet, will hinder a conclusion till he is sixteen.

[1] On the 17th of January, he wrote to the States General to demand the six English and Scotch regiments that were in their service. The 2d of March he issued out a proclamation, "forbidding his natural born subjects to enter or enlist themselves in the service of any foreign prince or state, either by sea or land. The States did not think proper to send these regiments to the King in the present juncture."—Rapin, vol. ii. p. 762, folio.

[2] On the 23d of December, 1687, a proclamation issued, appointing the 15th of January to be observed as a thanksgiving for the Queen's being with child, within the bills of mortality; and the 29th of January in the rest of the churches of England.

[3] Her daughter's intended marriage.

[4] Lord Stafford's addresses to Lady Margaret Russell.

I thank you, good Doctor, for your kind offer, which, whether I accept or not, I am sure I shall do all in a kind respect to you, and preserve the sense of your esteem to me and mine, and shall be sorry if I make not use of it in the way you desire I would take liberty to do.

I trust, if I perfect this great work, my careful endeavors will prosper; only the Almighty knows what the event shall be; but sure it is a glimmering of light I did not look for in my dark day. I do often repeat in my thoughts, the children of the just shall be blessed: I am persuaded their father was such; and if my heart deceive me not, I intend the being so, and humbly bless God for it.

I can send you no good news; the best (in my opinion at least) is, if true what some say, we shall have no war, nor parliament. Here was lately great talk of setting out twenty sail to join the French fleet; many are divided about a parliament, whether one shall be called or not. My boy said at dinner, it is a year of great wars, marriages, and robbing. To make good the second, it is reported Lord Halifax is treating for the Lord Kent's son, and Lady Essex for Lord Carlisle's.[1] Something of both I fancy there is. Some murders here have been, which no doubt have reached you before this will. But there is a private piece of news I know you will be sorry for. Poor Lord Gainsborough was seized on Tuesday s'ennight with a dead palsy all on one side; his speech returned quickly, and the last news was, he was much mended, had stirred his leg, but not his arm, and my niece writ they feared he did not see with the eye on that side, but were loth to ask, for fear of disheartening him: if we hear he has passed a week, I hope he may recover to some degree.

Queen Dowager's[2] resolutions for Portugal cannot be new

[1] Charles Howard, third Earl of Carlisle, married Lady Anne Capel, only surviving daughter of Arthur, first Earl of Essex.

[2] Catherine, Queen Dowager of Charles II., did not go to Portugal till March 30, 1692, alleging the great debt due to her by the King disabling her.

to you; it occasions much talk; her humor and way of living not warning any to suspect she would retire out of the world. Lord Oxford has at last his regiment taken from him.[1] It is said the King told him he did not do it in regard to his religion, but his factiousness of mind, for his Majesty would have the test. The Queen goes on prosperously; has seen two plays at Whitehall. Now, you have all the reports I can make, I take my leave, and turn you to the Gazettes. Here are some pamphlets, but I know not if you care to have them sent this way, and perhaps you have them already; as reflections on Fagell's letter;[2] also reflections on the relation of the English Reformation lately printed at Oxford.[3]

I am, good Doctor,
Your faithful friend.

Feb. 10, 1687–8.

The late audience at Court was new; Dominicans in their habits as ambassadors from Cologne. Corker[4] that was tried, is the chief, and is to live here at St. James's or Lincoln's Inn Fields; for the Papists have bought Lord Barkley's in the one place, and Lady Bath's in the other.

[1] Aubrey de Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford, who died in 1703, without male issue. He fell into disgrace with James, and joined King William on his arrival in England.

[2] A letter to Mr. Stewart, giving an account of the Prince and Princess of Orange's thoughts concerning the Repeal of the Test and Penal Laws by Mynheer Gaspar, Baron de Fagel, Amst. 1688. 4to. There are other pamphlets on this subject *pro* and *con*. They may be seen in the library of the London Institution.

[3] Reasons for abrogating the Test imposed upon all Members of Parliament. Lond. 1688, 4to. by Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford. Evelyn writes in his "Diary" on his death, "He was esteemed a violent, passionate, haughty man, but yet being pressed to declare for the Church of Rome, he utterly refused it. A remarkable end."

[4] James Corker, a Benedictine Monk, was tried for being concerned in the Popish Plot, but acquitted in July, 1679.

THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY RUSSELL.

I HOPE my Lady Russell will do me the justice to believe I would not have kept three of the letters so long without answering, had I not wanted an opportunity of sending mine. But I hope Mr. Russell[1] who brought me one, will find a way to send this to you, for I can stay no longer from desiring you to make no more excuses for writing. If you knew the esteem I have for you, you would be persuaded your letters could not be too troublesome: and since you will make me believe it is some satisfaction to you, I shall desire you to continue, for I assure you I am extreme glad to contribute any way I can to that. I hope this match of your daughter's will afford you all the joy and comfort you can desire. I don't question but you have made a very good choice; and since I wish so well to my Lord Devonshire, I can't but be glad it is his son, believing you will have taught your daughter, after your own example, to be so good a wife, that Lord Cavendish can't choose but be very happy with her. I assure you I wish it with all my heart, and if that could contribute anything to your content, you may be sure of as much as it is possible for you to have; and not only my wishes, but upon all occasions, I shall be glad to show more than by words the esteem I have for you. MARIE.

Hague, Feb. 13, 1687–8.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE read your letter enough to know your thoughts upon several matters, but not as I would do deliberately, or to examine how heartily I join with you in every point; nor will I defer writing till I do; though I never had less time (if so

[1] Afterwards Earl of Orford. He was much employed by the Whig party, in communicating with the Prince of Orange on the eve of the Revolution.

little) at my own disposal; so that unless I dispatch this, it is very likely I may delay till next post. I meet with hard difficulties in the lawyers' hands; we are forced to be with a great many of that profession, which is very troublesome at this time to me, who would fain be delivered from them, conclude my affair, and so put some period to that inroad methinks I make in my intended manner of living the rest of my days on earth. But I hope my duty shall always prevail above the strongest inclination I have. I believe to assist my yet helpless children, is my business; which makes me take many dinners abroad, and do of that nature many things, the performance of which is hard enough to a heavy and weary mind; but yet I bless God I do it.

Letters came out of Holland on Wednesday night, which, in as respectful terms as is possible in that case, refuse to send the troops, saying, they have cost them a great deal, they are threatened on all hands, and know of no capitulation which obliges them to send them, the King being quiet at home and abroad. But if his Majesty had occasion, they would soon send them, and many more to his aid; and for such officers as would retire from them they were at liberty.

I have been told the King should say, Amsterdam had better intentions, but the parts of the States prevailed, who, perhaps, had a mind to quarrel, but seemed to imply he had none. This piece of news I would insert, though I have a man of business by me, whom I must speak to when I have closed this.

Sister Alington has sold her house to Lord Bristow, so is kept still in town. Lady Manchester was married last Wednesday to a fourth son[1] of George Montague, a man of twenty-

[1] Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax; he was praised by Addison and Steele, but satirized by Pope—

> "Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
> Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill."
>
> Epistle to Arbuthnot.

"The Hind and Panther transversed; or, the City and Country

four; the same was said to have writ the answer to the Hind and Panther. Lord Gainsborough is better. I have writ your compliments this morning to sister Montague.

Next week you shall have the letters you ask for, and the Reflections on the Reformer. I do not justify the sharpness of them; though I wish him very well that is guilty of the fault, the other justly deserves it.

Feb. 17, 1687-8.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

You are the most encouraging Doctor I ever knew. If I went fast in that affair, which perhaps takes up my thoughts too much, I believe you would seek and find some parallel to comfort me in my proceedings, which I am apt enough to think are done with a very poor conduct. Certainly to work alone, as it is said, so it often leaves one doubtful, but none can do more than they are fitted for; my will is with the best I am sure, and my hope is great that I am assisted with the best Director of our minds, and Disposer of all events: so I go quietly on, desire great diligence in all my actions, and expect by that slowness you so well approve of, to discover at one time what I cannot in another, that so I may complete this great work with as few errors as I can reasonably expect to make. I have a well-bred Lord to deal with, yet inflexible, if the point is not to his advantage. I am to meet him this morning at eleven o'clock at the lawyer's chambers, proposing to give a finishing stroke to the agreement between us, and then the deeds will be drawn in a few more weeks, I hope, and this matter perfected. That of Lady Margaret is to Lord

Mouse," was the joint production of Montague and Prior. "It was written," says Sir Walter Scott, in his note on Dryden's Works, "to ridicule Dryden's poem, and turns chiefly upon the incongruity of the emblems Dryden adopted, and the inconsistencies into which his plan led him."

Strafforde. God knows there are many exceptions, but the gentleman is a worthy, honest man, and made an indulgent husband to the Earl of Darby's daughter. He is afflicted with stone and gout.[1]

I could not have imagined the accident of the penknife would have proved so bad a business; you must owe it to your own neglect: and your happy and profitable reflections upon it to the goodness of God.

I now send you the book you would have; there are two sheets more as answers, or resolutions to the Bishop of Oxford:[2] one sheet treats of idolatry; the other of transubstantiation, more loosely writ than the first; the party, I hope, stands corrected. I cannot yet procure a sight of them, for more time than I just took to read them, the bulk of them being seized. But there is a Treatise of the nature of Idolatry, which eclipses all others, as the wise say; if you want it I will send it next week; as also a Parliamentum Pacificum,[3] which is hugely cried up.

You know my appointment, and while I am thus employed

[1] William Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford, married first Lady Mary Stanley, daughter to James Earl of Derby; the match in question did not take place, as Lord Strafford married for his second wife, Henrietta, daughter to Frederick Charles de Roye de la Rochefoucauld.

[2] Most probably, three tracts by Burnet—1. "An Enquiry into the Reasons for abrogating the Test," &c. 4to. 1688. 2. "A Second Part of the Enquiry," &c. 4to. 1688. 3. "A Continuation of it," 4to. 1688. The two last-mentioned tracts were published together subsequently, under the title, "A Discourse concerning Transubstantiation and Idolatry, being an Answer to the Bishop of Oxford's Plea relating to these Two Points," 4to. 1688.

[3] "Parliamentum Pacificum; or, the Happy Union of King and People in an healing Parliament, asserting Fagel's Letter to be a Forgery, or at least not approved by the Prince and Princess," by John Northleigh, M. D. 4to., 1688, author of several other tracts about this time; the one in question is not mentioned in Watt's Bib. Brit. A copy of the pamphlet is in the British Museum. Burnet confuted this in his "Reflections on Parliamentum Pacifium," 4to. 1688.

have something to do to remember it. I am undressed at ten o'clock.

Good Doctor,
I am ever your faithful friend and servant.

Nothing but one so unthoughtful as myself could forget to thank you for your cheeses; when eating will not remember one, I know not what can. All our supping company are your servants.

March 16, 1687-8.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

When I tell you, good Doctor, the errand of this paper (that is, the immediate one), you will not expect it should be long. It is to tell you my child was married yesterday.[1] I hope the prospect is good, and God's Holy Spirit has been my director in this whole affair. I do not ask your prayers; I know I have had them, and have them still. Dean Sharp performed the office; and now I take leave for this time; it is the only letter I shall write to-day, I guess, being yet in some hurry. We all dine at Lord Devonshire's to-day; one week more will set me at leisure, I trust, to consider of this sad season of the year; to me, though sadly, not unusefully, I trust in God.

I am your faithful friend.

June 22, 1688.

Lord Devonshire interrupted me yesterday morning as I was just going to put up my letter, to make his present of a pair of diamond pendants, and stayed so long I forgot this letter till it was too late, so I send it now by the post.

[1] Rachel, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Rachel Russell, married Lord Cavendish, second Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Good Doctor, my careful attendance on my young couple at London, kept me in so perpetual a hurry, that I had not my mean ordinary comprehension in things. For an instance to you, I could not, by your last of the 5th, find where you were; from home I saw, but did not see the W. before the date, which I do not wonder at from the badness of my eyes, and reading hastily; but I do, that by your discourse in it, I should not find you at Windsor; but so it was, I did not, nor guessed at it, till sister Montague told me at nine o'clock at night, you were there. I did as soon resolve to send you a line or two, but was defeated; company I found at home great store, and business, when rid of them; so that, having no time my own all day, when I heard it strike two o'clock I went to bed, hoping for a moment in the morning; but though I rise at five, I was mistress of none; at half an hour past six was to be in the coach, and which I was the more careful to be, because Lord Bedford, who went earlier, would stay dinner for me; we drove so well he did not, and that night, I bless God, we got all well to this place. The pensive quiet I hope for here, I think, will be very grateful to my weary body and mind; yet, when I contemplate the fruits of the trial and labor of these last six months, it brings some comfort to my mind, as an evidence that I do not live only to lament my misfortunes, and be humbled by those heavy chastisements I have felt, and must forever in this life press me sorely. That I have not sunk under the pressure has been I hope in mercy, that I might be better fitted for my eternal state; and form the children of a loved husband before I go hence. With these thoughts I can be hugely content to live; and the rather as the clouds seem to gather and threaten storms; though God only knows how I may acquit myself, and what help I may be, or what example I shall give to my young creatures; I mean well towards them, if I know my heart. I wish I could advise you substantially, to the end you ask it for about a lawyer. I know few, and

made use of but one, who appears to me an ingenious and honest man; it is Mr. Evers, of Lincoln's Inn, but he is so exceedingly full of business, it makes him slow to dispatch; he seems to me to be a man of integrity, and I think not a High-churchman in his principles. I give the hint, that if you should happen to converse with him, you may know the better how to do it without distaste.

You caution me to mollify, by a right construction, any expression of yours that may be hardly worded: you need not do it, for if at any time there should be cause (as I know none) I shall not fail to do as you desire, who in all things will endeavor to appear

Your most grateful friend and servant.

July 19, 1688.

If you call here, you will be very welcome.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY ALINGTON.

I PERCEIVE, sister, you are very tender in regard to the persons of others, but rigid to your own self, or you would never imagine a remaining guilt where I fancy there was never any; for I can either allow myself to think my brother in some fault, or have such a deference to your judgment as to believe there was none anywhere. However it was, my request was not scorned, and so my end was served, and I am yours with great respect, and very sorry you have had any new interruption in your health; I learn from my Lord Bedford it was accidental, by putting ice to a wrong use. I take it to be an ingredient almost as dangerous in a family as rats-bane, servants being so ill judges of its use. The good consequence of country air, I believe, would be as much advantageous to you, if you would take it, as we shall find it: the season is temperate and pleasant. The rest and pensive quiet of it is very grateful to me, whose body nor mind is fitted for the hurry of the last six months;

and I wish I may so profit of the time I may make my own here, as to repair in some measure my want then, by being so busy in worldly matters. Yet it was such a duty, and in appearance I was so blessed in it, that this reflection was sometimes a refreshment to me, that I did not live only to grieve at, and be humbled, for those heavy chastisements my soul has felt and must still feel, till my eternal rest, where we shall weep nor sorrow no more. I am so apt to exceed all bounds when I let myself loose on some subjects, that nothing can recover me, but a short breaking off, which I will do with this assurance of my being,

Your humble servant and sister.

August 25, 1688.

DR. TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

Honored Madam—

I received yours the night before I was going for Tunbridge, at my return from whence I did fully design to have sent a line or two to have inquired after the welfare of your Ladyship and your children; but I see it is in vain to contend with a goodness which doth always prevent the most forward of your friends and servants. I am now newly returned from thence, where I left the good Princess very well, and I think much better than ever I saw her. That very evening I parted from your Ladyship at the Tabernacle, I received by two messengers, two letters from my wife, who in the first told me she feared my child was dying, which troubled me much; in the other that she was perfectly well, which amazed me more. Thus it was—when the child was grown very weak, all on the sudden there gushed from her head down her nose with great violence a good quantity of water, which brought along with it a pretty big piece of cork; which either the child herself, or one of her little brothers had thrust up into her nose, where it had remained above six weeks; by the stoppage and pain

whereof the child was extremely wasted, but from the moment it came away was at perfect ease; so soon can God when he pleases turn our mourning into joy. I trouble your Ladyship with a more particular account of this, because you are pleased to be concerned for me; and your advice to leave off syringing, which I told your Ladyship did always put the child into grievous agonies, was by God's good providence very happy for the child, because it would probably have forced up the cork so far, that it could not have been got down.

I came to town on purpose two or three days after, to have prevented your Ladyship's further trouble of searching out the papers, for which I most humbly thank you, and have no occasion now to call for them. But I found your Ladyship gone the day before; and now it is time to come to your letter, and to tell your Ladyship how glad I am to hear that all your family are well, and that you met with some rest after your toil and labor in a business, from which I heartily pray that you and your good daughter may reap all the comfort and satisfaction that you can wish; and that the present appearances of things seem so fairly to promise. But I need not tell to your Ladyship how little reckoning is to be made of any of the comforts of this world. All our hopes but those of another world are built upon uncertainty and vanity. Till we come to the regions above, we shall never be out of the reach of storms and tempests. Thither let us always be aspiring in our minds, and pressing forward towards that blessed state. But why do I say this to one that hath a much more lively sense of these things?

I pray God to preserve my Lord Cavendish in his travels from the hazards of all kinds to which he is likely to be exposed, and to return him to you and to his excellent lady greatly improved in all true, noble, and virtuous qualities. My mind doth presage much happiness to you in him; I am sure I earnestly wish it. I will not forget your commands of congratulation when I see my Lord. As for my friend[1] who is so mindful in

[1] Doctor Fitzwilliam.

the midst of his prosperity of his old friends, I beg of your Ladyship when you have the opportunity to let him know, that I have a true sense of his constant friendship. For the paper he mentions, I believe it is well received generally on both sides.[1] For men's heats are much allayed, and they have now patience to hear of their faults, if they be told them in a civil way, without anger and ill-will, as that paper does with great skill, considering the nicety and tenderness of the subject. So that, if it hath not fully pleased both, it hath the good fortune to have provoked neither. It is too much according to my mind, for me to be fit to commend it. I will only say this of it, that it is both very artificial, and very honest—two things which seldom meet together.

I ought now to make a long apology for this long trouble I have given you, but I will not, in excuse of one fault, commit another.

I pray God to preserve you and yours, and to send us a good meeting at your return to London. In the mean time, and for ever, I must remain,

Honored Madam,

Your Ladyship's obliged,

And most humble servant,

Jo. Tillotson.

Canterbury, Sept. 6, 1688.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

If you could, good Doctor, see the letter I left in my closet at London, it would be a demonstration to you, that no hasty or irregular motion puts my friends out of my mind; for though I failed in the executive part, yet I was not careless in that took up more of my time. I very formally wrote my letter,

[1] "The Absolute Impossibility of Transubstantiation Demonstrated." London: 1688, folio, by Samuel Johnson, Chaplain to Lord Russell, and well known for his exertions in the cause of Protestantism.

laid by the Gazettes, and then, as in our best endeavors we often do spoil all, by some defect in the close, so did I now, by forgetting to give my letter to be sent to you.

I was but two whole days in town, went on Saturday, was early back on Tuesday, found all here well, as I bless God I left them, and all at London in amaze, all talking of the same matter; and I believe there is no considerable change since, for it was then agreed the Prince of Orange could not be ready for sailing till this day.[1] This sort of weather and wind keeps the apprehensions at a distance, and, if it continues any time, may possibly disperse them altogether; but it is known to God alone what shall be the event of these things. We may wonder, and heartily say, his ways are unsearchable, and past finding out.

Those are happy, who in the midst of confusions can faithfully believe the end of all shall be rest; and if we can evidence to our hearts, we have a title according to the promises of the gospel, to that happy rest, what can be a very uneasy disturbance? Nothing should be, I am certain; yet we find pretences for it. I think I fear not for myself, but I am afraid what risk my children may run; and if that were not, our weak faith would furnish us out with some other reason to justify, as we fancy, our too great carefulness. I will do what I can not to exceed, and so bid you adieu for this time.

Oct. 1, 1688.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Such letters as yours, Sir, do not disturb my quiet, but quiet my disturbance. Before this, I guess, if mine of the 5th does not miscarry one way, as that will tell you another did another way, you will know I wanted not yours to draw your return

[1] "The wind, which had hitherto been west, was east all this day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet. Public prayers order'd to be read in the churches against invasion."—Evelyn's "Diary," vol. ii. p. 656.

from me. I forgot when I wrote on Friday, to put up the Gazettes, nor are they entire now, for my journey to London put me and them out of order, and all of late date are wanting. The winds keep them back, as it does, as the King says, the Dutch at a distance from us. Thus we are experimenting how much God can restrain the spirit of Princes, and, by holding in the winds, disappoint the greatest, and doubtless, as they think, the wisest laid designs.

What has passed between the Bishops and the King is, we are told, a secret; but things are coming about into their old channel, above any expectation you or I had when we met last.[1]

I have scarce had time to run over your philosophical lecture, but I suppose if I had, or when I have read it at more leisure over, I shall not find myself very well furnished to use many words in my answer; now I have none, for my letters are called for, and the company come into my chamber, which I keep for a great cold. I have been complaining in most of my letters, how near to nothing I am when this poor carcase is diseased, so very feeble in my mind and body; but I mend my opinion of myself now I read how listless you are upon such another occasion. I am glad yours is near over; mine is but begun,

[1] "The King gave an audience to all the Bishops who were then in London. The Primate was spokesman. He respectfully asked that the administration might be put into the hands of persons duly qualified; that all acts done under pretence of the dispensing power might be revoked; that the Ecclesiastical Commission might be annulled; that the wrongs of Magdalen College might be redressed; and that the old franchises of the municipal corporations might be restored. The King commanded himself sufficiently to return thanks for this unpalatable counsel, and promised to consider what he had said. Of the dispensing power he would not yield one tittle. But some of Sancroft's suggestions were adopted. Within forty-eight hours the Court of High Commission was abolished, and a week later the Bishop of Winchester had it in charge from the King to correct whatever was amiss in that society. In a few days appeared a proclamation restoring the forfeited franchises of all the municipal corporations."—Macaulay's "England," vol. ii. p. 466.

nor would my letter be more, I think, if I had time to enlarge. The *Anatomy of an Equivalent* is the newest good paper I know; I have been lent it only to read, and have it not any more.[1]

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD CAVENDISH.

My Lord—

As yours, wrote 16th October, has lain by me many days, so I may say, and justify the saying it, that I have as often been desirous to tell you how welcome these marks of respect and remembrance are to me; but I will not by insignificant letters make often waste of so precious a thing as time is, which, if misspent, can never be recovered, since it can never be recalled; and if employed as such by you, as I doubt not but it is, you are then a gainer by every moment of it, to the honor and pleasure, I trust, of many years: and that you may do so, and then be so rewarded for your ingenious labor, you have the strongest wish of my affectionate heart, and constant prayers to the great Dispenser of all good to us his creatures.

I am glad that in your solitude (for such I esteem your stay at Brussels) you have met with so good a companion as Lord Kingston.[2] I resist my will when I do not urge you . . . . . &c. But finding you are going further from us, I must tell you how concernedly my prayers and best wishes attend you. Your return would be a time of more sensible content to me, and yet if I were to dispose of your person, what you are to do should be

[1] Written by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. In the "Ellis Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 172, it is said to make "a great noise, and is censured according to each man's passion. It is very sharp and biting, though the application be veiled over, and is said to be writ by a noble peer."

[2] William Fourth Earl of Kingston, of that title, which became extinct in the person of Evelyn second Duke of Kingston in 1773.

my choice for you; for to live well in the world, it is for certain most necessary to know the world well. We are under the same protection in all places where we can be. 'Tis very true the circumstances of our beings do sometimes require our better diligence and watch over ourselves, than at other times; and it is now going to be so with your Lordship: you are launching into the ocean; if you steer wisely, you secure a calm for your whole life; you will discern the vanity of all the pomps and glories of this world; how little intrinsic good there is in the enjoyment! and how uncertain it is how long we shall enjoy that good there is in them! And by observation, you will be made sensible how much below the dignity of human nature it is to gain one's point, let the matter be what it will, by any mean or insincere way.

Having proved all, I hope you will choose the best, and take under your care the whole compass of virtue and religion.

Oct., 1688.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

My good intention has been hid from you, good Doctor, by my letter, &c. failing to come to your hands, which I sent the 21st of this month, as I find it upon record in my noted paper; there is nothing lost by it, except that mark which writing gives of my respect towards you; and that you do not question, I believe.

We in the country are still kept under wonder and expectation; the cloud is very thick that is spread over us; but this is our support (if we can but maintain our courage for awhile) that nothing that can befall us can hurt us much; being the power of man reaches no further than these frail bodies, that must, however, in a little while lie down, until that glorious day of the Lord, when all men's works shall be tried by a right judgment. Then shall we see many justified that have stood condemned with the world; till then I desire to wait with patience.

I have told you before, if my paper has at all come to you, that Lord Bedford is preparing to remove from this place, if the Prince lands northwards, to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire.

I hear Lord Cavendish[1] is well at Brussels; he says he has much of my Lord Kingston's company, who, being there, will stay till he hears a little more from hence. God have you in his protection, is the prayer of

Your friend and servant.

Oct. 28, 1688.

The Duchess of Somerset I hear has a girl.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.[2]

My Lord—

I have very justly obeyed the commands of your Lordship's last letter, 30th October, both to my Lord Bedford and my sister; and had not failed sooner to have made my report of doing so to your Lordship, and with what sentiments they received your valuable esteem, and so resolved an affection, as you express; but I had put my letter into Lady Clinton's[3] hands before I had showed it to my Lord Bedford, and so stayed for its return to me, which that good Lady took care it should do, with some advantage, sending with it a particular how the money for Stowel was disposed of. I believe I might accidentally induce her to it, though my words did not require it; which

[1] "In the month of August, Lord Cavendish was sent to finish his education by travelling on the Continent. His father was probably not sorry that he should be out of the way of the difficult scenes that were likely to ensue, while he was yet too young to take an active part in them. He was first sent to Brussels, and from thence into France and Italy, and remained above two years abroad, returning to England at the end of the year 1690."—Miss Berry's Memoir, p. 86.

[2] William second Earl of Strafford. He died Oct., 1695.

[3] Probably Susan, daughter to Anthony Penniston, Esq., the second wife of Sir Edward Clinton, afterwards sixth Earl of Lincoln.

were only, that if the money was not so paid, as that the portion would clear the jointure, I foresaw a rock not to be got over, if times should so settle that business of such a nature could proceed. And truly, my Lord, I think discouragements do visibly wear illegible, but the storm rather increases, that will not admit of leisure for dispatches of this nature. I am charged with more respectful compliments from my Lord Bedford than I know how to express; and when our troubles are, by the power and mercy of God, less violent, I shall watch the time to please your Lordship in my reports, better than it has been my fortune of late to do, though I have at all times equally desired to approve myself.

Nov. 25, 1688.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY CLINTON.

It is fit your Ladyship should know I received your letter, and the inclosed, which was more than looked for, the meaning I had being only to hint what blocks I feared might be found, when other difficulties might be surmounted; but you are too watchful a friend to leave anything undone, which may be of the least use. I hope the money is well husbanded, though I want skill to know justly what the portion may discharge.

But, Madam, nothing, I think, can just now occasion a resolution for a treaty, the cloud over us hangs too heavy. I have wrote this post to my Lord, and hope he will not complain, at least not of

November 25, 1688.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Truly, good Doctor, you are very condescending, to take my pretending to advise in so good part; I thought I had a good assurance you would do so, or I should not have been so free, being nobody abounds less in their own sense than I be-

lieve I do; but where I wish well, and suppose it will be well taken, I speak freely. I was not apt to think you ever were vain or lavish in your own layings out, only, perhaps, not restraining enough in very allowable expenses; nay, commendable ones in another age; but the prospect at home called upon us to provide: yet, while I am reflecting thus wisely, I feel who wants severe reproof, and cannot draw up so unblamable a particular as you have taken the pains to do; but however it is, we can only do our best for the time to come; and I pray God to put the same earnest care into the hearts of all the people of this nation. There is no time so hazardous but the righteous and the repentant may run into Him and be safe; and if we must not escape the judgments of the sword, yet I trust it shall cut off only such as most notoriously cumber God's ground: and that in the midst of wrath He will remember mercy, if we will but meet Him in his judgments, as miserable sinners ought to do; and as I question not but numbers in this land do.

It was surprising to hear of the Princess's absenting herself,[1] but one hears every day so much, which is so, that unless one would write a volume, it is not easy to enter on the subject of news; and yet it being more difficult to rest on any other, I will conclude this from

Your ever affectionate friend and servant.

Nov. 30, 1688.

TO LADY MARGARET RUSSELL.[2]

November 29, 1688.

I HAVE taken a larger size of paper, that I may have more room to quarrel with Lady Margaret for saying so unkind a thing as that she obliges me with a short letter, it being a

[1] Princess Anne went away Nov. 25.

[2] The above letter, written from London on the 29th November, 1688, addressed to Lady Margaret Russell at Woburn, although containing merely the reports and gossip of the moment, may not be unentertaining to the reader.

civility I never was guilty of to your Ladyship; but since you have given me the example, I will endeavor to practise it. I hoped you had been so just as to believe that, next your company, you could not more oblige me than with a letter; and the longer they were, the greater favor they were esteemed by your humble servant. I have not had the happiness of seeing your aunt Bristol, or hearing anything of her a great while: the last I did was when she was in tears for her nephew Frank's revolt, and that so many of her family should be rebels to the Crown. I heard the great Lady[1] (said) she could not go to bed last winter till she had heard one said lately that she hated all the Russells. I fear all this together will break my good friend's heart. I confess I never longed more to see her than I do now, but I think she stirs little abroad. Mr. Francis Russell's coach and six, and all his baggage, were taken going to him. Soon after the Prince landed, the packet-boat was taken going to Holland, but nothing of any great consequence, as I heard of. Letters of his to the States and other Princes, and one of Dr. Burnet's to his dear, and William Harbord's to his wife, with my dear and my duck, &c., &c., and Mr. Foster's to his lady to send him some beds, lodgings being very ill. They serve to make jests on, but little else, I think. Mrs. Boyle has a daughter. I hear, but how true I cannot tell you, that the match is going on again with Miss Allington and Lord Fanshaw. The Duke of Albemarle is dead. Lord Dover is gone to Portsmouth, being governor of that place in the Duke of Berwick's room. Lord Milford and Duke of Northumberland are made of the bedchamber, in Lord Churchill's and Duke of Grafton's places. They say Lord Feversham was upon his knees two hours, and cried and begged the King but to secure Lord Churchill; but he would believe nothing ill of him. Mr. Griffin is made a lord, and to be called Lord Griffin, for his fidelity. They say the Queen is told Lady Cornbury[2] lines all her gowns

[1] James the Second's queen, Mary of Modena.

[2] Lady Catherine O'Bryen, sole daughter of the Lord O'Bryen, eldest son of Henry, sixth Earl of Thomond.

with orange color, and wears nothing but orange ribbons. They say our young Prince is to be brought back again next week from Portsmouth, and put into the Bishop of Canterbury's hands to be brought up: you may believe it, if you please. The great guns came by us yesterday, into town again; but the ammunition, I think, is lost. The King goes to Windsor to-morrow, and there, it is said, will encamp all his army that is left; but the good Queen stays to govern us here. The Lords and Bishops that were summoned on Tuesday, pressed very hard for a free Parliament: the King took till next morning to consider of it, and then agreed to it; and Lord Chancellor gave order for the writs to be ready to-day, that no time may be lost; so it is to be called with all speed, and Commissioners, they say, are to be sent to the Prince, to know what he demands. The town names Lord Halifax, Lord Nottingham, Lord Carberry, for the Commissioners; the two first were sent for yesterday, and were a great while with the King alone. Lord Lumley, they say, has secured Newcastle, and some other Lords, Hull; Lord Bath has taken Lord Huntingdon prisoner at Plymouth: his lady desired he might be exchanged for Lord Lovelace, who the Papists say is released. Lord Devonshire, they say, when the Prince's declaration was read, and that part of being invited in by the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, declared he was one, and Lord Delamere did the same, and it is said they declared for the King, the Protestant religion, and a free Parliament. Skelton is made Governor of the Tower, which it is said the City is less satisfied with than with Hales. We have no news of the Princess, but hope she is safe. It is said there was an order out that morning to have secured her. The Prince George of Denmark made his escape with the Duke of Ormond, much after the same manner: supped with the King, on Saturday night, and went to bed, but soon rose again, and it is said made it his business at supper to condemn those that were gone, and how little such people were to be trusted, and sure the Prince could put no confidence in such, &c. Lady Littleton talks of coming after Christmas, if things are settled here.

I have not kept my promise at the beginning, so hard it is for me to break an old custom; but to punish you a little, at present, is no grief to me, being not at this time Lady Margaret's humble servant. Lord Dumbarton seized Colonel Kirke at the head of 3,000 or 4,000 men, going, as was suspected, to the Prince of Orange; and he is brought to London, and to be tried, as it is said, by a council of war. Lord Halifax, they say, made the most tender and obliging speech at Council that was ever heard; but they do not give that character of Lord Clarendon's, but the contrary. Duke of Berwick has Lord Churchill's troop of guards, or the Duke of Grafton's, I know not which; and Lord Arran has his regiment of horse, and his brother his regiment. Colonel Kirke has been before the Council this day, and the King has taken his word, and he is only confined to his chamber. Lord Churchill and Prince George have written the most submissive letters to the King that can be, and it is said there is one from the Prince of Orange too, but that it is not known what is in it. Sir George Hewet is gone ten days ago, and Mr. Heningame.

Thursday night.

For the Right Hon. the Lady Margaret Russell,
at Wooburn Abby, Bedfordshire.

Wooborn Bagg.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I WISH you prosperous, good Doctor, in your new economy, and hope it is so far off being too late, that it is too early to begin, more than is very decently prudent; since, I trust, we have some reasonable prospect to believe such as you yourself may live, and enjoy what is their own.

So great a change has appeared in the space of one month. May the great Dispensator of all these wonderful events dispose our hearts and minds, and direct them to a right use of so much mercy; and let it be his will to perfect the work He has to do among us, to the comfort of every serious and thoughtful Christ-

ian. It is a time, I confess, one would be very glad to spend some hours in free discourse with a friend there is no need to disguise any thought before; when it is denied, one must be content as one can.

I think, having stayed so long in the country, in the hurly-burly, we shall try it a little longer. The carriers and coachmen that come from the North, inform us many gentlemen in the North are in arms, all horse; that in Yorkshire they may have 10,000 as soon as they please; but they refuse all except horse; and that many Papists were got into Hull. This night's letters signify the surprising of that place, and declaring for a free Parliament.

I am, Sir, and ever to continue such,

Your faithful friend and servant.

Dec. 8, 1688.

We have now got Gazettes again, so have sent them; though you hear too much, perhaps, to read where you are.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THERE needs no art to engage your belief of so sincere a truth, as I am going to write to you; that since I purposely read the last verse of the 73d[1] Psalm, I have had more mind to scribble a few lines to you than I ever had in my life; not from any hope I have to speak anything will please me; my thoughts are too much crowded to get a passage to express what I feel. My religion and my country are dear to me, and my own hard fate will ever be as a green wound. I need say no more to you. I have been but too impatient to say so much. I have fancied it a sort of guilt not to do it, and a want of ingenuity not to find an opportunity; yet I met it not till now. If I had writ two months ago, I had had something to say from

[1] But it is good for one to draw near to God. I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works.

some of your friends that would be loss to your time to repeat. I will only say the words of one of whose opinion you then desired concerning a sheet had been writ. They were these—"I know not how to commend what is so exactly my own sense, and the words I could have been glad to have said." I met with none of another mind. I was two or three days in London at that very instant of time, when the first consternation was upon some, for what has since fallen out, which is marvellous indeed! Those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it is more than a dream: yet it is indeed real, and so amazing a reality of mercy, as ought to melt and ravish our hearts into subjection and resignation to Him who is the dispenser of all providences.

1688.

THE LADY CAVENDISH TO ——.[1]

February, 1689.[2]

It is a great affliction to me to be so far from my dear beloved *Silvia*, and to hear from her so seldom: how happy shall I be when I see you next; how many things I have to tell you: for I dare not trust affairs of so great concern in a letter. But when will that time come? I do not hear you speak of removing yet, to my grief. Pray leave your ugly prison as soon as you can, and come to your *Dorinda*.[3] But now to my news:

[1] Probably her cousin, Mrs. (Miss) Jane Allington.

[2] Miss Berry's Memoir.

[3] These names, given to herself and to her correspondent, and afterwards to the King and Queen, were taken from some of the fashionable romances of the day, perhaps Clelia; as in a letter addressed to Lady Cavendish, just before her marriage, the writer says: "There will be no talking to your sister, when she has read Clelia; for the wise folks say it is the most improving book that can be read."—Dev. MSS. "I have, and yet am still alive, drudged through 'Le Grand Cyrus,' in twelve huge volumes; 'Cleopatra' in eight or ten; 'Polexander,' 'Ibrahim,' 'Clelie,' and some others, whose names, as well as the rest of them, I have forgotten."—Mrs. Chapone to Mrs. Carter.

the House of Lords did vote that the Prince and Princess should be made King and Queen, and it was carried by a good many voices, for Lord Nottingham and many more came off. Lord Nottingham had a great mind to come off before, but could not tell which way: then the Commons agreed also that the Prince and Princess should be King and Queen, but that the Prince should have the sole administration of affairs in his hands; that the Princess should be no subject neither, as Queen Catherine and Queen Mary were, but a Sovereign Queen, and her name put in everything; but still he the management of affairs. This they agreed upon, and so did the Lords; then they went to the grievances (that is) the too great power of the crown. After they had agreed upon what power to give the King, and what to take away from him (the particulars of which I cannot tell you) my Lord Halifax, who is Chairman, went to the Banqueting House, where the Princess and Prince were, and made them a short speech, desiring them in the name of all the Lords to accept of the Crown. The Prince answered him in a few words, and the Princess made curtsies. They say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she was troubled; then Mr. Powle, the Speaker of the House of Commons, showed the Prince what they had agreed of, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. Many of the churchmen would not have had it done that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, you may imagine, very much pleased to see *Ormanzor* and *Phenixana* proclaimed King and Queen of England, in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There was wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to Court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand, and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires, and candles almost in every house, which looked extremely pretty. The King applies him-

self mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the Queen she is really altogether very handsome; her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last Queen. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Good Doctor—

I give you a thousand thanks for taking so very kindly of me all my impertinences, as most others would call them, but a good meaning excuses all to a good man. I do so little doubt of my interest to serve you, in the point you ask, at any time, that unless you urge the dispatch of it, I will defer the execution of it. I cannot now stay to expostulate why I would do so; but, in short, a hasty asking may alarm, and be thought to be an occasion of putting others on the same: and, perhaps, also before you would use the liberty you ask, accidents may abdicate your opinion. The reason of my haste is expecting every minute Doctor Lower to my daughter Cavendish, who was taken ill last night, in a manner, if she had not had the smallpox, one would guess she would have it. My sister Montagu's son has been so too, that I forbore seeing him, but yesterday that fear passed over.

I am very faithfully
Your friend to serve you to my power.

Thursday, March 16, 1688-9.

I hear the Doctor's coach.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD HALIFAX.

My Lord—

You must needs be so well acquainted with the solicitudes most persons have in such affairs as touch them very near, that you will not think it very strange, Lady Shaftesbury and I have been prevailed upon by Mr. Cowper's[1] friends once again to press your Lordship to weigh his case, and serve him in it if it may be. If His Majesty, when he granted this request in the behalf of Mr. Cowper, was pleased (as I understood from your Lordship) to express his sense of that favor as a thing extraordinary, and to make the irregularity of it an instance of his grace to Lady Shaftesbury and myself, we are ready to embrace His Majesty's concessions in the largest sense, being disposed to think as highly of his goodness as any circumstance can render it, and therefore would not controvert that point, though very understanding men, and several eminent disinterested persons of the profession of the law, are of a contrary opinion; and the frequent instances that are given of its having been done before, seem rather to prove it has been used as an encouragement for young gentlemen to serve the King in that difficult profession, and consequently is most proper for such, and is likely to induce such to qualify themselves to serve their King and country with more honor and integrity than persons whose first steps and advances in the world teach them shifting. But to lay our partiality aside, I think we may say, that it is hard to guess, after the King has given the place to Mr. Cowper, under the notion of its being irregular in respect of his age, what worse representations the Commissioners can have made of him to the King, except they have mistaken the mat-

[1] William, afterwards first Earl Cowper, and Lord Chancellor, in the reign of George I. He died October 10, 1723. It was owing to Lady Russell's interest that Cowper was appointed a King's counsel at a very early age, and the difficulties raised to his promotion by the Commissioners of the Great Seal, removed by her applications to Lord Halifax, and Pollexfen, Attorney-General.

ter of fact, and told His Majesty that a man of twenty-four is under age; an age His Majesty has found is not incapable of great actions.

It must be some strange inconveniency attending this grant, they have pressed, that could move the King to determine his pleasure so soon to one that yet has not been capable of offending in that station; and every day mends the fault he took it in with. Sure this is a matter below the envy of the Lords Commissioners; and what other reasons they can have in suppressing him, we think it not proper to inquire into. Mr. Cowper says, that if the testimony of able and worthy men of the same profession to the contrary of their suggestions will remove the obstructions they have laid to His Majesty's grace, he is able to produce them, though men of the same profession are naturally not very forward in those offices.

The readiness your Lordship has expressed to undertake this matter, first in compliment to Lady Shaftesbury and myself, and since to the family, makes it unnecessary to urge zeal. I deliver mine with submission to your judgment, that advantages everything it undertakes.

Your Lordship's, &c.

LADY RUSSELL TO SIR H. POLLEXFEN,[1] ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

What I offer in this paper to Mr. Attorney-General, I should with a better will do personally, if I were not very sure it would be very much more a trouble to you to tell you in your chamber my true joy for the eminent station you are in, and that the reason you are so is because you are worthy of it; which will, I hope, be the prevailing rule in this our new

[1] He had been counsel for the Earl of Danby, and for the City of London in behalf of their charter. He was knighted, and made a Serjeant in April, 1689; appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in May of the same year, and died in 1692. Burnet calls him, "An honest and learned, but perplexed lawyer."

world; though I must think there has been a failure already in the person of one about you, who offered some discourse to me when I was last with you. I have done all you desired of me then; and as I have practised silence under long sufferings I can do so in any case: the day of consolation I wait for, is not to be met with in this lower world. But now, Sir, before I release you, earnestly intreat your good-will on the behalf of Sir William Cowper's son, whom I did name to you, and also the request his friends desired to make for him, which was to be made one of the King's Council. It is very true you did not approve the thing, though you spoke well of the man; but your exceptions seemed to me to be especially in regard to young gentlemen; that it was not advisable, proving for the most part a ruin to them. His friends persisting in their desire, taking assurance from his temper he would do well, Lady Shaftesbury and myself so engaged in it, that, by the means of Lord Halifax, we obtained the King's promise; and Mr. Cowper kissed the King's hand for it. Lord Shrewsbury gave the warrant, and now it stops at the Commissioners of the Great Seal; and, as they tell me, because Mr. Attorney is not contented at it. I am sorry if it is so; and if the business had not proceeded so very far, I would not urge it. But the reflection will be very heavy upon Mr. Cowper, and not easy to my Lady Shaftesbury and myself; as for a favor to us, the King expressed he did it, and after some difficulty at the irregularity of it.

Pray consider, Mr. Attorney, all dispensing powers are not unlawful. I undertake very few things, and therefore do very little good to people; but I do not love to be baulked, when I thought my end compassed; and though you would not promote us in it, I hope you will not destroy us.

Let me know, if you please, how it stands, and if you can be inexorable to the earnest solicitudes of a mother, who I must bring to you; I know not what to say more, but that I am sorry they were ever made to hope for it; Lady Shaftesbury and I being, Yours, &c.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY ESSEX.[1]

Being I read your Ladyship's obliging, and so very moving letter, on Sunday, I must say why I have not waited on you since; it is because I was then engaged both the next days to be out of town; yet on both of them I endeavored the same performance I am now about, but still broke off by slight but unavoidable interruption less acceptable than usual, since it might hazard my seeming to receive your Ladyship's kindness and your orders with less cordial respect than I do, and ever will do. If any labor I could take might be of the meanest service to you, I assure you, Madam, you should feel the effects of my good-will. But, alas! I am not qualified, nor have opportunity to do what I should find content in doing, as most certainly I should, if in the least degree I could help to soften those thoughts, which by so long and so constant a fretting on a tender body, consumes you with grief. I do feelingly mourn with you at the new embittering of that cup you have so deeply drank out of already. But, Madam, be careful you do not aggravate circumstances to your own wrong. That melancholy which has so long possessed your soul, is apt, I believe, to turn the darkest side towards you; and a sore not skinned is soon made to smart, nay to shrink, when anything comes near to it, as if it were touched, though really it is not. This perhaps may be your case at present. Rest your thoughts in your own innocence, Madam; nothing that it is worthy can slander you in their most secret thoughts, much less Sir H. C. who is abroad, also most secure in his own merit. All those intimated in your letter, are perfectly new to me; and I must consent to say the same thing your Ladyship does of them.

In what I can serve the just end you aim at, I will be very diligent. And I beseech God one day to speak peace to our afflicted minds, and let us not be disappointed of our great

[1] Elizabeth, widow of Arthur, first Earl of Essex, daughter of Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland.

hope. But we must wait for our day of consolation till this world passes away; an unkind and trustless world it has been to us. Why it has been such, God knows best; all his dispensations serve the end of his providences; and they are ever beautiful, and must be good, and good to every one of us; and even these dismal ones are to us, if we can bear evidence to our own souls, that we are better for our afflictions; which God often makes them to be, who suffer wrongfully. We may reasonably believe our friends find that rest we yet but hope for; and what better comfort can your Ladyship or I desire in this valley of the shadow of death we are walking through! The rougher our path is, the more delightful and ravishing will the great change be to us.

Wednesday, March 19, 1688–9.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

My Lord—

Your Lordship's of the 2d of April puts me under very great obligations of a perpetual acknowledgment both of your kind acceptation of my disposition to serve you, in the whole progress of this treaty, and the justice I find from your Lordship, when you consider my part in it. My Lord, if my letter of the 26th of March fixes your Lordship's doubts to more certainty, that this matter at last must fall, I am sorry it is my lot to speak the most unpleasing to your Lordship on a subject your Lordship has taken so deep and so obliging impressions of it into your mind, and with so much constancy and generosity pursued, to the eternal engagements of all honorable and most respectful acknowledgments from a family whose sentiments must be mine: consequently I must always be your Lordship's humble servant; and as such, as much as in a just pursuance of a principle I would never depart from, if I speak at all I must speak clearly, and not doubtfully, if I apprehend no doubt remains; and, indeed, my Lord, by all the judgment

I can make here, it is so in this case, yet without abating any part of that perfect esteem and honor my Lord of Bedford has established in his heart and thoughts of your Lordship; but the bad state of Ireland[1] does so affect him that he is satisfied he should give his daughter, whether she was so or not, a just cause to complain he did not consider her whole interest, if he should provide her no better provision of fortune than your Lordship's present circumstances can make for her. However, I wish your Lordship a true prophet, that a few months may recover Ireland; and I do very particularly for your Lordship's share in it, as a person that is with great respect,

Your Lordship's most faithful humble servant.

April 20, 1689.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

By your last letter, wrote some day in Passion-week, I find where you were then; yet having heard nothing of you since, it gives me some doubts where you are now, being I apprehend Lady Gainsborough might be solicitous to see so faithful and so useful a friend, especially in this time of her need, and if she does, I never make a doubt of your gratifying her.

I cannot tell you I have taken any notice of that part of your last letter which concerns Lord Bedford, and the Cambridgeshire clergy; for really and truly, unless I make it a business to do it (which you did not seem to require), I have had no time; the Parliament-hours are so extravagant, that I see him little. He has with him now a concerned lady in the privileges of your country, Lady Allington; but though she is in London she would not walk yesterday, which I do not commend her for: I am not sure what you may do; I had no sister there yesterday. You hear all the new honors, I suppose; not many new creations, but all are stepping higher; as Lord

[1] King James's invasion.

Winchester[1] is Duke of Bolton; Lord Montague an Earl,[2] called still Montagu; Falconbridge[3] an Earl, called the same; Mordaunt[4] Earl of Monmouth; Churchill[5] an Earl; Lord Lumley[6] made Viscount; Bentinck[7] is an Earl; Sidney[8] a Viscount. Those that saw this and the last coronation, tell me this was much finer and in better order; and if the number of the ladies were fewer, yet their attendance was with more application near the Queen all the time, and with more cheerful faces by a great deal. By what is heard from Scotland, they mean to take the example from England. The last reports from Ireland say, that King James was moving with his army towards the North. And yesterday Lord Burlington said, Colerain, a great town, was besieged by 6,000 men, but that Lord Blaine[9] had sallied out, and so behaved himself that they had raised the siege. D'Avaux,[10] who was the French Ambassador

[1] Charles Paulet, sixth Marquis of Winchester, created in 1689 Duke of Bolton.

[2] Ralph, third Lord Montagu, on the accession of William and Mary created Viscount, and by Queen Anne in 1705 Duke of Montagu.

[3] Thomas Fellasyse, second Viscount Fauconberg, created an Earl.

[4] Charles Mordaunt, who afterwards succeeded his uncle Henry, as Earl of Peterborough.

[5] John Churchill, Earl, afterwards Duke of Marlborough.

[6] Richard Lumley, afterwards first Earl of Scarborough. He secured Newcastle for King William, to whom he was otherwise very serviceable.

[7] William Bentinck, Earl, afterwards first Duke of Portland.

[8] Henry Sydney, Esq., younger son of Robert Earl of Leicester, created Viscount Sydney, and in 1694 Earl of Romney.

[9] Henry Vincent, the fifth Lord Blayney. A strong supporter of King William, in whose behalf he raised a considerable force to oppose King James when he invaded Ireland. He seized Armagh, and caused King William and Queen Mary to be proclaimed there. He resented the offers of King James to embrace his service, and is said to have returned the following answer: "That he now had, he thanked God, a King upon whose word he could depend, but never would on his without his sword in his hand."

[10] "The Count d'Avaux was one of the plenipotentiaries at Nimeguen, where, like a true courtier, as he was, he attached himself to Croissy, his colleague, the brother of Colbert. Sometime after the peace of Nimeguen

in Holland, would not speak in council, till all the Protestants were put out; so they were, and, as they say, afterwards discharged all together, as the Lord Grenard, &c. I am called away, and it is too late to defer sending this from

Your constant friend and servant.

April 12, 1689.

The mother Lady Aylesbury is dead very suddenly.

DR. FITZWILLIAM TO LADY RUSSELL.

I RECEIVED, good Madam, by yours of the 11th, a further testimony of that kindness of which I had abundant proof and full conviction before, and of your readiness to employ your interest to procure that for me which I requested some three months since. I made that petition then, in prospect of what is now come upon us, and in hope that, having obtained previous leave to go abroad before the oaths had been pressed, I should not have been immediately compelled to return back to take them. What now I shall do in this present emergency I am irresolved; but if having first debated it with myself, and advised with my friends, it shall seem most expedient to make such a retreat, I will depend upon your honor's mediation for that favor.

D'Avaux was Ambassador in Holland. The name he bore was of great use to him in the situation he filled, and persuaded him that he was as capable of filling it as his maternal uncle.* It must, however, be allowed that he was possessed of talents of address, of the art of insinuation, of good temper, and that, in fact, he was as able a man as his uncle. He was always well informed upon all political matters. He acquired the friendship and the consideration of the people of Holland to a very singular degree."—St. Simon. Two of his Letters on the report that King William was about to invade England are printed in the Ellis Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 176.

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* Claude de Mesmes, Count d'Avaux.

I have a project, which, if feasible, would please me more than anything in the world, and by such an interest as yours may be in this Court, upon the merits of your Lord's sufferings, and the actings of his family, I should not question it might be obtained for one so unworthy of any ray of grace as myself. But if the thing be set on foot, it must be with great caution and secrecy, till I am secure of the King's promise for it; and therefore I cannot tell whether you had best acquaint the prelate mentioned in your last with it, unless you have more confidence in him, that he will entirely serve you, than I can that he will descend to make himself an instrument to serve me. It is to get a person presented to my living, upon my resignation, by the Crown, in whom I may confide, without any the least capitulation direct or indirect beforehand. He whom I design, is one Mr. Jekyl,[1] Minister of the New Chapel, Westminster, a very good man, and a favorite enough of the government. I could do this now another way before the first of August, but that I would take a longer time to consider, and did not I withal apprehend that the Bishop of Ely,[2] who is the original patron of it, would scruple to administer the oath to any upon institution, while he is unsatisfied about taking them himself. I cannot tell what my dear friend the Bishop of Bath and Wells[3] may do in this case. I find him, by a letter to me, and another I saw in the hands of a person of honor of

[1] Most probably Thomas Jekyl, D. D., preacher of the New Church, Westminster, and Vicar of Rowel, Wilts, author of several printed sermons.

[2] Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, translated from Rochester in 1664—one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower; but he refused to take the oaths to William and Mary. Burnet says he was concerned in a plot to restore the banished King. He died in 1700.

[3] The excellent Bishop Ken was a particular friend of the Bishop of Ely; their intimacy commencing in their schoolboy days at Winchester. He refused to take the oath on King William's accession, but found a happy retreat in the house of Lord Weymouth at Longleat. The life of this amiable prelate has engaged the pens of two eminent writers, the late Mr. Bowles, and more recently that of Mr. Anderdon.

your sex, to be fluctuating; but if the consideration of the church's peace should, without a full persuasion of the lawfulness of the matter of the oath of allegiance, and of the authority which imposeth it, induce him to take it, neither his example nor advice, though I have used him as a spiritual guide, should steer me in this point; for I could never hear that doctrine of the Roman casuists defended to a probability, that a good intention, or a holy end, could sanctify actions in order to that end, which were dubious and questionable in themselves.

It may be I have as sad thoughts for the divisions of the church, and as ardent desires for its peace as any; and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem before my chief joy. But I cannot esteem it a good way to seek the attainment of this, by any act which shall disturb my own peace; and yet this I must of necessity do, if I make use of such means as may be conducive to that end, when I am not first convinced of the justice of them. I did not doubt but the Deans of some of the greatest name in the city would take the oaths, nor do I suspect but they will proceed to the doing so upon grounds which seem in their own judgment very solid. And yet I ought not to act or defend what I do by the example of others. This is like clearing one's self by reckoning up the faults of others; as St. Hierome writing to Celantia observes: but, however, as he proceeds, it argues a lightness and vanity of mind, for a man to leave his own conscience to follow the opinion of others. It may be their judgment, that at least, in such a case as ours was, the people have power to alter the succession, and that the convention was a full representative of them.

I sucked in other more monarchical principles with the first knowledge I had, from the breasts of my mother the University, and then, and ever since took them, as far as I could understand, to be more agreeable to our frame of constitution of government. Or they may look on this revolution as a tacit and virtual conquest. I wish it had been owned to be such, for then I had known from the resolutions of civilians and

casuists, and my own reason, what to have done without difficulty. In the mean time I entreat you, very good Madam, not to call boggling at an oath, clashing against another, as far as I can discern, which I formerly took, an unnecessary scruple. I believe, were you under such an engagement, your tenderness and circumspection would be rather greater than mine.

The former oath of allegiance runs thus: "I will bear *faith and true allegiance* to His Majesty King Charles, or King James, *and his heirs and successor, and Him and Them* will defend." Of supremacy, "I will bear *faith and true allegiance* to the King's Highness (Charles or James) *his heirs and lawful successors*, and to my power shall assist and defend all jurisdictions, privileges, pre-eminences, and authorities granted or belonging to the King's Highness, his heirs and successors, or united and annexed to the imperial crown of this realm."

Now I am informed by the statute 1 Jac. c. 1, that lineal succession is a privilege belonging to the Imperial Crown, and by 12 Car. 2, c. 30, s. 7, that by the undoubted and fundamental laws of this kingdom, neither the Peers of this realm, nor the Commons, nor both together, in Parliament or out of Parliament, nor the people collectively, nor representatively, nor any persons whatsoever, hath, or ought to have any coercive power over the kings of this realm.

The present oath runs thus: "I will bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary." Now let any impartial person resolve me, whether one of these, King James having abdicated, be his heir, or lawful successor, or could be made so, had the people met either collectively or representatively, which they did neither.[1]

In the mean time I protest to your Ladyship, upon the truth of a Christian and a priest, that divesting myself of all prejudices, and, as far as it is possible, of all passions which darken the light of the judgment, I will examine the matter to the bot-

[1] In Burnet, will be found an account of the debates on this subject, in which he took a large share, when an attempt was made without success to vary it in behalf of the clergy."—Vol. iv. p. 14. Ox. 1833.

tom, and if I find I can take the oath, I will. But if I find I cannot, without declaring, or an admission of such a declaration, that I never intend nor will be thought by construction or implication by such swearing, to recognize the legal title of King William and Queen Mary, I then beg of your honor these three things:—

1. That you would have the same good opinion of my integrity, and of my zealous addiction to you, or to anything relating to your service, as ever you had heretofore.

2. That you will permit me, in entire trust and confidence, to make over all my worldly goods to you: for I fear that some men's heats may drive affairs so far, as to bring all recusants of it into a præmunire.

3. That I may have some room in your house, if any can be spared, to set up my books in, and have recourse to them, if, on refusal, we may be permitted to stay in the town.

The first petition I with more earnestness would press upon you, your sister the Lady Montagu, and all other friends, than the rest; because I look upon it as the worst sort of martyrdom, to suffer in the opinion of friends I have extremely loved and honored, either as indiscreet or factious.

But yet, if such a martyrdom cannot be avoided, I will endeavor to sustain it with patience and courage.

Mrs. Alington, for whom I have always had a tender regard from her childhood, sensibly wounded me when she called this standing out of the Bishops factious.

As to the second, if you shall see fit to decline it, I will apply with the same request to my very honored friend the Lady Gainsborough.

The third is with supposition only, that such a concession may not bring any great inconvenience upon your house.

I hope your honor will excuse the mean accommodation mine at Windsor Castle could yield you, and the meaner it may be because I could not be there to direct. I wrote twice that Dr. Scot might spare you a room, and if it had come into my head earlier than to-day, I am sure the Dean of Winchester would,

upon my writing, have spared you any in Dr. Fulham's house, which is in his command.

I entreat your honor to present my very humble respect and service to the Lord Russell, Lady Cavendish, Madam Catherine. I commend you and them to God's protection, and continue, as I shall by your permission, ever, Madam,

Your honor's most truly and
Humble devoted servant,
J. Fitzwilliam.

May 13, 1689.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD HALIFAX.

My Lord—

For my part, I think the man a very indifferent reasoner, that to do well, he must take with indifference whatever happens to him. It is very fine to say, Why should we complain that is taken back which was but lent us, and lent us but for a time, we know; and so on. They are the receipts of philosophers I have no reverence for, as I have not for anything which is unnatural. It is insincere. And I dare say they did dissemble, and felt what they would not own. I know I cannot dispute with Almighty power; but yet if my delight is gone, I must needs be sorry it is taken away, according to the measure it made me glad.

The Christian religion only, believe me, my Lord, has a power to make the spirit easy under great calamity; nothing less than the hope of being again made happy can satisfy the mind: I am sure I owe more to it than I could have done to the world, if all the glories of it had been offered me, or to be disposed of by me. And I do sincerely desire your Lordship may experience the truth of my opinion. You know better than most, from the share you have had of the one, what they do afford; and I hope you will prove what tranquillity the other gives. If I had a better wish to make, your Lordship's constant expressions of esteem for me, and

willingness, as I hope, to have had me less miserable than I am, if you had found your power equal to your will, engages me to make it; and that alone would have bound me, though my own unworthiness and ill fortune had let you have forgot me for ever after my sad lot. But since you would not do so, it must deserve a particular acknowledgment for ever, from

Your Lordship's.

July, 1689.

BISHOP OF SALISBURY TO LADY RUSSELL.

If it were for no other cause but to have peace at home I must write to your Ladyship; for, Madam, my wife[1] is scarce in charity with me, for my not offering her most humble service to your Ladyship and your children; and, therefore, that I may not forget it again, I must now begin with it, and so be again in her favor. She is not a little proud of the many honors you have done her; and desires most earnestly to be looked on by you, as one that has all the value and admiration for you, which she can possibly pay you. I do in the next place, on my own account, make my most humble acknowledgments for the great care you have had of my books, which I have now cased up in your Ladyship's cases for Salisbury. I have been so long accustomed to be obliged to your Ladyship, and have so long a

[1] About 1687, Burnet married, in Holland, Mrs. Mary Scott, a Dutch lady of large fortune, and noble extraction. Her ancestor on the father's side was of the family of Buccleuch, who settled in Holland; on the mother's side, who was a De Ruyter, she was related to the principal families in Guelderland. With these advantages of birth, she had those of a fine person; was well skilled in drawing, music, and painting; and spoke Dutch, English, and French equally well. Her knowledge in matters of divinity was such as might rather be expected from a student than from a lady. She had a fine understanding and sweetness of temper, and excelled in all the qualifications of a dutiful wife, a prudent mistress of a family, and a tender mother of children.—Life of Burnet. "History of Reformation," vol. vi. p. 272. 8vo. Ox. 1823.

score to reckon for, that I will never offer to clear it. All I can say is, that as I have met with all the noble marks of a most obliging goodness and friendship from your Ladyship, so no heart can possibly be fuller of a deep sense of it than mine is. And as long as I live I will reckon myself as much a property to you, as anything can be that eats your bread; and you and yours may ever depend upon all that I can ever do, as much as if I were bought with your money. You will, perhaps, wonder how I have got into this strain, that am so little apt even to say what I ought to do upon such subjects; but a heart that is very full will sometimes give itself a little vent; and, therefore, forgive me for saying that at sometimes, which I think at all times.

I will not undertake to write much news to your Ladyship, only that from Londonderry is so good, that there is now great reason to hope for a speedy issue of that siege.[1] Murrarty's[2] driving so many thousands of Irish Protestants to Londonderry, either to die before it, or to be let in to eat up their provisions, is a piece of cruelty, that if persisted in, will bring on great barbarities; and will raise our mobile again on the Papists of England. We are not quite sure whether the French

[1] See "Account of the Siege of Londonderry," by George Walker, Bishop of Londonderry, celebrated for his military courage. On the 30th of July, after the inhabitants had been reduced to the necessity of eating dogs, horseflesh, hides, and tallow, two English ships entered the bay, laden with provisions. The garrison lost 3,200 men, and of the 4,300 who remained, more than 1,000 were unfit for duty. On the representations of Walker, the twelve London Companies advanced 100*l.* each for the repair of the city.

[2] General Macarty, an Irish Roman Catholic of the family of the Earl of Clancarty, which peerage was forfeited in 1691. He was for some time in the French service. Burnet* gives an account of James II. being desirous of employing him, and of Lord Halifax's urging the King rather to reward him by pensions than in a way that would raise clamor and jealousy.

* History of his Own Time, vol. ii. p. 448. 8vo. Ox. 1823.

fleet is out or not; for though there is some reason to believe it, yet there is much reason to doubt of it. If it is true, there will be a speedy decision at sea, upon which a great deal will depend. You will know that there has been much heat to-day in the House of Commons, with relation to the two Marquises[1] for removing them both. I dined to-day with one of them, who seems not to be much troubled at it: perhaps he thought it was a victory, because the debate was adjourned; but after all, those wounds are no desirable things. I know your Ladyship has all our news from other hands, so I will give you no

[1] The Marquises of Halifax and Carmarthen. The character of the former has recently been drawn in an admirable manner by Mr. Macaulay, who says of him: "He pretended, indeed, that he considered titles and great offices as baits which could allure none but fools; that he hated business, pomp, and pageantry, and that his dearest wish was to escape from the bustle and glitter of Whitehall to the quiet woods which surrounded his ancient hall at Rufford (now the seat of the Earl of Scarborough), but his conduct was not a little at variance with his professions. In truth, he wished to command the respect at once of courtiers and of philosophers; to be admired for attaining high dignities, and to be at the same time admired for despising them." His death in 1695, liberated him from the pomp of Courts and the woods of his beloved Rufford. The character of the Marquis of Carmarthen, so created in 1689, and afterwards Duke of Leeds, has also been portrayed by Mr. Macauley. Sir Walter Scott, in his note on Dryden's "All for Love," which was dedicated to the Marquis when Earl of Danby, says, "His character was of the most divided kind: he was fertile in expedients, and had always something new to substitute for those which failed; a faculty highly acceptable to Charles, who loved to be relieved, even were it but in idea, from the labor of business, and the pressure of difficulty. In other points he was probably not very scrupulous, since even Dryden found cause to say at length that—

'Danby's matchless impudence
Helped to support the knave.'"

In 1690, an attempt was made to impeach him. Burnet says: "He was believed to have the greatest credit with the King and Queen, and was again falling under an universal hatred. He was created Duke of Leeds, in 1694, to color the dismissing him from business with the increase of title."

other trouble, but to assure you, that I am, with all possible duty,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most humble,

And most obedient servant,

GI. SARUM.

Saturday night.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

YOUR letter came to me, good Doctor, just as you designed it; I must, or be very injurious to you, say, you are a very mindful friend; and I should be injurious to myself, if I did not say I am a very thankful receiver of your compassionate charity; and your sense of my loss touches me very obligingly.

It is very natural, I believe, to be pleased another thinks as I do, to some degree, of my pain or pleasure, and that one does not foolishly affect either. You instance very right, Sir, it was an entire affection which was between us; and no time, I believe, can ever waste my sorrow. All I desire is to make it innocent.

For the late circumstances in relation to the family, I would have assisted to my power for the procuring thereof, but for any sensible joy at these outward things, I feel none: I think I should, if I live to see him a worthy man.

Your discourse is very fine, gathered from the philosophers, but that would not do my business. I know there is no disputing with an Almighty Power; and what He gives us He may take away at his own time, and we have no reason to complain; but yet, if my delight is gone, I must be sorry it is taken. But your Christian doctrine has much more power in it. There you tell us the particular advantage that all good people have by particular trials of faith, if they behave themselves as they ought. We gain the content in our mind that our faith is sincere, by our willing obedience to all providences; and God will not forget any good thing in us; we shall have a

reward; there is a promise of everlasting life; and what would not one do to obtain it. For we love ourselves too well, not to desire to be well always. I may say it is a great bait to do our duty, so that if we have faith, we shall have love and obedience.

Your prayer I like so well, that I have used it with such fervor as I can, more than once this serious day. And hope I shall more and more acquiesce in these dark providences.

I received a letter from my sister, which I have just read: she says her son is well recovered of the measles, but is very lean, and her daughter pale; that she is going in a few days to Boughton. I believe country air will be to their advantage; I pray God spare them to her, poor woman.

London is like to be my retreat from hence, for Lord Bedford seems to have no hope of getting yet to Woborne; and I am not prepared at Stratton; but what one seems so directed to, I hope will do well. Lord Carberry's[1] Lady is dead. It is kept very carefully from the Princess, who goes very long for one so big as she was. I hear Lady Gainsborough is recovering. The Dowager Lady writes me word she had some thoughts of sending Lady Julian to the bath; that Lady Northampton was to take the opinion of Doctor Lower. Truly I wish he may advise it, for I have believed a good while it was the best thing she could do, and I am glad she is in hands will leave nothing undone may be thought to her advantage, for that I do firmly believe my Lady will not, as I do that I shall always be Dr. Fitzwilliam's

Faithful friend and servant.

July 21, 1689.

LORD HALIFAX TO LADY RUSSELL.[2]

MADAM—

I must own that my reason is not strong enough to bear with indifference the losses that have lately happened in my

[1] Vaughan, Earl of Carberry in Ireland. The title became extinct in 1701.

[2] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

family; but, at the same time, I must acknowledge I am not a little supported by the continuance of your Ladyship's favor to me, in the obliging remembrance I have received from you, and in your condoling the affliction of the man in the world that is most devoted to you. I am impatient till I have the honor of an hour's conversation with your Ladyship, to ease my mind of the just complaints I have, that such returns are made to the zeal I have endeavored to express, in my small capacity for the good of England. I cannot but think it the fantastical influence of my ill stars, very peculiar to myself, all circumstances considered; but whilst I am under the protection of your Ladyship's better opinion, the malice or mistakes of others can never have the force so much as to discompose,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient servant,

HALIFAX.[1]

London, July 23, 1689.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I AM most ready, good Doctor, to furnish you towards a correspondence; but any matter I am sure serves you if mine does. Now the matter you supply me with is too fine, or too strong, indeed both, for me to meddle with. I am sorry you missed Lord Montagu, though I despair of argument winning you, who I believe have gone through all; but his power and

[1] The above letter from Lord Halifax, in answer to one of condolence which Lady Russell had addressed to him on his losing two sons* within the short space of a twelvemonth, expresses an entire confidence in her heart and understanding, as well as much devotion to her interests. It is written while under those feelings of dissatisfaction, to which his unpopularity with the triumphant Whigs had given rise, and which ended, soon after, in his resignation of the Privy Seal.

* Henry; and George, who was slain at the siege of Buda, 1688.

good-will might be useful to you, and all the service which can be done you, I wish you may find friends to do it, and would refuse no part I can act.

I am very sorry the case stands with you as it does in reference to the oath; and still wonder (unless I could find Kings of divine right) why it does so! and all this is the acceptation of a word which I never heard two declare the meaning of but they differed in their sense of it. You say you could have taken it in the sense some worthy men have done? Why will you be more worthy than those men? It is supererogation.

If you can avoid mental reservation, that's the biggest thing to me, for I hate that to God or man; properly I know we can have none to God, though we may wish to have it; but I abhor that wish. But you seem to say, though you are permitted to declare, that is not enough, as not being consistent with the simplicity of an oath, and that it ought to be taken according to the mind of the imposers. If you can take it, as those you mention have done, declaring they meant legal obedience and peaceable submission, I dare say you do so; no more is meant to be imposed, especially by the King and Queen. And does not being content with the construction your friends put upon it, signify their permission to take it in such a sense! It was my Lord Nottingham's[1] misfortune to pitch upon that word

[1] Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, and afterwards sixth Earl of Winchilsea. When the convention was opened, in January, 1688–9, the Earl of Nottingham was the principal person who managed the debates in favor of a Regent, in opposition to those who were for setting up another King, supporting his opinion by many arguments from our English history. He thought a King *de facto* had a right to their obedience, and that they were bound to adhere to him and to defend him, even in opposition to him with whom they thought the right did still remain. Yet Bishop Burnet relates, that his Lordship told him, "That though he could not argue nor vote but according to the scheme and principles he had concerning our laws and constitution, yet he should not be sorry to see his side outvoted; and that though he could not agree to the making a King, as things stood, yet, if he found one made, he would be more faithful to him than those that made him could be, according to

which gives such scruples. But methinks (with submission to wiser heads) it should be a greater to weaken the interest of the Church and the Protestant religion all the world over to the degree so many able men incapacitating themselves to serve in the Church will do, if God in much mercy prevent it not.

It is above great and good men to regard reflections, if they give not a just cause of scandal; and in serving the cause of God the best we can, there is none given. It may very well be, passive obedience went too high. Some drove Jehu-like. If it appears they perceive they did so, ought there to be shame in that, or ought it not to be borne cheerfully? If their nakedness is laid open, and some Hams do insult, still they should be above it, and overcome evil with good. I never thought good men had any harm by the ill-natured speeches of malicious spirits. God knows the very best of men have infirmities; but they are ill men that retort them. However, after all is said, or can be said, a man must be quiet in his own breast if he can. When I began to write in this paper, I meant not one word of all I have said on this subject; but I know, good Doctor, you will take it right; accept well of my good meaning towards you, and excuse my defects. I pretend not to argue; but where my wishes are earnest, I speak without reserve; sometimes by surprise; but take it as it is; I will not look back to examine; I know I need not to you.

I am just now, when I have signed this, going to write to my sister, and will remember your charge.

Knowing you could not be at Lord Gainsborough's, I writ to Cotenham: I guess you have missed it. The waters did exceedingly well with the children. After they had done, Rachel was ill for twenty-four hours of a feverish distemper;

their own principles." He refused to be Lord Chancellor, but was made one of the Secretaries of State.

Lord Dover, in a note to the Ellis Correspondence, says: "The tediousness and gravity of his harangues, united with a dark and rueful countenance, had obtained for him, among his contemporaries, the appellation of 'Old Dismal.'" He died in 1730.

but bleeding got it over. I am your willing friend to serve you, though others may more effectually than

R. Russell.

August 31, 1689.

DEAN TILLOTSON[1] TO LADY RUSSELL.

London, Sept. 19, 1689.

Honored Madam—

I received both your letters, and before the latter came to my hands, I gave your Ladyship some kind of answer to the first, as the time would let me, for the post stayed for it. But having now a little more leisure, you will, I hope, give me leave to trouble you with a longer letter.

I was not at Hampton Court last Sunday, being almost tired out with ten weeks' attendance, so that I have had no opportunity to try further in the business I wrote of in my last, but hope to bring it to some issue the next opportunity I can get

[1] On the 10th September, 1689, Dr. Tillotson wrote the following letter, from Edmonton to Lady Russell, giving her an account of the King's having conferred the bishopric of Chichester on Dr. Patrick; and the rectory of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, falling to his Majesty's disposal by this promotion, Dean Tillotson informed her Ladyship, that he believed the King would not dispose of that living but to one whom the Earl of Bedford, the patron of it, should approve, and therefore asked her, whether his Lordship and she would be willing that the Earl of Nottingham should mention to his Majesty on that occasion Dr. John Moore.* In the same letter, the Dean takes notice of his having spoken to the King the Sunday before concerning Mr. Samuel Johnson; and that his Majesty seemed well inclined to what he had moved for that divine, but did not positively determine to take that course. This refers to some request which Lady Russell had desired the Dean to make to his Majesty in favor of Mr. Johnson, for whom she had great zeal, out of regard both to the memory of her husband, whose chaplain he had been, and to the merit of his writings and sufferings.—Birch.

* Subsequently Bishop of Norwich and Ely.

to speak with the King. I am sorry to see in Mr. Johnson[1] so broad a mixture of human frailty with so considerable virtues. But when I look into myself, I must think it pretty well when any man's infirmities are in any measure overbalanced by his better qualities. This good man I am speaking of has at some times not used me over well; for which I do not only forgive him, when I consider for whose sake he did it, but do heartily love him.

The King, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker,[2] whose

[1] In a paper to justify Lord Russell's opinion, "that resistance may be used in case our religion and rights should be invaded," as an answer to the Dean's letter to his Lordship of July 20, 1683, Johnson observes, that this opinion could not be wrested from his Lordship at his death, notwithstanding the disadvantages at which he was taken, when he was practised upon to retract that opinion, and to bequeath a legacy of slavery to his country. And, indeed, the Dean was so apprehensive of Lady Russell's displeasure at his pressing his Lordship, though with the best intentions, upon that subject, that when he was first admitted to her after her Lord's death, he is said to have addressed her in this manner: That he first thanked God and then her Ladyship, for that opportunity of justifying himself to her; and they soon returned to the terms of a cordial and unreserved friendship.—Birch. Mr. Johnson wrote "Julian the Apostate," to prove the legality of resistance; and an address to King James II.'s army; he was fined, imprisoned, pilloried, and whipped, after being degraded. The Revolution restored him to his liberty; the judgment against him in 1686 was declared illegal and cruel, and his degradation null; and the House of Lords recommended him to King William. He died 1703.—Birch. He refused the rich deanery of Durham.

[2] Mr. George Walker, justly famous for his defence of Londonderry, in Ireland (when Lunde, the governor, would have surrendered it to King James II.), was born of English parents in the county of Tyrone in that kingdom, and educated in the University of Glasgow, in Scotland; he was afterwards Rector of Donnoghmore, not many miles from the city of Londonderry. Upon the Revolution, he raised a regiment for the defence of the Protestants: and upon the intelligence of King James having a design to besiege Londonderry, retired thither, being at last chosen governor of it. After the raising of that siege, he came to England, where he was most graciously received by their Majesties; and on the

modesty is equal to his merit, hath made him Bishop of Londonderry, one of the best bishoprics in Ireland; that so he may receive the reward of that great service in the place where he did it. It is incredible how much everybody is pleased with what the King hath done in this matter, and that it is no small joy to me to see that God directs him wisely.

I will now give your Ladyship a short account of his Majesty's disposal of our English church preferments, which I think he has done as well as could be expected, in the midst of the powerful importunities of so many great men, in whom I discern too much of court art and contrivance for the preferment of their friends; yea, even in my good Lord Nottingham more than I could wish. This is a melancholy consideration to one in my station, in which I do not see how it is possible so to manage a man's self between civility and sincerity, between being willing to give good words to all, and able to do good to very few, as to hold out an honest man, or even the reputation of being so a year to an end.

But now begins my trouble. After I had kissed the King's hand for the deanery of St. Paul's, I gave his Majesty my most humble thanks, and told him that now he had set me at ease for the remainder of my life. He replied, "No such matter, I assure you;" and spoke plainly about a great place, which I dread to think of, and said, "It was necessary for his service, and he must charge it upon my conscience." Just as he had said this, he was called to supper, and I had only time to say, that when his Majesty was at leisure I did believe I could satisfy him that it would be most for his service that I should continue in the station in which he had now placed me. This hath brought me into a real difficulty. For, on the one

19th of November, 1689, received the thanks of the House of Commons, having just before published an account of that siege, and had a present of 5000*l*. He was created D.D. by the University of Oxford on the 26th Feb., 1689–90, in his return to Ireland, where he was killed the beginning of July, 1690, at the passage of the Boyne, having resolved to serve that campaign before he took possession of his bishopric.—Birch.

hand, it is hard to decline his Majesty's commands, and much harder yet to stand out against so much goodness as his Majesty is pleased to use towards me. On the other, I can neither bring my inclination nor my judgment to it. This I owe to the Bishop of Salisbury, one of the worst and best friends I know; best, for his singular good opinion of me; and the worst, for directing the King to this method, which I know he did; as if his Lordship and I had concerted the matter how to finish this foolish piece of dissimulation, in running away from a Bishopric to catch an Archbishopric. This fine device hath thrown me so far into the briers, that without his Majesty's great goodness, I shall never get off without a scratched face. And now I will tell your Ladyship the bottom of my heart. I have of a long time, I thank God for it, devoted myself to the public service, without any regard for myself, and to that end have done the best I could in the best manner I was able. Of late, God hath been pleased by very severe ways,[1] but in great goodness to me, to wean me perfectly from the love of this world; so that worldly greatness is now not only undesirable, but distasteful to me. And I do verily believe, that I shall be able to do as much or more good in my present station, than in a higher, and shall not have one jot less interest or influence upon any others to any good purpose; for the people naturally love a man that will take great pains and little preferment. But on the other hand, if I could force my inclination to take this great place, I foresee that I should sink under it, and grow melancholy and good for nothing, and after a little while die as a fool dies.

But this, Madam, is a great deal too much, upon one of the worst and nicest subjects in the world—a man's self.

As I was finishing this long letter, which if your goodness will forgive, I hope never to have occasion to try it so far again, I received your letter, and shall say no more of Dr. Moore, of whose preaching I always knew your Ladyship's

[1] The loss of his two daughters, his only children.

opinion. The person I mentioned was Mr. Kidder[1], on whom the King has bestowed the Deanery of Peterborough, and

[1] The following letter from the Earl of Bedford, on the vacancy in the living of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, displays an earnest desire for its being worthily filled up. The promotion of Dr. Kidder prevented the Duke's wish from being fulfilled:—

"THE EARL OF BEDFORD TO S. PATRICK, DEAN OF ELY.

"Woburn Abbey, Sept. 20, 1689.

"MR. DEAN—

"I have received two letters from you lately, in which you acquaint me that the King has fixed upon you to be Bishop of Chichester, which though I must look upon as a great blow to me, and the parish of Covent Garden, to lose a person so instrumental for so long, in doing good there and preserving the quiet and peace of the parish, yet, in consideration of the public, and the opportunity so fitting a person as you will have to be more useful in so great a station, I do the less repine at it. But since it is a matter of such importance to have the place you are leaving supplied with an able, conscientious, honest, prudent, and well-tempered man, you may imagine my thoughts have been much taken up about that affair. And in order to a good choice I always resolved to make use of your judgment, who know so well the temper of that parish, and are so able to judge of a person that is likeliest, in all respects, both to profit them in the best sense, and to please them as far as may be consistent therewith, and conducing thereto, that they may be kept together in unity, as you have left them. I must, therefore, let you know that Mr. Kidder, the City Minister, has been recommended to me by some most judicious and worthy persons, as an excellently-tempered man, a learned divine, and a most practical and judicious preacher; and, indeed, the sermon I heard him preach two years since in Covent Garden, I was so much taken with, that from that time I have entertained a high opinion of him: and, indeed, all that I have spoken with about him do give him the like character. Let me, therefore, now desire you to be free with me in letting me know your judgment, by what you have heard, if you have no intimate acquaintance with his person. Whether you think him a fit man, or whether you have any objections against him; assuring you that what you communicate to me herein shall go no further, but be kept a secret, as if it were kept only in your own breast, and heartily thank you for nominating a person whom you think so able and deserving, and whom I must have an esteem for on that account. But let me entreat you to return me an answer with all freedom about Mr. Kidder, and as soon as

therefore cannot have it. I am fully of your Ladyship's opinion, that what my Lord Bedford does in this matter, must not appear to be done by him, for fear of bringing other importunities upon the King. If my Lord thinks well of Dr. Horneck, Dr. Moore would then certainly have St. Andrews.

I thank God for the health your family enjoys, as for that of my own; and equally pray for the continuance of it, and all other blessings. I would fain find room to tender my humble service to my Lord Bedford, my Lord Russell, and two of the best young ladies I know.

I am, honored Madam, more than I can express,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN TILLOTSON.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. TILLOTSON.

WHENEVER, Mr. Dean, you are disposed, and at leisure to give it me, I can be well content, I assure you, to read the longest letter you can write. But I had not so soon told a truth you cannot choose but know, if this paper was not to be hastened to you with a little errand that I am well enough pleased to be employed in; because the effect will be good, though the cause does not please me; being you said Mr. Kidder[1] cannot have Covent Garden, because he is Dean of Peter-

possible, because the business requires haste, and I am advised by some about the King that it will be necessary for me to fix upon one speedily that I may recommend, lest something may intervene: for solicitations are many and pressing from several hands. Mr. Kidder is well known to the Dean of Canterbury, who gives a great character of him, as knowing him well. And if he be in town you may please to consult him about him, especially in case you are acquainted with him yourself."

[1] Richard Kidder, a learned divine, was made Dean of Peterborough on the elevation of Dr. Patrick to the see of Chichester; and on Ken's refusal to take the oaths to King William and Mary, succeeded that excellent prelate in the bishopric of Bath and Wells. He published several works, among which the most esteemed are his Lectures preached in pur-

borough (though I do not conceive why, unless it is because he is great, and others are not). But Lord Bedford leans strongly to offer him to the King; it is from what you said to me has made him do so. Yet if you judge he should not now be the man, I am enjoined to obtain from you some character of one Mr. Freeman,[1] and Mr. Williams;[2] the last I have heard you speak well of, but I did not heed his just character. What you think fit to say to me shall not be imparted but in general terms, if you like that best; though Lord Bedford is as close as can be desired, as well inclined as possible, to do the best; and will have me say something of these men before he fixes, which my Lord Shrewsbury advises him to quickly.

Moore[3] he is averse to; Horneck[4] the parish is also, as he is well informed, to a high degree. So Kidder, Williams, and Freeman are before him. I desire two or three lines upon this subject, by the first post, if you please.

Though my paper is full enough, especially to a man that has no more spare time than you have, yet I must just touch upon some other parts of your letter, being they touch me most sensibly. I bless God that inclines the heart of our King to do well; it looks as if God meant a full mercy to these long-threatened kingdoms. I thank Mr. Dean very heartily for those thoughts that influence and heighten his charity to Mr. Johnson. I will not say what I do more, but you must needs know.

suance of the will of the Honorable Robert Boyle. His death was a melancholy one, being killed in his bed by the fall of a stack of chimneys in the great storm in November, 1703.

[1] Samuel Freeman, D.D., Chaplain to the King, obtained the living. He preached a funeral sermon on the death of his noble patron, which is printed. London: 1700. 4to. He was afterwards Dean of Peterborough.

[2] John Williams, prebendary of Canterbury, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, died 1709.

[3] John Moore, prebendary of Norwich, afterwards Bishop of the same see, and translated to Ely.

[4] Anthony Horneck, D.D. He was patronized by Russell, Earl of Orford, who solicited the Queen for preferment for him, which was refused; subsequently, on Tillotson's recommendation, he was made a prebendary of Westminster.

Mr. Dean, now a few words to your own concern, that bears so heavy upon your mind, and I have done. I know not if I should use the phrase, "integrity is my idol;" but I'm sure I admire and love it hugely wherever I meet it. I would never have a sincere person crossed. I do pity you, Mr. Dean, and I think you have a hard game upon your hands, which, if it should happen you cannot play off your own way, you can do better than a man less mortified to the world could; being if you serve the interest of religion and the King's, you are doing what you have dedicated yourself to, and therefore can be more regardless of the ignorant or wicked censurer; for, upon my word, I believe you will incur no other: your character is above it, if what you fear should come upon you. But as I conceive there are six months yet to deliberate upon this matter, you know the old saying, many things fall out between the cup and the lip; and pray do not fill your head with the fears of a trouble, though never so great, that is at a distance and may never be; for if you think too much on a matter you dread, it will certainly disturb your quiet, and that will infallibly your health; and you cannot but see, Sir, that would be of a bad consequence. The King is willing to hear you. You know your own heart to do good, and you have lived some time, and have had experience. You say well that such an one is the best and worst friend.—I think I should have had more tenderness to the will or temper of my friend; and for his justification, one may say, he prefers good to many, before gratifying one single person, and a public good ought to carry a man a great way. But I see your judgment (if your inclination does not bias too far) is heartily against him in this matter, that you think you cannot do so much good then as now. We must see if you can convince him thereof; and when he is master of that notion, then let him labor to make your way out of those briers he has done his part to bring you into; though something else would have done it without him, I believe, if I am not mistaken in this, no more than I am that this letter is much too long from, &c.

September, 1689.

BISHOP OF SALISBURY TO LADY RUSSELL.

Your Ladyship will find, by the date of my last, that a general sympathy led us both to write very near the same day to one another. I humbly thank you for the great honor you have done me. Mrs. Burnet is extreme sensible of her share in it, and with her humble thanks and most humble service she bids me tell you that your godson thrives extremely, and grows every day stronger and stronger.

I humbly thank your Ladyship for the account that you were so good as to give me of Londonderry. The Providence of God has been hitherto very signal in the whole progress of this revolution. God grant that our sins put not a stop to it. Those who stand out against it had need be very sure they are in the right, lest they be found to fight against God. There are but three of them in all in my diocese, but, indeed, two of these are men of great worth. There is a commissioner sent to me, to govern the dioceses of Bath and Wells and Gloucester during the suspension upon the renewing of it. I have sent one express to both the Bishops, to let them know that though my hand and seal are now necessary for the affairs of their sees, yet they shall always determine me in everything in which they will signify their minds to me or my Chancellor. For this I obtained the King and Queen's allowance before I left the Court. Thus they will see that they are as well used as is possible by us, which I am sure is far different from what we might expect from them if we were in their power. Some in London fancy that the "History of Passive Obedience"[1] will do great feats, for they take care to send down by every carrier great packets of them to our clergy here, with some to them gratis, for they do not know who sends them.

I am now to go my visitation, and am to preach all round

[1] "History of Passive Obedience since the Reformation." 4to. Ant. 1689. Numerous replies were printed to this pamphlet. See Catalogue of the British Museum (Obedience).

myself, so that in less than three weeks' time I shall preach a dozen sermons. I thank God I find all the appearances of a hearty welcome into this country that can be expected, and there are many worthy clergymen in this diocese, though there is a sad mixture of bad ones. I will understand what I have to do a little better when I have once gone round the country and seen them all. Thus you see I still please myself with hoping that you have still the same goodness for me, and that you will not be unwilling to be entertained with my concerns. I will now say somewhat to you of a thing which relates if not to yourself yet at least to the family. I believe the Dean of Peterborough will be made Bishop of Chichester, so here Covent Garden falls within the prerogative. Mr. Kidder in London is both one of the best preachers, one of the best men and learnedest men in the city, who was always right and moderate, and a true Englishman as well as a true Protestant. This man, if his voice will fill that great church, will be a great blessing to the parish. Next him, I think, Dr. Horneck is one of the best and most conscientious churchmen I know. These are the two that I have taken the liberty to recommend. I know the King will not give that without knowing the Earl of Bedford's mind, but yet even that must be well, otherwise if St. Andrews, Holborn, should be vacant, a friend of yours will pretend to be used in the same manner. If you think fit, you may move that Mr. Johnson may have the Deanery of Peterborough, which is none of the best, but is none of the worst. I have not time to give further at present, therefore I give my most humble service to the Earl of Bedford, and so to your Ladyship's most hopeful children. I pray God give you daily more and more joy in them, and continue long to them the blessing of such a mother.

I am, with all possible esteem and duty,

Madam,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

GEORGE SARUM.

Salisbury, Sept. 7, 1689.

DEAN TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

Edmonton, Sept. 24, 1689.

HONORED MADAM—

Just now I received your Ladyship's letter. Since my last, and not before, I understand the great averseness of the parish from Dr. Horneck; so that if my Lord of Bedford had liked him, I could not have thought it fit, knowing how necessary it is to the good effect of a man's ministry, that he do not lie under any great prejudice with the people. The two whom the Bishop of Chichester hath named, are, I think, of the worthiest of the city ministers, since Mr. Kidder declines it, for the reason given by the Bishop, and, if he did not, could not have it; not because of any inconsistency in the preferments, but because the King, having so many obligations yet to answer, cannot, at the same time, give two such preferments to one man. For the two persons mentioned, if comparison must be made between two very good men, I will tell your Ladyship my free thoughts of them.

Mr. Williams is really one of the best men I know, and most unwearied in doing good, and his preaching very weighty and judicious. The other is a truly pious man, and of a winning conversation. He preaches well, and hath much the more plausible delivery, and, I think, a stronger voice. Both of them (which I had almost forgot) have been steady in all changes of times. This is the plain truth; and yet I must not conceal one particular and present advantage on Dr. Freeman's side. On Sunday night last, the King asked me concerning a city minister, whose name he had forgot; but said, he had a very kind remembrance of him, having had much conversation with him, when His Majesty was very young, in Holland, and wondered he had never seen him since he came into England.

I could not imagine who he should be, till his Majesty told me he was the English Ambassador's Chaplain about twenty years ago, meaning Sir William Temple's. Upon that I knew it was Dr. Freeman. The King said that was his name, and

desired me to find him out, and tell him that he had not forgot him, but remembered with pleasure the acquaintance he had with him many years ago; and had charged me, when there was an opportunity, to put him in mind of him. This I thought both great goodness in the King, and modesty in Dr. Freeman,[1] never to show himself to the King all this while. By this your Ladyship will judge, who is like to be most acceptable to the King, whose satisfaction, as well as service, I am obliged to regard, especially in the disposal of his own preferments, though Mr. Williams be much more my friend.

I mentioned Mr. Johnson again, but his Majesty put on other discourse; and my Lord Privy Seal told me yesterday morning, that the King thought it a little hard to give pensions out of his purse, instead of church preferments; and tells me Mr. Johnson is very sharp upon me. His Lordship called it railing, but it shall not move me in the least. His Lordship asked me, whether it would not be well to move the King to give him a good bishopric in Ireland, there being several void. I thought it very well if it would be acceptable. His Lordship said, that was all one; the offer would stop many mouths as well as his; which, I think, was well considered.

I will say no more of myself, but only thank your Ladyship for your good advice, which I have always a great disposition to follow, and a great deal of reason, being assured it is sincere as well as wise. The King hath set upon me again with greater earnestness of persuasion than is fit for one that may command. I begged as earnestly to be considered in this thing, and so we parted upon good terms. I hope something will happen to hinder it. I put it out of my mind as much as I can, and leave it to the good providence of God for the thing to find its own issue. To that I commend you and yours; and am, Madam,

Yours, by all possible obligation,

Jo. Tillotson.

[1] Dr. Freeman was instituted to the rectory of Covent Garden, December 28, 1689.

If Mr. Johnson refuse this offer, and it should be my hard fortune not to be able to get out of this difficulty, which I will, if it be possible to do it without provocation, I know one that will do more for Mr. Johnson than was desired of the King, but still as from the King, for anything that he shall know. But, I hope, some much better way will be found: and that there will be neither occasion nor opportunity for this.[1]

LADY MONTAGU TO LADY RUSSELL.

I AM very sorry, my dear sister, to find by yours, which I received by the last post, that your thoughts have been so much disturbed with what I thought ought to have some contrary effect.[2] It is very true, what is once taken from us, in that nature, can never be returned; all that remains of comfort (according to my temper) is a bringing to punishment those who were so wickedly and unjustly the cause of it.

I confess, it was a great satisfaction to me to hear that was the public care; it being so much to the honor, as well as what in justice was due to your dead Lord, that I do not doubt, when your sad thoughts will give you leave to recollect, you will find comfort.

I heartily pray God you may, and that you may never have

[1] The wryness of his temper, and turbulency of his genius, rendered him also unfit for the higher stations of the church, of which he was immoderately ambitious, not being able to obtain a bishopric; Lady Russell made use of the influence she had with Dr. Tillotson to solicit a pension for him, and in consequence of this application, the King granted Johnson 300*l.* a year for his own and his son's life, with 1000*l.* in money, and a place of 100*l.* a year for his son. He died in 1703. All his treatises have been collected and published in one vol. folio, 1710, and again in 1713.

[2] This probably alludes to the Committee of the House of Commons to examine who were the advisers and promoters of the murder of Lord Russell, &c.

the addition of any other loss, which is and ever shall be the prayer of,

Your entirely affectionate

E. MONTAGU.

Boughton, Dec. 23, 1689.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY SUNDERLAND.

I THINK I understand almost less than anybody, yet I knew better things than to be weary of receiving what is so good as my Lady Sunderland's letters; or not to have a due regard of what is so valuable as her esteem and kindness, with her promises to enjoy it my whole life. Truly, Madam, I can find no fault but one, and that is constantly in all the favors you direct to me, an unfortunate useless creature in the world, yet your Ladyship owns me as one had been of some service to you. Alas! I know I was not, but my intention was pure; I pitied your sorrow; I was hearty in wishing you ease, and, if I had an occasion for it, I could be diligent, but no further ability; and you are very good to receive it kindly. But, so unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I aim at anything of that kind any more. Yet I hope I have at last learned to make the will of God, when declared, the rule of my content, and to thank Him for all the hard things I suffer as the best assurances of a large share in that other blessed state; and if what is dear to us is got thither before us, the sense what they enjoy, and we in a little while shall with them, ought to support us and our friends.

LADY EDWARD RUSSELL[1] TO LADY RUSSELL.

Russell-street, July 6th, 1690.

BECAUSE our God is God, and not man, therefore we, who have deserved unmixed wrath, do hitherto sing both of mercy

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir. The Lady Edward Russell was the wife

and judgment. The Lord has arisen, his enemies are scattered, and they that hate Him are fled before Him. It is, indeed, almost incredible what we have an account of, by an express that came to-day from Ireland. King James's army is so routed, that it is concluded he can never rally again. He fled himself to Dublin, where he found his reception so unexpectedly cold, that he durst not trust himself among his former friends there, but retired immediately into the county of Connaught, to a town that I did not hear named. I have not heard what numbers he has lost; I suppose, not many; for they ran so fast, death itself could not overtake them. We have, however, taken Hamilton[1] prisoner; and Lord Dungan and Lord Carlingford are dead. On our side not so much as an ensign killed, of the inferior officers; yet it has pleased God to suffer a musket-shot to put an end to the glorious days of the great and renowned Schomberg.[2] He fell not in battle, but received

of Mr. Edward Russell, after his father's elevation to the Dukedom, Lord Edward Russell.

[1] Count George Hamilton, the elder brother of Count Anthony Hamilton, who has given us many particulars of his brother's early life, in his incomparable memoirs of their brother-in-law, the Count de Grammont. Count George Hamilton, as we are there informed, married *la belle* Jennings. She was an elder sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; and, after Count George Hamilton's death, married George Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel. See frequent mention of her, under the name of Lady Tyrconnel, in the letters of the Duke to the Duchess of Marlborough, in Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough. Sir William Ellis, secretary to the Duke of Marlborough, is said to have been in love with her, which led to Ellis espousing the Jacobite cause.

[2] Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, was of a noble family, originally of the Palatinate. He first signalized himself under Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange; after whose death he engaged in the service of France, commanded in Spain the Portuguese army in alliance with France, and afterwards the French army in Catalonia, with such success, that, although a Protestant, he received the bâton of a Maréchal of France in 1675.

On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he was suffered to leave France, on condition of going to Portugal. He afterwards got liberty to

the wound in his throat, as he was giving orders over a wall. Walker of Londonderry, standing near, was shot and killed at the same time. The Duke of Ormond writes, that it is thought Duke Schomberg's wound was not mortal, but that he rather died of his fall, for he pitched exactly on his head; however it was, he never rose again. The King was once more so near danger, that a bullet grazed upon the side of his boot, and passed him by. They say he has extremely exposed his person in this action. Once he was going towards the enemy at the head of a very small party of guards, which Lord Scarborough[1] being aware of, strictly commanded that not a man should stir; his orders were so well obeyed, that the King, having advanced a little way, turned about, and found he was alone, so was forced to return to his company. Monsieur Callimot[2] is wounded, but it is hoped not mortally. We have taken several field-pieces from the enemy; and were upon a hot pursuit when the express came away. It is thought, by this time, the King has got to Dublin; where, to be sure, he is, or will be, very welcome to great numbers of miserable Protestants, whom, when King James went out to fight, he left inclosed in churches and other public places; what he designed further to do with

remove to Germany, and commanded as Generalissimo for the Elector of Bavaria. In the year 1688, he came over to England with King William, by whom he was immediately created Earl of Brentford, Marquis of Harwich, and Duke of Schomberg, with limitation, first to his youngest, and then to his second son, both of whom succeeded to his titles; but the first died in Italy, of wounds received in the battle of Marsaglia against the French, and the second dying without male issue, in 1719, the title became extinct. The Duke of Schomberg had been sent by King William to Ireland in the year 1689.

[1] Richard, first Earl of Scarborough. He attended King William in Ireland, and was present at the battle of the Boyne.

[2] Monsieur la Caillemote received a mortal wound, and as he was carried back by four soldiers to the English camp, he encouraged those who were crossing the river by these words: "*A la gloire, mes enfans, à la gloire.*"—Tindal, Continuation of Rapin, vol. iii. p. 136.

them, God has graciously prevented. Hamilton,[1] who is taken prisoner, says they have a recruit, under the command of Sarsfield,[2] consisting of eleven battalions, and three regiments of horse. Kirk[3] and his army were not concerned in this action; it is said the King considers him according to his merit. The King's wound heals, and is scabbed over; so that he is out of that danger, and, I trust, will be preserved from all other. He is as busy as if he had never been hurt; holds his bridle with his right hand, and fights with his left. He is as merciful as he is brave. He has caused Hamilton's wounds to be dressed; and treats him more like a friend than a traitor and a rebel.

Mr. Russell[4] is come in, and contradicts some of my news, adds to some, and tells some that I had not heard before; and all this I am to do by his direction, in so little time, that I fear I shall not write intelligibly. In the first place, he adds, that Monsieur Callimot is shot through the thigh; next, he contradicts that of Dr. Walker's death: all the letters had it, and

[1] When he was brought to the King, he was asked by him whether the Irish would fight any more. "Yes, sir," answered Hamilton, "upon my honor, I believe they will." When he pronounced the word honor the King looked disdainfully at him, and then turned about, repeating once or twice, *your honor*, intimating that what he affirmed upon his honor was not to be regarded, since that was forfeited before by his siding with Tyrconnel; and this was all the rebuke the King gave him for his breach of trust.—Tindal, Continuation of Rapin, vol. iii. p. 137.

[2] Patrick Saarsfield, created by James, after his abdication, Earl of Lucan. He was one of that King's best generals, and distinguished himself much during the war in Ireland. After the capitulation of Limerick, he is reported to have said to some of the English officers: "Low as we now are, change but Kings with us, and we will fight it over again with you."—Ellis Correspondence, note, vol. i. p. 58.

[3] Colonel Kirk, the ferocious officer, whose cruelties in the West after the defeat of Monmouth are too well known. Lord Dartmouth, in his note in Burnet's Own Times, says: "That no man was better received or more caressed by King William."

[4] Admiral Russell, afterwards created Earl of Orford. He was then a Commissioner of the Admiralty.

it was generally believed in our army. The Secretary of War himself, upon whose letter Mr. Russell goes, says, in the beginning of it, that he is dead, but at last contradicts it, saying only thus, he was ridden over and stripped, but is well enough. How this happened I cannot imagine, for he does not say how he came to lie so low. That same letter gives a very full account of Duke Schomberg's death. Thirty of King James's men made so good resistance, that all of them were killed upon the spot but five. These, endeavoring to make their escape that way, where they might most easily pass through our army, took the way that led to a little village, where the Duke was giving out orders: as they passed through it, they saw him, and, taking notice of his blue ribbon, shot the fatal bullets at him that put an end to his life.

I must contradict what I said, of our not having lost any men in this fight; for several officers in Count Solms's[1] blue regiment fell at the first encounter. They passed the river first, and bore alone the shock of all the enemy's horse before ours could come to their assistance, but they could not be broken. The Inniskillen men did not behave themselves so well; they made a brisk attack at first, but maintained their ground so ill, that, in retiring, they had like to have put the Dutch regiment of guards into great confusion. Indeed, we had all like to have been in confusion by their means; for one of them, by mistake, was ready to have shot the King, when he cried out, "What! don't ye know your friends from your foes?" and so prevented the blow. They could not persuade the King to hide his George, which increases his danger, as it aggravates the Inniskillen men's dulness. The bullet that I said touched his boot, was not from a cannon, but from a long gun. We have taken 7000 arms, all supposed to be French: they are good prize, for we wanted them extremely. The arms of two regiments of the enemy were found heaped up on the ground. Monsieur la Meloniere[2] was sent by the King to Drogheda, to summon them

[1] The Count de Solms lost his life at the battle of Landen, in 1693.

[2] M. de la Millioniere was a Brigadier-General in King William's service.

to a surrender, and to tell them, that if they delayed till his cannon came up, he would give no quarter. We expect to hear their answer by the next express. King James is gone from Dublin to Athlone; that is the name of the town I had not heard when I began my letter: it is forty-nine miles from Dublin: it is not a strong place, and therefore, it is supposed, he will go from thence to Galway, which is thirty-six miles from Athlone, where he may better defend himself. Lord Portland writes, that thirty Danes have behaved themselves to a miracle; but does not say on what occasion. I hear nothing of the praises of any of the English; indeed, all the praise belongs to God, and not to any other. He has wrought this great salvation for us, not for any worthiness in us, but because it pleased Him. For his own name's sake has He done this, and because his mercy endures for ever. Therefore, all our joy ought to be in the Lord, and we ought to rejoice with trembling; for still He holds the rod over us, so that we dare not say the bitterness of death is past. Indeed, we have cause to walk humbly, while that insolent French enemy insults over us, and makes us prisoners, as it were in our own island. There is nothing that I know of, but the providence of God, that hinders them from acting all manner of violence upon our coasts. Plymouth lies naked before them—not so much as a governor in the town, nor militia up in the country: our fleet skulked into harbor, and they, for the present at least, absolute masters of the seas. Yet they are chained up by a Power above theirs, who causeth the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder thereof He restrains. Blessed be his name, that both we and our enemies are in his hands! The Lord enable us to lie very low before Him, in a sense of our own nothingness; for what are we, when He comes to contend with us'! We shall be delivered from these, as well as from those adversaries in Ireland,

The Governor at first seemed determined to defend the city, and received the summons with great contempt; but, on the King sending word that "if he was forced to bring his cannon before the place, he must expect no quarter," he accepted the conditions offered him.

when he pleases; and if not, let Him do to us as seems good in his sight.

One thing Mr. Russell bids me add: he sees it is the opinion of some of the great men in town, that if they print that passage of my Lord Scarborough's, forbidding his men to follow the King, it will need a comment; for though it argues, they say, great presence of mind in my Lord to do what he did, yet the common people will not easily understand it. The Papists already say that the King's guards would not fight against King James: that is the use they make of it. If either Lord Portland's[1] or Sir Robert Southwell's[2] letter be printed, as Mr. Russell thinks they will, he will to-morrow, by the post, send your Ladyship one of them. Major Parker was killed on King James's side, which I did not know when I named the other two.

Lord Torrington[3] is expected in town to-night, when the tide

[1] This does not appear to have been printed. It is not in the British Museum, or in the valuable collection of pamphlets in the Library of the London Institution.

[2] Sir Robert Southwell. See Collins's Peerage, vol. vi. p. 539. There is no trace of this letter. Sir Robert Southwell's dispatches, during his embassy in Portugal, were collected and published in 1741.

Upon the death of Edward Southwell, Baron de Clifford, in 1832, the barony fell into abeyance between the *issue* of his three sisters, viz: Catherine, who married George Kien Hayward Cousmaker, Esq.; Sophia, who married John Thomas Townshend, afterwards Viscount Sydney; and Elizabeth, who married William, Earl of Albemarle. Their coheirs were Mrs. Russell, daughter of George Cousmaker, the two daughters of Viscount Sydney, and Augustus Viscount Bury. His Majesty King William IV. was pleased to terminate the abeyance in favor of Mrs. Russell in 1833, who is the present Baroness De Clifford.

[3] Arthur Herbert, descended from Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. He had commanded the Dutch fleet which brought over King William; for which, and other services at the Revolution, he was created Earl of Torrington. He was now first Commissioner of the Admiralty, and commanded in chief the English and Dutch fleets in the unfortunate engagement off Beachy Head, which (as is known) took place the very day before the battle of the Boyne. He had received positive orders to fight

serves. He lays all the fault on the Commissioners of the Admiralty. I wish I knew where to lay that of having tired your Ladyship with an impertinent, tedious letter, full of contradictions, and everything, bating the good news, that can make it need a pardon: but all this must lie (till that takes it off) on,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged affectionate

Servant and Sister,

F. R.

LADY FRANCES RUSSELL TO LADY MARGARET RUSSELL.

Russell Street, July 12, 1690.

I RECKON, Madam, I have very ill luck if the news letters and mine come to Woburn together, and those happen to be first opened, because I can write nothing but what is common to both that will bear reading; for that reason this will be a very intolerable letter, there being no news stirring that I know of, only what comes dropping from Ireland, and, to be sure, that has reached you before this will. Waterford, and Wexford, and Cork are delivered up, and King James is gone from Port Duncannon with only the Duke of Berwick, Tirconnel, Powis, and his son Fitzjames, grand prior of England; some say Lawson is gone with him too, but others say he stays to dispose of the French that he commanded. The business of Ireland is so well over, that the King has sent over some of his men already, who are expected at Chester within a few days:

the French fleet wherever he met with it, and therefore engaged 82 ships with 56. In spite of this overwhelming inferiority, he succeeded in saving from destruction the fleets committed to his charge. But England, even then, before the unexampled triumphs of the last twenty years of her naval history, could not brook a failure of victory. Lord Torrington was deprived of his command, and committed to the Tower. He was afterwards tried by a court-martial and acquitted, but never again employed. He died without children in 1716, and his title became extinct.

this I am told, but Mr. Russell does not believe it. The printed papers speak so largely of the condition Dublin was found in, that I need say nothing of that. I hope we have not lost many men, for not above 10,000 of our army ever engaged the enemy. They talk hotly to-day of the French being landed in the West, but Mr. Russell says he hopes it is not so, because he could not hear it from any good hand, though it is said several expresses have brought that news; he bids me say, though, that he is well assured Lord Pembroke, Lord Macclesfield, Sir Robert Howard, Sir Henry Goodrich, and Sir Thomas Lea, go down to-morrow morning, to inquire into the miscarriages of the fleet. Lord Torrington's sentence is not difficult to foretell, when the jury is so well chosen; besides his having so considerable a party among the sea-captains. Monsieur Jourville, the French admiral, sent ours word by a Portugal ship, that he found his Lordship was not ready yet, but that he would stay for him till the latter end of August. Mr. Russell had this from several captains that were aboard the fleet. Mr. Montague, the clerk of the council, asked your brother how he could unriddle one expression in Tirconnel's letter to the late Queen. "We have no hopes," said he, "unless Mr. Jones's negotiation succeeds." It is too late for me to endeavor now to do it, for the post is just going; besides, Mr. Russell teases me so to make an end, that I hardly know what I do. He sees I can design to write nothing more but strong lines. I am afraid it will be strong nonsense then, for I have done nothing sensible all this day. I fancy, Madam, you have had a great deal of trouble with my sister, and I dare say she a great deal of pleasure; it would have been so to me if I had been in her place. I know not what to say for the blot on the other side, but that I never saw it till my letter was almost written; then it was impossible to write it over again. I have sent your Ladyship a Help to Devotion, but we shall be beforehand with you, for to-morrow it is to be read in all the churches. I wish they had chosen a more distinguishing day, that we (might) have known our friends from our foes. I am troubled to hear

of my Lady Russell's illness, but I hope it will soon be over. It is well for your Ladyship I have so good a monitor sits by me, for I am so well pleased with my employment, that I should not know when to make an end, but he considers better than I should have done, that the conclusion is always the best part of any letter written by,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most affectionate
humble Servant and Sister,
F. Russell.

Be pleased, Madam, to tell my Lord, that Mr. Russell and I present our most humble duties to his Lordship.

For the Right Hon. the Lady Margaret Russell,
at Woborne Abbey, Bedfordshire.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I assure you, good Doctor, I was very well pleased this evening to receive another letter from you; and much more than ordinary, because your last had some gentle hints in it, as if you thought I had taken some offence, though you kindly again said, you could not or would not imagine it, not being conscious of omission or commission, and indeed you have good reason for saying so; I will at any time justify you in it, and do more commend your belief, that I either had not your letters, or was not well, than I could your mistrust of me for what will never happen. But an old dated paper has convinced you, and a newer had, if I had known where to have found you; for, in yours of the 5th of August, you intimate that you meant (if it did not too much offend the eyes of a friend of mine that were weak) to make a stay at Windsor of ten days longer, and made no mention then whither you went. Now, truly, I had that letter, when I was obliged to write much to such as would congratulate my being well again, some

in kindness, and some in ceremony. But so it was, that when I went to write, I found I should not know where to send it; so I deferred it till I had learned that. I sent to Mrs. Smith; she could not tell. I bid John send to Richard at Stratton to know if you were at Chilton, for I know Lady Gainsborough was not there then, but now you have informed me yourself.

By report I fear poor Lady Gainsborough is in new trouble: for though she has all the help of religion to support her, yet that does not shut us out from all sorrow; it does not direct us to insensibility if we could command it, but to a quiet submission to the will of God, making his ours as much as we can. Indeed, Doctor, you are extremely in the right to think that my life has been so embittered, it is now a very poor thing to me; yet, I find myself careful enough of it. I think I am useful to my children, and would endure hard things to do for them till they can do for themselves; but alas! I am apt to conclude if I had not that, yet I should still find out some reason to be content to live, though I am weary of everything, and of the folly, the vanity, the madness of man most of all.

There is a shrinking from the separation of the soul from the body, that is implanted in our natures, which enforces us to conserve life: and it is a wise Providence; for who would else endure much evil, that is not taught the great advantages of patient sufferings? I am heartily sorry, good Doctor, that you are not exempt, which I am sure you are not, when you cannot exercise your care as formerly among your flock at Cotenham.[1] But I will not enlarge on this matter, nor any other at this time. That I might be certain not to omit this respect to you, I have begun with it, and have many behind, to which I must hasten, but first desire you will present my most humble service to my Lady; I had done myself the honor to write to her, just as I believe she was writing to me, but I will thank her yet for that favor. Either trouble or the pleasure of

[1] Dr. Fitzwilliam was ejected as a Nonjuror.

her son's settlement engrosses her, I apprehend, at this time, and business, I know, is an attendant of the last.

I am, Sir,

Your constant friend and servant,

R. Russell.

Woborne Abbey, Aug. 28, 1690.

DEAN TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

Edmonton, Oct. 9, 1690.

Honored Madam—

Since I had the honor of your letter, I was tempted to have troubled you with one of mine upon the sad occasion of your late great loss of two so near relations, and so near together.[1] But I considered, why should I pretend to be able either to instruct or comfort my Lady Russell, who hath borne things much more grievous with so exemplary a meekness and submission to the will of God, and knows, as well as I can tell her, that there is no remedy in these cases but patience, nor any comfort but in the hopes of the happy meeting of our deceased friends in a better life, in which sorrow and tears shall have no more place to all eternity!

And now I crave leave to impart something of my own trouble to your Ladyship. On Sunday last the King commanded me to wait upon him the next morning at Kensington. I did so, and met with what I feared. His Majesty renewed his former gracious offer, in so pressing a manner, and with so much kindness, that I hardly knew how to resist it. I made the best acknowledgments I could of his undeserved grace and favor to me, and begged of him to consider all the consequences of this matter, being well assured that all the storm, which was raised in convocation the last year by those who will be the Church of England, was upon my account, and that the Bishop of

[1] The death of her sister, the Countess of Montagu, and of her nephew, Wriothesley Baptist, Earl of Gainsborough.

L—— was at the bottom of it, out of a jealousy that I might be a hindrance to him in attaining what he desires, and what I call God to witness I would not have. And I told his Majesty, that I was still afraid that his kindness to me would be greatly to his prejudice, especially if he carried it so far as he was then pleased to speak; for I plainly saw they could not bear it; and that the effects of envy and ill-will towards me would terminate upon him. To which he replied, that if the thing were once done, and they saw no remedy, they would give over, and think of making the best of it; and therefore he must desire me to think seriously of it, with other expressions not fit for me to repeat. To all which I answered, that, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, I would consider of it again, though I was afraid I had already thought more of it than had done me good, and must break through one of the greatest resolutions of my life, and sacrifice at once all the ease and contentment of it; which yet I would force myself to do, were I really convinced that I was in any measure capable of doing his Majesty and the public that service which he was pleased to think I was. He smiled, and said, You talk of trouble; I believe you will have much more ease in it than in the condition in which you now are. Thinking not fit to say more, I humbly took leave.

And now, Madam, what shall I do? My thoughts were never at such a plunge. I know not how to bring my mind to it; and on the other hand, though the comparison is very unequal, when I remember how I saw the King affected in the case of my Lord of Shrewsbury,[1] I find myself in great strait, and would not for all the world give him the like trouble. I pray God to direct me to that which He sees and knows to be best,

[1] When that Earl resigned the post of Secretary of State, about 1690, the King sent Tillotson, and all those who had most credit with the Earl, to divert him from his resolution; but all was to no purpose. The agitation of mind this gave him, threw him into a fever which almost cost him his life. The King pressed him to keep the seals till his return from Ireland, though he should not act as secretary, but he could not be prevailed upon.—Burnet, vol. iv. p. 80. Ox. 1823.

for I know not what to do. I hope I shall have your prayers, and would be glad of your advice, if the King would spare me so long. I pray God to preserve you and yours.

I am, honored Madam, &c.

Jo. Tillotson.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. TILLOTSON.

Your letters will never trouble me, Mr. Dean; on the contrary, they are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, overburdened mind, which both by nature and by accident, is made so weak, that I cannot bear, with that constancy I should, the losses I have lately felt; I can say, Friends and acquaintances Thou hast hid out of my sight, but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. These were young, and as they had began their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are those whom God retires in his grace—I trust these were so; and then no age can be amiss; to the young it is not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer is all, we know, that we can do towards our own relief in our distresses, or to disarm God's anger, either in our public or private concerns. The scene will soon alter to that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this time of our pilgrimage, vicissitudes of all sorts are every one's lot. And this leads me to your case, Sir.

The time seems to be come that you must put anew in practice that submission,[1] you have so powerfully both tried your-

[1] Lady Russell alludes to Tillotson's letter to Lord Russell on passive obedience, printed in Lord John Russell's life of his ancestor,* who says, "That on receiving the papers he went into an inner room, and after staying some time, upon his return told the Dean he had read the letter, and was willing to be convinced, but could not say he was so; and hoped God would forgive him if he were in error." Tillotson urged Burnet to

* Fourth edition, 1853, p. 319.

self, and instructed others to; I see no place to escape at; you must take up the cross and bear it; I faithfully believe it has the figure of a very heavy one to you, though not from the cares of it; since, if the King guesses right, you toil more now; but this work is of your own choosing, and the dignity of the other is what you have bent your mind against, and the strong resolve of your life has been to avoid it. Had this even proceeded to a vow, it is, I think, like the virgins of old, to be dissolved by the father of your country. Again, though contemplation, and a few friends well chosen, would be your grateful choice, yet if charity, obedience, and necessity, call you into the great world, and where enemies encompass round about, must not you accept it? And each of these, in my mean apprehension, determines you to do it. In short, it will be a noble sacrifice you will make, and I am confident you will find as a reward, kind and tender supports, if you do take the burden upon you; there is, as it were, a commanding Providence in the manner of it. Perhaps I do as sincerely wish your thoughts at ease as any friend you have, but I think you may purchase that too dear; and if you should come to think so too, they would then be as restless as before.

Sir, I believe you would be as much a common good as you can; consider how few of ability and integrity this age produces. Pray do not turn this matter too much in your head; when one has once turned it every way, you know that more does but perplex, and one never sees the clearer for it. Be not stiff, if it be still urged to you. Conform to the Divine Will, which has set it so strongly into the other's mind, and be content to endure; it is God calls you to it. I believe it was

endeavor to prevail on him, but Lord Russell answered he could not tell a lie. It will not now be denied that the opinion which Lord Russell entertained of the duty of a subject was more correct than that of the two worthy and respectable clergymen who attended him; and his asserting that opinion at a moment so solemn, when a different conduct might perhaps have saved his life, ought to make his memory dear to every friend of freedom.

wisely said, that when there is no remedy they will give it over, and make the best of it, and so I hope no ill will terminate on the King; and they will lay up their arrows, when they perceive they are shot in vain at him or you, upon whom no reflection that I can think of can be made that is ingenious; and what is pure malice you are above being affected with.

I wish, for many reasons, my prayers were more worthy, but such as they are, I offer them with a sincere zeal to the throne of grace for you in this strait, that you may be led out of it, as shall best serve the great ends and designs of God's glory.

October, 1690.

DEAN TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

October 25, 1690.[1]

HONORED MADAM—

I am obliged to your Ladyship beyond all expression, for taking my case so seriously into your consideration, and giving me your mature thoughts upon it. Nothing ever came more seasonably to me than your letter, which I received on Wednesday se'nnight, the very night before I was to have given my final answer to the King the next morning. I thank you for it. It helped very much to settle and determine my wavering mind. I weighed all you wrote, both your advice and your arguments, having not only an assurance of your true friendship and good will for me, but a very great regard and deference for your judgment and opinion. I cannot but own the weight of that consideration, which you are pleased to urge me withal; I mean the visible marks of a more than ordinary providence of God in this thing; that the King, who likes not either to importune or to be denied, should, after so obstinate a declining of the thing on my part, still persist to press it upon me with so much kindness, and with that earnestness of persuasion which it does not become me to mention. I wish I could think

[1] From a copy in short-hand, in his commonplace book.

the King had a superior direction in this, as I very believe he hath in some other things of much greater importance.

The next morning I went to Kensington full of fear, but yet determined what was fit for me to do. I met the King coming out of his closet, and asking if his coach was ready. He took me aside, and I told him, that in obedience to his Majesty's command, I had considered of the thing as well as I could, and came to give him my answer. I perceived his Majesty was going out, and therefore desired him to appoint me another time, which he did on the Saturday morning after.

Then I came again, and he took me into his closet, where I told him, that I could not but have a deep sense of his Majesty's great grace and favor to me, not only to offer me the best thing he had to give, but to press it so earnestly upon me. I said I would not presume to argue the matter any further, but I hoped he would give me leave to be still his humble and earnest petitioner to spare me in that thing. He answered, he would do so if he could, but he knew not what to do if I refused it. Upon that I told him, that I tendered my life to him, and did humbly devote it to be disposed of as he thought fit. He was graciously pleased to say, it was the best news had come to him this great while. I did not kneel down to kiss his hand, for without that I doubt I am too sure of it; but requested of him, that he would defer the declaration of it, and let it be a secret for some time. He said he thought it might not be amiss to defer it till the Parliament was up. I begged further of him, that he would not make me a wedge to drive out the present Archbishop;[1] that some time before I was nominated, his Majesty would be pleased to declare in Council, that since his lenity had not had any better effect, he would wait no more, but would dispose of their places. This I told him I humbly desired, that I might not be thought to do anything harsh, or which might reflect upon me, for now that his Majesty had

[1] Sancroft, who was deprived on his refusal to take the oaths. Tillotson, says Burnet, was always looked upon by a large party as an usurper, and Sancroft as the real Archbishop.

thought fit to advance me to this station, my reputation was become his interest. He said, he was sensible of it, and thought it reasonable to do as I desired. I craved leave of him to mention one thing more, which, in justice to my family, especially to my wife, I ought to do, that I should be more than undone by the great and necessary charge of coming into this place, and must, therefore, be an humble petitioner to his Majesty, that if it should please God to take me out of the world, that I must unavoidably leave my wife a beggar, he would not suffer her to be so; and that he would graciously be pleased to consider, that the widow of an Archbishop of Canterbury (which would now be an odd figure in England),[1] could not decently be supported by so little as would have contented her very well, if I had died a Dean. To this he gave a very gracious answer—I promise you to take care of her.[2]

Just as I had finished the last sentence, another very kind letter from your Ladyship was brought to me, wherein I find your tender concern for me, which I can never sufficiently acknowledge. But you say, the die is now cast, and I must now make the best I can of what I lately thought was the worst that could have happened to me. I thank God I am more cheerful than I expected, and comfort myself as I can with this hope, that the providence of God, to which I have submitted my own will in this matter, will graciously assist me to discharge, in some measure, the duty He hath called me to.

I did not acquaint my good friend, who wrote to you, with all that had passed, because it was intended to be a secret, which I am sure is safe in your hands. I only told him, that his Majesty did not intend, as yet, to dispose of this place: but when he did it, I was afraid it would be hard for me to escape.

[1] Only two, who had filled the see of Canterbury, had been married—Cranmer and Parker.

[2] King William granted Tillotson's widow an annuity of 600*l.*, and forgave the first fruits; for the Archbishop left nothing to his family but the copy of his posthumous sermons, which was afterwards sold for 2,500 guineas. His widow died Jan 20, 1701–2.

The King, I believe, has only acquainted the Queen with it; as she came out of the closet on Sunday last, commanded me to wait upon her after dinner, which I did; and after she had discoursed about other business (which was to desire my opinion of a treatise sent her in manuscript out of Holland, tending to the reconciliation of our differences in England) she told me that the King had with great joy acquainted her with a secret concerning me, whereof she was no less glad; using many gracious expressions, and confirming his Majesty's promises concerning my wife.

But I am sensible this is an intolerable letter, especially concerning one's self.

I had almost forgot to mention Mr. Vaughan's[1] business. As soon as he brought your Ladyship's letter hither to me I wrote immediately to Whitehall, and got the business stopped.

The Bishop of St. David's[2] had written up for some minister of a great town, but a small living in that diocese, that it might be bestowed on him for his pains in that great town. The pretence is fair, but if the minister is no better a man than the Bishop, I am sure he is not worthy of it. I have been twice to wait on my Lord Nottingham about it, but missed of him. When I have inquired further into it, if the thing be fit to be done I will do my best for Mr. Vaughan. And I beg of your Ladyship to make no difficulty of commanding my poor service upon any occasion, for I am always truly glad of the opportunity.

I cannot forbear to repeat my humble thanks for your great concernment for me in this affair.

That God would multiply his best blessings upon your Lady-

[1] Probably a relation to Lady Russell, whose first husband was Lord Vaughan, eldest son to the Earl of Carbery.

[2] Watson, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge (the see was vacant five years), Bishop of St. David's, was deprived for simony, 1699, by Archbishop Tennison. He took the oaths to King William, yet continued attached to King James.

ship and your children, and make them great blessings and comforts to you, is the daily prayer of,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble servant,

J. T.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY RANELAGH.[1]

MADAM—

I have now before me yours of the 12th, and can read it with the same eagerness as when it came first to me, and so must anybody that you show so much favor to as to entertain them in the like manner. Every one is an instruction for a whole life, and a nourishment for many days; and indeed I had yet, I think, fed on it longer without exciting you to new trouble, the rather because my servant sent me word you had been more than ordinary indisposed, but, blessed be God, he says you are not so now. And therefore I submit, in order to the design I have to serve a very good Lady all I can, to trouble your Ladyship, and to consult you, if you please, in the matter. And I think you are never displeased on such occasions, more especially if you can have opportunity to be instrumental in effecting what does good to any. Now to my business.

We are told that Mr. Middleton is in a dying condition; his place in the Prize Office is worth about 400*l.* a year. It is, though, as I apprehend, so only during a war, and so the less valuable; however, Lady Ann Wingate would be contented if it could be obtained for Sir Francis. I believe Lady Anglesey[2]

[1] Wife of Robert Jones, Earl of Ranelagh, a man of great parts and as great vices. He had the art of pleasing masters of very different tempers and interests, so much that he continued above thirty years in great posts, and was looked upon as one of the ablest men Ireland had bred.—Tindal.

[2] Most probably Elizabeth, daughter of John Earl of Rutland, widow of James Earl of Anglesey.

is the tenderer in the point, by reason Mrs. Middleton is so intimate a friend. And truly, though I am not so, I would not do so unworthy a thing as to solicit to her prejudice. But how it is so, if one desires to see a reversion be not granted to some other than our friend, I do not understand; yet would certainly cease if I did. Your Ladyship will better know that than I do. But if it does her no wrong, I dare say you would most willingly gratify your friend Lady Anglesey and her daughter, in doing what can be for them; and as such I address myself to your Ladyship, from whom I can ask no more than when you see Lord Devonshire to mention the thing to him, and your wishes in it; and if you think fit, as a thing you know I offered to him, from my Lord Bedford and my own account; though I know there will not want that to enforce when he knows your will in it, I know so well his respect to your Ladyship. However, Lord Bedford and myself would show our readiness to serve my Lady Anne and Sir Francis, and the more friends join will not recommend it less to my Lord Devonshire, if he can do anything in it.

I have written to him Lord Bedford's thoughts of Sir Francis; which are, that he is an understanding honest gentleman; and has almost exceeded any in this country in his zeal and activeness towards the present government.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD DEVONSHIRE.

My Lord—

Because I think all apologies are troublesome, I will not make any for sending you this paper, which comes to your Lordship with a joint request from my Lord Bedford and myself if you can befriend us in it. I know your Lordship needs not be pressed; your own nature moves you to oblige petitioners as many as you can. The business is this: we hear that Mr. Middleton is very near dying; he has a place in the Prize Office; it is worth about 400*l.* a year. Sir Francis Wingate,

a gentleman in this country, that married a daughter of Lady Anglesey, would fain succeed him: my Lord Bedford would most willingly gratify him if he could. The character he gives him, is, that he is an honest understanding gentleman, and has showed all the zeal and good affection to the present government that is possible for any man to do with an activeness irreprovable.

My Lady Ranelagh will, I guess, let you see she is engaged in this matter, which I will say no more in; but if it is in your Lordship's way to do him the courtesy, I shall be glad. If it is not, I shall be sorry for this trouble I have been engaged to give your Lordship, whose humble servant I am, for my whole life.

LADY RUSSELL TO MADAME ROUVIGNY.

Dieu nous a frappée, ma chère Madame, d'un coup qui nous paroit fort rude; mais Dieu ne pense pas comme l'homme pense, et il faut croire qu'il ne prend pas plaisir à tourmenter ses pauvres créatures. Mais que songions-nous, que Dieu salût se détourner de son chemin en ses providences pour notre contentement. Non, assurément; il faut nous supporter le mieux que nous puissions sur toutes sortes d'évènements, et vivre en espèrance qu'un jour nous verrons plus clairement la raison de tous ses noirs dispensations qui nous attaquent qui nous touchent si vivement.

Madame, je ne combats pas votre vive douleur, vous le devoyez, à un fils, et à un homme si brave et si aimé ôté du monde.[1]

Il a aussi toutes sortes de consolations qu'on peut possible atteindre, en la manière de sa mort: en toutes ses dernières actions, mon âme me fait fort espérer qu'il fut accepté, et que

[1] Mons. Rouvigny (eldest brother of De Rouvigny, Earl of Galway, extinct in 1723), a gallant officer, slain fighting under King William at the battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1690.

son âme se repose en le bras de cet Sauveur en qui il se reposoit avec tant de foy. Dieu veut, Madame, que vous et moy faisons nos devoirs en telle sorte que les accidents qui nous peuvent arriver ne nous detournent pas des sentiers de Dieu; mais au contraire nous ayant à passer doucement les peu de jours qui nous restent devant que nous entrons dans ces délices éternelles qu'il nous prepare. Jusqu'à ce heureux moment,

Je suis, &c.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THERE is so much in those little sheets you sent me to thank you for, that finding myself very ill-fitted to do it, I was tempted to let it quite alone till I made shift to consider that, for the most part, our temptations incline us to the worst things, and to the most forbidden tempers. This makes me rise from that listlessness I continually drop into till I have at least told you how sensible I am of your kindness on all occasions; and I am sensible, too, how strong and pious all your offers of comfort to a disquieted mind are, and I hope that by often perusing them they will so affect me, that the effect shall correspond to your Christian wishes and prayers for me, and I shall obtain a better freedom of mind than I am mistress of at present, since you conjecture very truly, every new stroke to a weary, battered carcass makes me struggle the harder; and though I lost with my best friend all the delights of living, yet I find I did not a quick sense of new grief, for want of due considering, that whatever below God is the object of our love, will, at some time or other, be the matter of our sorrow. These two, my sister[1] and a dear sister's son,[2] began their course after me, and have ended it sooner. I would have had it otherwise, but I was vain and foolish in it. God knows where it is best to place his creatures. Your prayers are indeed of more use than your

[1] Elizabeth, Countess of Montagu.

[2] Wriothesley Baptist, Earl of Gainsborough, died September, 1690.

fears, for my health is good, but I love greatly the prayers of my friends that I may be resigned in the case of my children, for this trial has so experienced to me my sad weakness that I doubt myself, and humbly beg in mercy, but not in judgment, that I may be spared that trial.[1]

LADY RUSSELL TO THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

I HAVE, my Lord, so upright an heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have had no doubt, but that one I so distinguished in that little number God has yet left me, does join with me to lament my late losses.[2] The one was a just, sincere man, and the only son of a sister and a friend I loved with too much passion; the other my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly.

It pleases me to think that she deserves to be remembered by all those that knew her. But, after above forty years' acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present embittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when anything below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be a matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low; the world does not want me, nor I want that; my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that in some measure kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together,

[1] Conclusion wanting.

[2] The deaths of the Earl of Gainsborough and Lady Montagu, mentioned in the previous letter.

thoughts that are joy enough for one, who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot, and such pleasures in educating the young folks as surmounts the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy, not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here, than they or I be rejected in that other blessed peaceful home to all ages, to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be borne than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old; but methinks it is a violence upon nature.

A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts. Yet I hope I master all murmurings; if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied that, whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done and shall do, will be best, and justify both his justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle; but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However, it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially

Your, &c.

Oct. 16, 1690.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD CAVENDISH.

Though I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The

separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montagu was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion. They both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hope shall have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear Lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, whilst you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world, without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended, before we think we have gone half way; and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my Lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it.

Your, &c.

Oct. 29, 1690.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THOUGH your letter to me, which I now answer, was written from Windsor, 25th January, yet was not read by me till very lately; for it happening to come in a time I was under some more than ordinary discomposure of mind, it was not given into my hand, at least I knew it not, but laid it (or, as I believe, my servants laid it for me) in a place I used to put things out of my pocket into, and happened not to regard it in several days, or I would have said something upon it a little sooner, being through God's goodness in a great measure relieved from my fear for my poor boy, who, on Tuesday was se'ennight, had so violent a cough, that in a day after, it gave suspicions of some other ill attending it. Measles I thought

most likely; and spots did appear on Thursday, and so high, with such an aspect, that the doctor thought it the smallpox. On Friday he was so sick and so ill, I sent for more doctors, and three of them feared it the smallpox, and if so, of the worst that could be, but they said till Sunday they could not be positive. It pleased God they saw enough on Saturday night to ease my heart so much as to assure me it was the measles. He has gone on very well since, and is now past the measles themselves, and I hope will in a little time be so of the ill consequences which often follow that disease; his cough is still remaining, and will now, I believe, till he purges or bleeds. I trust that as I have had grace to ask it, so his life is granted me in mercy and not in judgment.

As to your affairs, they stand as they did, for many reasons; I went that very Tuesday my child fell ill, to have seen the Queen, in order a day or two after to have seen the Princess; but it so fell out I saw neither, and must not for awhile; neither have I seen the Dean[1] since you went the last time: he had a severe cold upon him, and said he would go into the country for air. Your information concerning the Dean, I believe in part to be true, but not in the whole; as thus: I believe the Dean thinks it is fit Mr. Hartlib should be considered; but never pitched on this, or that, only that he should have something, but did not recommend him to this; and I conclude so far, from this reason, that when Dr. Sharp spoke to the Lord Nottingham, to desire so much as to know whether he had spoke to the King in such an one's behalf or not, that he might recommend such an one (Jekyl by name), or whether he would think fit to do it at all?—his answer was, it was out of his hand: it lay between the King and the Dean, for Hartlib had been recommended, and the Dean of St. Paul's had put in a caveat.

Now if the Dean had recommended the man, he might then at the same time have obtained the condition, and not put in a caveat. So I do not go upon what the Dean says, but what

[1] Of St. Paul's, Dr. Tillotson.

I gather otherwhere; though I faithfully believe anything he says to be true. As to Mr. Jekyl, he speaks as well of him as you can do yourself; but whether he will labor to put by Mr. Hartlib, that he may be recommended, I cannot tell; when I see him I will do all I can to serve you, if it goes his way. I dare be confident he will take a due care you shall not be put upon anything that will be a contradiction to your circumstances.

As to the Prebendary, I know not what to say to it. If you are not obliged to swear, why should you not modestly represent the matter where it will be understood? though I would advise you to be cautious, and make sure of something first, if that can be.

I am sorry you jar so with a prelate that I am sure was tender towards you, in the beginning of this Government, and you believed it, and there was good reason to do so; but it seems he did something afterwards contrary to the first beginnings, which I am also sorry for, and wish you would soften (for your own sake) as much as you can. You must needs think, Doctor, that the provocation the Bishop of Ely[1] has given, does you no service, every one knowing your intimacy there; yet as there is no reason you should, so I assure myself you will not suffer from it. But, on the other hand, you should be a little more wary: one should be wise, though harmless as doves. You may remember Lord Carmarthen said you was too late; which looks as if he knew the business: and yet the Dean and he are not great, that is, I mean the Dean is not his creature, though he may, and has, I believe, a respect for him; but his affairs lie in another way than to call him to be often where he is. If you saw how many walks I fetch to my boy in a day, you would think I have done a great work to scribble all this, from

Your friend and servant.

Feb. 5, 1690–1.

[1] Francis Turner, deprived for not taking the oaths. Burnet mentions him as being concerned in the plan to bring back King James during King William's absence at the Hague.—Hist. vol. iv. p. 119. Ox. 1823.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

June 23, 1691.[1]

HONORED MADAM—

I received your Ladyship's letter, together with that to Mr. Fox, which I shall return to him on Wednesday morning, when I have desired Mr. Kemp to send him to me.

I entreat you to give my very humble service to my Lord of Bedford, and to let his Lordship know how far I have been concerned in this affair. I had notice first from Mr. Attorney-General[2] and Mr. Solicitor,[3] and then from my Lord , that several persons, upon the account of publishing and dispersing several libels against me, were secured in order to prosecution. Upon which I went to wait upon them severally, and earnestly desired of them that nobody might be punished upon my account. That this was not the first time I had experience of this kind of malice, which, how unpleasant soever to me, I thought it the wisest way to neglect, and the best to forgive it.[4] None of them said anything to me of my Lord Russell, nor did it ever come into my thought to hinder any prosecution upon his account, whose reputation, I can truly say, is much dearer to me than mine own; and I was much more troubled at the barbarous usage done to his memory, and especially since they have aggravated it by dispersing more copies; and, as I find by the letter to Mr. Fox, are supported in their insolence by a strong combination, I cannot but think it very fit for my Lord Bedford to bring them to condign punishment.

Twice last week I had my pen in my hand to have provoked you to a letter; and that I might once in my life have been beforehand with you in this way of kindness. I was both times hindered by the breaking in of company upon me. The errand

[1] From his draught in short-hand.

[2] Sir George Treby, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

[3] John Somers, afterwards Lord Somers.

[4] Upon a bundle of libels found among his papers after his death, he put no other inscription than this: "These are libels; I pray God forgive the authors; I do."—Sherlock.

of it would have been to have told you that, whether it be from stupidity, or from a present astonishment at the danger of my condition, or from some other cause, I find that I bear the burden I dreaded so much a good deal better than I could have hoped. David's acknowledgment to God runs in my mind: "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto? and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God."[1] I hope that the same providence of God, which hath once overruled me in this thing, will some way or other turn it to good.

The Queen's extraordinary favor to me, to a degree much beyond my expectation, is no small support to me; and I flatter myself with hopes that my friends will continue their kindness to me; especially that the best friend I ever had will not be the less so to me now that I need friends most.

I pray to God continually to preserve you and yours, and particularly at this time, to give my Lady Cavendish a happy meeting with her Lord, and to grant them both a long and happy life together.

I am, Madam,
Your most faithful and humble servant,
Jo. Cant.

LADY RUSSELL TO HER CHILDREN.[2]

My deare Child—

I write ys upon the 21st of July 91—a day of sad rememberances to me it being that whereon your excelent father was

[1] 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

[2] This most interesting letter was found in the year 1850, on the examination of some papers of the Marquis of Rockingham, at Rockingham Castle, by the late Hon. Richard Watson. That gentleman presented it to the Duke of Bedford, with a hope that it might appear in a new edition of Lady Russell's letters. Any comment on the letter would be superfluous. It has been judged best that it should be an exact facsimile of the original; and it is, therefore, not altered as the other letters have been, in conformity to the custom of the present day.

taken from us with much severity to my lasting sorrow, & yr losse.

I have not yet omited on ys day (but when prevented by sickness) to humble & afflict my selfe under the mighty hand of God, pouring out my soul before Him in prayer & fasting.

As, first to testifie my humiliation for al my sins, for my having ofended God in so many & so frequent breaches of my baptismal vow, my Sacrament vows, and al those vows, I have at any other time made of a better & more strict obedience to al his holy comandments.

I recolect as wel as I can what they have bin—and make my resolutions to do better for the time to come—and, as a help to my memory, I did now look over som notes I had by me of som former examination ; at other times I have done it by considering all the pasages of my life which I have by me, noted in a paper after the same manner I set yours downe, & gave it you when you first received the Sacrament.

And as I ame humbled for my owne sins, so I am likewise for the sins of the family, which may have caused so heavy a judgment on it, as the taking your father from us (by so uncomon a way) seemes to us to be.

I pray that my zeal & devotion in religious dutys may be quickned yt I may have true sence of my duty to God & man, with an encrease of grace to my live's end.

This is the spiritual good I aske.

and the same petition I make for you all, with as much fervour as I ame capable of

the temporal good I aske & pray for is

to blesse the family he has so gratly chastised (he has said he wod punish to the third & fourth generation but have mercy upon thousands) I pray that it may henceforth, be prosperous & exemplary in Vertue, that ther sins may not keep back mercies from the family, but ther piety obtaine blessings on it—that you, my children may have healthful bodys & good understandings, and be happy under your several circumstances, also

to lengthen your days upon earth as a blessing & not in judgment.

I also pray that I may do my duty in that state of life he has put me in & most especialy towards you my children, & to be so blest in my endevers that you may all be fruitful in good works to your lives end, and also enjoy a competency of this worlds goods—also that I may be fitted for all his determinations, and to som degree cheerfuly resigned—I pray for all mankind, & in perticuler as the present circumstances require

I do also as neer as I can recolect al Gods signal mercies to me & mine ; & bless & praise him for them

Doctor patrick's book of prayers (caled ye devout Christian) furnished me now—his large form of devotion page 477[1] has both thanksgiving and confession in it.

After my time spent thus ; and reading two sermons that the then Doctor Burnet[2] preached before yr father the day before he died, and also those sheets of paper that he writ for me, what had hapened in discourse between them, you will sure my child beleve that all I say proceeds from a heart & mind put into as good a frame & temper as I can bring them to & consequently as free from al undue pasions & partialitye; ful of good will to all mankind & especialy to all good soules, having truly endevered to set al right, betweene God & my own soule—and beleve me the doing so faithfuly afords a tranquility & a quiet within that is not to be expresed. And yet I must own yt the reading Doctor Burnet's papers as they must bring

[1] The Hearts' Ease ; or a Remedy against all Troubles," with a consolatory Discourse to prevent immoderate Grief for the loss of Friends. Lond. 1671. 8vo.

[2] Two sermons before the Lord William Russell, in Newgate, July 20, 1683, the day before he suffered. Rev. xiv. 13: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours: and their works do follow them."—Psalm xxiii. 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

fresh before my eyes such sad scenes as to my own perticular condition upon earth, so I can't say I ame without sorowful thoughts, but not murmuring ones I hope, I pray that they may not be such and indeed it is a mighty help to me, that they should not be so, the reasonable ground I have to hope your dear father is happy in a better state, that posibly his violent death, might be his punishment for the errours of his life, & he is now comforted & joyful to all Eternity, past al the toyles and temptations, and snares and labours of this short life; which is our day of exercise probation and tryal, fur that to come. O Blessed state where I have ful but humble hope to meet againe never to part any more, tho the weakest and unworthyst of God's servants, but we serve a god is pityful and gracious, he knows our frames, & has ye compations of a father; and wil alow for such failings as are incident to humane frailty, when he sees our hearts sencere; if our conscience do not condemne us, & accept us & give us safe & free accesse into his presence; tho our conquest of sin be not compleat, yet our resolutions & endevors must be to mortifie it in every kind; som wil carefuly refrain in som sins, but be indulgent, to others, be strict, in som dutys, but loose and slack in others; as if they hop't to expiate the one by the other, but this wil make us liable to inward rebuke, & to open confusion at the last: St. Paul says twas his daily practice to have a conscience void of offence towards God & towards man, and the psalmist says, if I regard iniquity in my heart the lord wil not hear my praier.

And now my child beleve your mother, ther is, nothing now in this world can touch me very sorely but my childrens consernes (bating religion) and altho I love your bodys but too wel, yet if my heart deceve me not tis as nothing in comparison of your more pretious souls. When I have the least jealousy that any of you, have ill inclinations, or not so good as I wod, gladly have them, or feare that you tread tho' never so little out of the right path O, how it pierces my soul in fear & anguish for yours—if you love or beare any respect for the memory of your father do not endanger a separation from him & me in

the next life. but infinitely above al other argument, is this; that we should not be ungrateful, to that god, that made us, & preserves us; made us be born into this world, that we might be capable of a life to all Eternity, wher innocense & happynes last for ever; to this place of joy and blisse, this is our passage and is to som a more rugged than tis to others, for wise ends, by providence hid from us now, but when we shal have put of these tabernacles of clay, our clarified spirits shal then understand, and admire, adore, & love, the wisdome & power & love of God to his creatures, how lovely wil the beauty of providence be to us then, tho now that we see but the dark side of the cloud, tis often very black & gloomy to us.

remember my child & often turn in your mind al god's benefits as far as you are able to recount them, remember his sending his son to die for our sakes; his leaving us an example howe we should lead our lives—what is leading a holy life, you find in the Bible, be constant in the reading of it, & use yrselfe to make som use of what you read before you lay away the book, consider what vertue is recomended or what vice is forbid, or what doctrine is taught in that chapter you have there read, & think on it often the rest of the day, and doing thus you wil in a little while make it habitual to you, and when you are once wel read in the holy scripture & have wel learned your duty, twil then be alwayes about you. get by heart the sermon on the Mount: 5. 6. 7 chap. of St. Mathew. the 17 of St John is also a fine chap: to get by heart, so is 8 to rom: the 19 & 37. psal: & the 7 penitential ones.

When you goe to bed before you kneel to pray—think a while what has passed that day, and confesse, and blese god accordingly—againe in the morning think what is to be done, that day, that you can foresee, and arme yourselfe accordingly —and doing that, if you should be cut of by sudden death, you have as (it) were but one day to answer for

I wil tel you what I do in these perticulers.

My method is this

night & morning before I kneel to pray. I consider what has

passed that day; what I have done, & what left undone; or if any perticuler providence has befallen me—and then as I hinted before I confesse & bless God accordingly in my praiers.

I carry about me a little piece of paper, and writ in it æither at night or in ye morning (if not prevented) to this effect—Saterday. I took some care to day or i was fauty so & so to day—this makes one have a better watch & guard over ons selfe all that day.

And then upon Friday morning, when I have prayd my usual daily prayers (which have bin most constantly for many years those in taler's holy living[1]) before I pray that of intercession pa: 35. I stop=and look upon my dayly notes for that weeke, I recolect my fautes; consider what care i have taken to corect or forsake them—but alas when we do best we shal find enof to be humbled for—therefore I chuse som prayer of confesion most times that in talor's holy living page 302. when I have done it, I make my resolutions to do better for ye time to come, and especialy to watch myselfe where i ame most apt to fal, naming in what I ame so—then I pray som prayer for grace to keep these promises of better obedience—as in pa: 31—for grace to spend our time wel, or page 271. for the grace of faith, hope & charity. then I pray the dayly prayer of intercession that i left of at in pa: 35—after this I praise God for al his blessings to me & all mankind—on these days I do most times the thanksgiving in the comon prayer book, & after these words (loving kindness to us & to al men) I stop & say; perticularly for al the blessings vouchsafed to me, both spiritual & temporal—as that I was born of Christian parents, not suffered to be strangled in the womb, that I was baptized, and sence, educated in Christian Religion, I blesse thee for al checks of Conscience I have had especially those I have profited by—then I proceed to name temporal mercies and deliverances especially of ye weeke, if nothing yt is remark-

[1] Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living." The editions of this celebrated work are so numerous as to render it difficult to point out the references.

able has hapened, however, i bless him for preserving me & mine that week to that time of it. and then I goe on, I bless thee for our creation preservation &c.—close with ye Lords praier.

Now when I have done. I take my paper & consider, what I have been most fauty in this week—as wandering in praier —or neglegent in reading—or passionat—or envious, or what else. I set it downe (in as few words as I can) at the foot of my daily notes for that weeke; and so that is an abridgment for the whole weeke. Saterday morning begins the next weeke

And upon the first Friday in every month, or the last. just before I use my confession—I look upon my notes & consider the actions of the whole month, if nothing but comon has happened the less examination will suffice; only I take care so to recolect as may represent anything that is remarkable or great, either to be matter of sorrow, or thenksgiving (for other things a general care is proportionable) and make my resolutions accordingly—& when i have done my devotions, I set downe in a book (i have to that purpose) at the weekes of that month, as i have made an abridgment of them. & then I tear my piece of paper & take a new one for the next month.

This gets on a habit of a constant watchfulness; and at sacrament times or at any other time that i wod examine myselfe, I find it a great helpe to read this. It saves much time in looking back, and ons thoughts are lesse distracted, and makes our lives more easie to us when we see how we live from one sacrament to another.

And this makes Religion easie, & the mind quiet & ful of tranquility, and tho it may seeme a hard task at first, yet a little use makes it none, tho if it be; for flesh & blood is apt to draw back at the times of devotion, & especialy at such like exercise, yet if it help us to live more innocently, & to state things more reverently and usefully, betweene God & our souls, no pains is to much but on the contrary, doing thus wil upon tryal (I speak it by experience) be found lesse paines to such as meane to be serious in religion; & do desire to do thee duty

wel & with chearfulness; and is hugely more satisfying to the mind, then a more carlesse loose way of living is, and no settled method.

pray do not (without good cause) neglect to pray before you goe out of yr chamber and read a chapter, and let it be your custome also, to read in som good book more or less as your time is (but without scruple) but asure yrselfe tis good to accustome yourselfe to read, tho it be but a leafe or two, and likewise to retire in the afternoons. talor has devotions to this purpose: pa: 39.

Get also ejaculations by heart for divers times in the day, see patrick pa: 274.

On Sunday see patrick. 198 before church, or talor 302. In the afternoone (if I can) I faile not to retire—and use most times, the beginning in talor pa: 306 or (as when my time is short, patrick pa: 35—then I pray god to accept my praises, and forgive my sins of my whole life—the breaches of my baptismal vow, my sacramental vows, and al those resolutions i have made at any other time of my life of a better obedience —then i pray such prayers as I chuse out of talor or patrick, or any other book i like or have by me, and in my own words pray for any perticuler grace or thing I want, & may lawfully or wisely desire for myselfe or frind.

this is the method i have observed for many yeares tho weakly & with great imperfections performed, at al times. You have a little book writ by talor caled the golden grove;[1] out of that & his book of holy living I took derections many years agoe. som interruptions in this course I have bin tempted to, but god in infinit grace to me, by som sicknes or other crosse, brought me back to my duty againe. when your too wel loved father died, I was then indeed very strongly tempted to be lesse in reading or prayer, that having befallen

[1] The "Golden Grove" was written by Taylor during his residence at the seat so called of Lord Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, in Wales; the father of the first husband of Lady Russell.

me, i had soe earnestly prayed might not, but in som time, by god's grace (which he gives to them that aske it in faithfulness) I overcame that wile of the devil, and considered, why should god alter the course of his providence to make me longer hapie in this world, it may be his dying workt towards great ends of providence; it might be that his untimely death, might be punishment for his sins; or those of his family, and after death he is Blessed for ever more. God has said he wil punish to the third & fourth generation but have mercy upon thousands; but we must obtaine this mercy, & avert his judgments by our carful walking in his wayes. My bisness is to profit by this sore affliction, to seek fer patience rather then comfort, & to learne to weane my selfe from loving so pasionately any blessing in this world, which as I have observed before our living in it is our day of exersion probation & tryal for the imployment of Heaven. And I can safely say I have dismised al the esteemed delights of it, sence that stroke, nay, I may add al the innocent pleasures of life I lost with him; but I take that to be a faute; & perhaps is a punishment to me for loving a creature too much, tis a sort of idolatry; but stil I feele my soul to sorely touched when any of you my children are il, I pray & strive al I can against it.

And now my dear child I have but little more to add except to put you in mind to remember this life at longest is but short, & how short none can tel, but if you live crosses wil come, and pleasures wear away—strive to get gospel evedence of ye being a child of god, & having a title to the promises of eternal life, I cal gospel evedence the being able to take my hopes of being saved, by my sencere endeavours I use to live up to the rule of the Bible, therefore read it carefully al your life, learn som of it by heart, som I have named.

Tis this beleve me my deare child, tis the witnesse of an honest & good life in the day of trouble & distresse, no refreshment then but in a wel founded hope to enjoy a happy eternity. and to what a degree that calmes and sweetens the most bitter sorrows is inconcevable by such as have not felt it, as i blesse

god i have ever sence I could get over the astonishment so great & so sudden a blow; when I ame cast downe with som sad reflections what I have lost, I do as soon as I can sum my thoughts to consider that in a short time I shal leave this world & go to a place, when I shal see him who died for me; I shal then know much of the reason of al these providences we do now so little understand, and think so severe. I shal meet al my pious frinds againe, and what a joy wil it be to feele continual springs of pleasure, a perpetual & entire quiet in our own minds, no sicknes, no bad appetite, no passion shal remaine in us, but a constant joy in being extremely good; and that the sence that this wil be perpetual must add a freshness to that fulnes of joy which could not be entire if we did not foresee, wod be endlesse. O Blessed longed for day; yet I am wiling to continue for your good (i think so) but if that care were over, tis very likely flesh and blood wod find som other reason to be wiling to continue, nature shrinks at the separation of soul and body, & ther is a love of living implanted in our natures, and how wel is it that it is so to helpe us to endure the crosses and the toyles and labours of life, yet I can think of this day of death with sweet refreshment & tis pleasantness to my thoughts. O my beloved children take care we meet againe do but experience the pleasure of a wel spent life, & the pure delights of meditating on the future state of Eternity. that you may do so, & love it, to my last breath you wil have the praiers of a truly loving mother: consider my deare that al the inosent delights of life you may take and no axietie of mind with it; but if they shut out religious thoughts and performances, & devour & take up al our time; then indeed we sin; and conscience wil sting at som time or other, and be a sore remembrancer; and check us in our gaietie. but be devout & reguler in your dutys to God—heaven wil be secure, and pleasures innosent.

LADY RUSSELL TO ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

In wants and distresses of all kinds one naturally flies to a sure friend, if one is blessed with any such. This is the reason of the present address to you, which is burdened with this request, if you think it fit, to give the inclosed to the Queen. My letter is a petition to her Majesty, to bestow upon a gentleman a place that is now fallen by the death of Mr. Herbert; it is Auditor of Wales, value about 400*l.* a year. He is, if I do not extremely mistake, fit for it, and worthy of it; he is Knight of the Shire for Carmarthenshire: it would please me on several accounts, if I obtain it. Now everything is so soon chopped upon and gone, that a slow way would defeat me, if nothing else does; and that I fear from Lord Devonshire if he was in town: besides, I should not so distinctly know the Queen's answer, and my success, as I shall I know do by your means, if you have no scruple to deliver my letter; if you have, pray use me as I do you, and in the integrity of your heart tell me so. I could send it to Lady Darby; it is only the certainty of some answer makes me pitch as I do. Nay, perhaps it were more proper to send it to the Queen's Secretary; but I am not versed in the court ways, it is so lately since I have loved them. Therefore be free, and do as you think most fit.

I intend not to detain you long; but the many public and signal mercies we have of late received, are so reviving, notwithstanding the black and dismal scenes which are constantly before me, and particularly on these sad months, I must feel the compassions of a wise and good God, to these late sinking nations, and to the Protestant interest all the world over, and all good people also. I raise my spirit all I can, and labor to rejoice in the prospect of more happy days, for the time to come, than some ages have been blessed with. The goodness of those instruments God has called forth, to work this great work by, swells one's hopes.

July 24, 1691.

LADY RUSSELL TO QUEEN MARY.

May it please your Majesty—

I humbly beg leave to address myself to your Majesty, and to say this truth, that it is a very sensible trouble to me, when I do importune your Majesty; yet I do sometimes submit, because I would not be quite useless to such as hope for some benefit by my means, and I desire to do what good I can.

I know your Majesty feels that life is a labor to the highest: but, Madam, you are blessed with a portion of goodness big enough to be content with it, in order to serve those ends of Providence which are certainly wise and good, though dark to the inhabitants of the earth.

I do, in all humility, ask pardon for my request on the behalf of Mr. Richard Vaughan, that he may succeed Colonel Herbert (lately killed in Ireland) as Auditor of Wales. He is a lawyer, a Welchman, and so well esteemed of in his country, that he serves as Knight of the Shire for Carmarthenshire.[1] I believe him every way fit for the office, or I should not do so much for him, since I think it a great matter to disquiet your Majesty in this kind, and could with more joy pay a considerable duty to your Majesty, than receive a profit for myself or friend; but my meanness and my misfortunes are a bar to all such hopes.

I pray God still to direct and prosper your Majesty, preserve the person of the King, and bless with success all his designs, and so complete his blessing and compassions to all good people all the world over. The late public mercies fills with hopes

Your Majesty's
Most humble, most dutiful,
And most faithful subject.

July 25, 1691.

[1] Related to Lady Russell's first husband. He was not knight of the shire, but represented the town of Carmarthen.

QUEEN MARY TO LADY RUSSELL.

I AM sorry my Lady Russell knows me so little, or judges so wrong of the kindness I have for her, to think she needs make an excuse for writing to me. I shall never think it a trouble to hear from you, and I should be very glad to do what you desire; but as I was wholly unacquainted with the place, and believe there is no great haste in the filling it, so I left all who spoke to me at liberty to write for themselves; so that it is likely the King may have disposed of it before I could let him know your desire. If it comes time enough, I am persuaded he will be as willing to please you in it as I am myself.

You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing as it may be others do; that I lead at present (besides the pain I am almost continually in for the King), it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither easy nor pleasant; but I see one is not ever to live for one's self. I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought, till I lost it; but I must be content with what it pleases God; and this year have reason to praise Him hitherto for the successes in Ireland, the news of which came so quick upon one another, that made me fear we had some ill to expect from other places; but I trust in God that will not be, though it looks as if we must hope for little good either from Flanders or sea. The King continues, God be praised, very well; and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle well over; and for that at sea, I wish it as heartily as Mr. Russell himself.

I have heard nothing all this while of your petition, which I am sorry for, wishing for any occasion to show how really I am, and always shall be,

Your very affectionate friend,

MARIE R.

Whitehall, July 30, 1691.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY (SUPPOSED) ALINGTON.[1]

My dear sister, I have not yet had resolution to speak to you this way, nor know I now what to say. Your misfortune is too big to hope that anything I offer can allay the present rage of your sorrow. I pray for you, and I pity you, which is all I can do; and that I do most feelingly, not knowing how soon your case may be mine; and I want from you, what I would most willingly furnish you with—some consolation and truce from your extreme lamentation.

I hope that by this time your reason begins to get a power over your wasted spirits, and that you will let nature relieve herself. She will do it, if you do not obstruct her. There is a time and period for all things here. Nature will first prevail, but as soon as we can, we must think what is our duty, and pursue it as well as we are able. I beseech God to teach you to submit to this unlooked for, and in appearance sadly severe, Providence, and endue you with a quiet spirit, to wait for the day of consolation, when joy will be our portion to all eternity: in that day we shall meet again all our pious friends; all that have died in their innocence, and with them live a life of innocence and purity and gladness forever. Fit your thoughts with these undoubted truths, my dear sister, as much and as often as is possible. I know no other cure for such diseases; nor shall we miss one, if we endeavor, with God's grace assisting, which He certainly gives to such as ask. God give you refreshments. I am,

Your, &c.

Oct. 10, 1691.

[1] It is very doubtful whether this letter was written to Lady Alington. In the MSS. at Woburn there are several from this lady to Mr. Thornton: no mention is made of her daughter's death; nor does the peerage mention the occurrence.

LADY RUSSELL TO MR. OWEN.

SIR—

How welcome the question I have to ask you will be, I know not, but I am much mistaken if the answer be not to my satisfaction.

I have had advice, and that but very lately, that my Lord Cavendish's friends intends to set him up for Westminster. He is come over, and now with me. I know you were invited by your friends to stand, and therefore suppose you have had an intent to do so. How far you are engaged, I know not, nor how strong you find your interest. I do very well remember you asked me to speak to my Lord Bedford for his; I did it; and his answer was, he wished you a Parliament-man with all his heart, because he thought you would vote well for your country; but having appeared for Phil. Howard, he did not care to be forward in opposing him if he stood. Now I have heard nothing of your concerns since this, and my Lord Bedford was so favorable in the matter, that he meant to move no way in it, till now he understands that Lord Cavendish looks after it. You may believe he cordially assists him: Lord Clare does so too, who else assisted Mr. Bridgman, but he now wants none, having submitted to a signification given him not to pretend to stand if Lord Cavendish did, it being of great concernment that he should not be baffled. Sir Stephen Fox thinks no more of it neither, for as soon as Lord Cavendish was named, he gave it up.[1] Now, Mr. Owen, if you can think fit to give an example, and declare you wish Lord Cavendish well in this thing, and as much as you can, give your interest to him. I find it is believed all others who have pretensions will do so too, except Bonithon, who I hear intends to stand it out to the last, upon a pure Tory interest; therefore I would fain

[1] In the Parliament 1689–90, Sir Stephen Fox was member for Westminster, and in 1695; in the latter, Lord Cavendish was member for Derby.

have it come to a fair trial of skill between the two parties, which it cannot so well do, if Lord Cavendish be not singly at the head of one of them, and that I reckon he will be if you desist. And, indeed, it would be too great a gratification to the Tories to recover at Westminster what they have so lately lost in the city, I mean their credit in elections.

Now, Mr. Owen, I should be glad of your opinion honestly in this matter; you must think that I am greatly concerned in it, and perhaps depended on in relation to you, who are more my acquintance than you are to any of Lord Devonshire's family. I would by no means in the world have my Lord Cavendish contest in this matter and lose it, now at his first entrance into the world; but the good will of so many persons of quality and so approved of by his Majesty is not to be neglected neither; and I believe the good his father did in the House of Commons, when he was Lord Cavendish, will be of advantage to this. And it will not hurt his interest that he is married to my Lord Russell's daughter.

All these things you can weigh much juster than I can lay them before you; and you know your strength, and what may weaken it, if you please to consider it, and when you have done so, if you resolve to oppose us, tell me ingenuously as much, and if you please, your reasons against my Lord's standing, and for your own, it will oblige,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

Oct. 23, 1691.

LADY RUSSELL TO QUEEN MARY.

May it please your Majesty—

The King's safe return into England is so great a subject for rejoicing, with all the other mercies of this year, as it gives me courage to take upon me to congratulate to your Majesty so blessed and so desired a providence, most especially to yourself, and then to all your people, that the intolerable temper of

envy and faction does not influence: blessed be God that their fault becomes their punishment.

My mind being, as it ought to be, as full of the present public joy as I am capable of, I am unwilling to put anything in this paper that is of little moment, or looks like a particular interest. But, because I am very tender of multiplying these kind of troubles to your Majesty, and am also encouraged from your being pleased to take notice I had not presented my petition, that I had humbly asked leave to do, I have at last put it into my Lady Darby's[1] hands to present to your Majesty if you give leave. I could not before now get it done fit (as I thought) to show to your Majesty; and now I have, considering the King's coming was so near you would not order any dispatch to a business like this, I have addressed my petition to his Majesty; and if I may obtain so much grace as your Majesty to recommend it to the King, I cannot doubt my success, though my request was much bigger than it is.

But if this is too much to ask, I humbly hope my fault may not be too great for your Majesty's forgiveness to your Majesty's

Most dutiful and most obedient subject.

Woborne Abbey, Oct. 23, 1691.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY DARBY.

As my Lady Darby is never wanting, so I hope she is never weary of doing good and charitable offices. This that I am now asking from her is of the last degree to me, it being, that my poor child may have the honor and advantage of your protection, and kind prudent advice, now at her first entrance into the world. She has (I think) wit enough to take well either caution or reproof from your Ladyship, and she is unexperienced enough to want it, and never been till now from too fond a mother, I doubt. My Lord Devonshire has called her

[1] Most probably, Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter to Thomas, Earl of Ossory, and wife of William Richard George, ninth Earl of Darby.

out of my sight a little sooner than I thought we should have parted, my Lady Devonshire not being in town; but my Lord gives me so good a reason for it (as the Queen's being best pleased it should be so) that if I had authority to do it, I would not keep her, since I would have all that's mine to pay, as I will ever do, a free obedience to all her Majesty's orders. I believe she will quite lose her credit for a dancer, for I find she cannot walk one dance out, it is so long since she learnt, and she will have so little time to practise, but I encourage her to be content to do ill, rather than do nothing when the Queen bids her do something. She will still grow better I hope, every way a great while. I beg a thousand pardons of my Lady Darby for so long a trouble now, and so lasting an one as I have taken the liberty to ask of her; but a mother's concern will, I trust, excuse all the importunities of one that is, with true and great respect,

Your Ladyship's.

Oct. 28, 1691.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I AM so fully persuaded that Dr. Fitzwilliam knows my thoughts towards him, that I have never doubted he could misinterpret my receiving so well as I did, his kind inquiry after us, that morning I left Stratton; but when I read your note, verily meaning to write a few lines to thank you, I gave no answer for the man, and so I guess he went without any; for I was, by one business or another, so hurried the rest of the time I stayed, that I never remembered what was incumbent on me, and not being put in mind, left it undone, to my vexation when I did remember it.

The solemnity of the time, when I was come here, made me delay till the next week writing to you, and then not taking the first post of that next, my thoughts grew too intent upon the sea affairs, to write letters: but God's holy name be ever praised for the happy close of that great business, which is marvellous

in our eyes. May our praises and thanksgivings in some measure correspond to the good we have received, and that our biggest acknowledgments may not be expressed in ringing of bells and making of bonfires; but in recounting his many, and wonderful, and glorious mercies, and in carefully walking more obediently to his laws, which is all we can return to our benefactor.

Notwithstanding our differences in some things, I am sure Doctor Fitzwilliam joins his thanksgivings with me in this victory[1] over that proud persecutor of the Protestant religion. The express this morning tells us, that the twelve ships Admiral

[1] The Battle of La Hogue. The historian of the House of Russell thus records his feelings on standing on the same spot where James witnessed the conflict: "The writer has stood beside the little Norman church of Querqueville, on the selfsame spot which James selected to view the issue of the battle; and, as he looked over the green waters that dashed around the isles of Marcoa, near which the destiny of the three kingdoms was determined, felt all the exultation of an Englishman at the death-blow which was then dealt to the conjoined energies of bigotry, tyranny, and superstition. James himself, though so fatally interested in that day's decision, could not suppress his admiration when he saw how boldly the English seamen climbed from their little shallops the high sides of the French vessels. *Voila! mes Anglais, comme ils se battent bien!* But it was with slow steps, and all that melancholy mien for which his family was distinguished, that he retired from that rustic churchyard to bury in the convent of La Trappe the memory of his banished greatness." The pencil of M. Schetzky has illustrated this memorable victory, in the large picture now at Woburn Abbey, and the pen of Addison has thus recorded the Admiral's valor:—

> "Here Russell's actions should my muse require;
> And, would my strength but second my desire,
> I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
> And draw his cannons thundering in my verse;
> High on the deck should the great leader stand,
> Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
> Like Homer's Hector where he flung his fire
> Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire."
>
> *Addison to the King.*

Russell had pursued to the French shore were all burnt; the six biggest on Monday night, and the six less on Tuesday morning, with all their guns and ammunition; six were three-deck ships, and the other six, the least was of sixty guns. The fleet is now divided into three parts: the Admiral with one to Brest, to try if he can do anything there; one of the less is to go to eastward, to look after six French ships said to be gone that way; and the other to cross between England and Dunkirk. I believe your newspapers at Chiltern tell you all, but being there is nothing newer, I would do it too; and as one can say nothing but what would be dull, after what I have said, I will conclude this from,

Your friend and servant.

May 26, 1692.

If Mrs. Napier is brought to bed, I would be glad to know it. And, good Doctor, present my service to Lady Worsley and Sir Robert.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I WILL say but little for myself, why you were so long without hearing from me, yet I could say much to my justification, but am more willing to come to the more touching and serious part of your last letter; not but I should be very sorry, indeed, if I suspected you had a thought I were unworthy towards you; I dare say you raise none upon appearances, and other reason you shall never have. In short, my daughter Cavendish being ill, carried me twice a day to Arlington House, where I stayed till twelve and one o'clock at night, and much business, being near leaving London, and my eyes serving me no longer by candle-light, which perhaps was the biggest let of all, and hindered my doing what I desired and ought to do.

But to come to the purpose of yours, which I received the 13th of this lamentable month, the very day of that hard sentence pronounced against my dear friend and husband: it was

the fast day, and so I had the opportunity of retiring without any taking notice of it, which pleases me best. What shall I say, Doctor? That I do live by your rules? No, I should lie. I bless God it has long been my purpose, with some endeavor, through mercy, to do it. I hope I may conclude I grieve without sinning; yet I cannot attain to that love of God, and submission to all his providences, that I can rejoice in; however, I bless Him for his infinite mercy, in a support that is not wrought from the world (though my heart is too much bound up in the blessings I have yet left); and I hope chiefly He has enabled me to rejoice in Him as my everlasting portion, and in the assured hope of good things in the other world.

Good Doctor, we are travelling the same way, and hope, through mercy, to meet at the same happy end of all our labors here, in an eternal rest; and it is of great advantage to that attainment, communicating pious thoughts to each other; nothing on this side of heaven goes so near to it: and being where God is, it is heaven. If He be in our hearts there will be peace and satisfaction, when one recollects the happiness of such a state (which, if my heart deceives me not, I hope is mine), and I will try to experience more and more that blessed promise—"Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you ease." This day and this subject inclines me to be very long, and might to another be too tedious; but I know it is not so to Dr. Fitzwilliam, who uses to feast in the house of mourning. However, my time to open my chamber door is near; and I take some care not to affect in these retirements. In all circumstances I remain,

Sir,

Your constantly obliged friend and servant.

July 21, 1692.

LADY RUSSELL TO RACHEL LADY CAVENDISH.

1692.

I DID not think to have scribbled so soon again to you; but the letters I receive telling me so much of your sister's being to marry my Lord Rosse (*Roos*), I am not easy you should be a stranger to what ground there is for it, which is a very little yet. Two or three days before I left London, Lady Northampton proposed it. I took a little time to consider, and then told her I would entertain it, if my Lord would like my terms; and so I left it, making no great account of it; yet, if I had had a good opportunity, I had told you, but did not think it worth the while to ask you an audience for it. I did ask Lady Devonshire what sort of youth he was. I heard, about a week after I was in the country, Lord Rutland wrote word that he took my offer for a civil put-off; but this day I have a renewing; he is very eager, and seems to be very generous. As I know more, you shall; but, if you are asked, say if there be any such thing, it is in no forwardness, you believe. I hardly see what I write, and my eyes won't endure to do it by a candle. I hate repetition also.

Your affectionate mother.

Sunday.

For Lady Cavendish.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

"Woburn Abbey, Aug. 17, 1692.

MY LORD—

Although I know it to be a very unnecessary thing to express my mind in writing, when Mr. Charlton will be content to deliver it to your Lordship in his own words (which I am sensible would be to my advantage), yet since the concern is so dear to me, and I feel myself so affected with all he tells me of your favor to me and my circumstances, I choose this way to own I am obliged by your Lordship's declaring that you will make me as easy in the payment of my daughter's portion

as I can desire, if I agree to give what my Lord Devonshire had, believing (because I say it) that I never offered less, but from the reason that it was too hard upon me to do so much; and, upon my word, my Lord, I had no other, nor can have towards your Lordship, who is so well able to make what settlements you please; and also being my intentions have ever been (as my affection is) so in all other things to be as equal to them both as God enabled me to be, but not to bind myself to be so; but I find I must do more in respect to my Lord Rutland, and to meet him in his generous way of acting than I meant to do, or would do to any other; and therefore, my Lord, I do not hesitate to declare I did make up (what my Lord Bedford gave his grandchild) 25,000*l.* to Lord Devonshire. I only had four years' time to pay the last 5,000*l.*, and that I will make up the last sum to my Lord Rutland, being he is pleased in my regard, to accept of such times of payment as I can make it in, as 15,000*l.* down, and 10,000*l.* at my death; or if your Lordship likes it better, to make it appear I will do all I can, I will pay 5,000*l.* at the end of so many years as that be agreed upon, and so leave but 5,000*l.* to pay at my death; and I will demand no more years' forbearance than the very short leases of my London houses expiring; this I mention to demonstrate how ready I am to do the whole if I could. Mr. Charlton says your Lordship will settle 12,000*l.* a year, and make all other settlements upon the young people, according to those I had from my Lord Devonshire, which being to my Lord Bedford's satisfaction and my own, there is nothing left for me to lengthen this trouble to your Lordship, besides this profession, that I am, with great respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble servant.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

Woburn Abbey, Sept. 8, 1692.

My Lord—

Good Mr. Charlton came hither yesterday, and found us all engaged to dine eight or ten miles from home, which has made him detain your Lordship's servant till this morning, that I might not want this opportunity to present my Lord of Bedford's and my most humble service to your Lordship, and then by commission from our friend Mr. Charlton, to let you know that Lord Bedford has told him, that if God sees good that the treaty shall proceed so far as marriage, though he should be at London, he will most readily meet my Lord of Rutland at Woburn, to solemnize it there, if your Lordship does not alter your present intention to be at London, or near it, as to privacy, that is approved of, wherever such ceremonies are performed. Mr. Charlton tells me that the paper I sent him of what conditions we had from my Lord Devonshire is approved of by your Lordship, except in one instance, as that of provisions for younger sons, which is an article will not be disputed with your Lordship. I cannot recollect anything more I can now speak to very particularly till counsel has met, which I will endeavor shall be as soon as they will find it convenient to do it; and when we compass that some determination will very quickly follow; and let that be as it will, I am for ever engaged to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble servant.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

Woburne Abbey, Oct. 3, 1692.

My Lord—

It is now about ten days ago that Mr. Charlton sent me a letter from your Lordship, and on Friday last gave me himself

those papers you had desired he would take the care of. Among them is that you are pleased to sign with your own hand. I can, my Lord, truly affirm this, that I never read a letter of yours, or hear what Mr. Charlton says, when he comes from Belvoir, but I find myself under some new obligation to my Lord Rutland, and that puts me under all the disposition that can be to please your Lordship in everything that I can possibly, without such extreme inconvenience as I know your Lordship would not choose to put me to; this I say in respect of time of the general sums that is to be paid, which I hope Mr. Charlton has so represented to your Lordship, that you believe I will strive to accommodate that matter to your Lordship's liking as well as my own, as near as I can do it: and being your hope does so kindly desire the perfecting that treaty now between us, I will most certainly employ myself to that purpose; and it is in order to be that sooner in a capacity to do so, that I send a messenger with this, in which I design to offer a few things to your Lordship's more mature consideration than mine is: the principal is this—whether your Lordship does not think we owe this to the young couple, that they should see one another a little more than they have done (and so at least guess at each other's humor, before we venture to make them, as I hope they shall be, a happy couple), since if your Lordship does so—because I take it for granted that must not happen at London, but Woburn—I conclude it is fit your Lordship should know the time we have to do it in, which is no longer than this month lasts, the beginning of the next being the constant time of Lord Bedford's removing. I perceive Mr. Charlton's zeal that it should be so has made him hope that a very few weeks more would bring all to a close; and I know my Lord of Bedford, though the Parliament will be sitting, and himself the most regular in all his motions of any man I ever saw, yet would lengthen his stay here to compliment your Lordship, if he saw any sort of prospect to compass by doing so what we desire; but I believe we have convinced our friend Mr. Charlton that it will have a just contrary effect, and prevent so early

a conclusion to our treaty as we may otherwise get, considering that your Lordship, my Lord Bedford, and myself are in the country, and the lawyers in London, who have the business in their hands. When I get thither, I promise your Lordship I will be a diligent solicitor, and I would be there before my Lord of Bedford, if I should not leave him too much alone, his daughter Lady Margaret Russell leaving him this week, who she loves very tenderly with great reason, and was never parted from her before, and if my children leave him also, he would be so much alone; and I owe him so much duty, and pay it with so much affection to behave myself so unkindly to him; and besides I can be of no use yet in London, for your Lordship's writings are not to be there till the 20th of this month, and they will take some time to be read in, and when the term is begun, your Lordship knows how little time lawyers will give to those who come to their chambers; but I will suffer no delay I can prevent, and when all is ready, your Lordship may yourself appoint what day Woburn shall have the honor to receive you and my lady, and all your company; and I hope to order it without much trouble to my Lord of Bedford, who will come upon this occasion with so good a will to think it any. Mr. Charlton bid me tell your Lordship he is ready upon notice to meet Lord Rosse at Northampton, or, if your Lordship require it, even at Belvoir; but I believe he would be glad he were summoned before the King leaves, though he says he is resolved to lay all things aside to serve your Lordship; but I believe it would be a hard thing to make good then. I have made this so tedious a paper to read, that I will hasten to sign myself,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble
And obliged Servant.

Give me leave to add this, that Lord Bedford hopes Lord Rosse will visit without ceremony, for if he does, he knew he ought to receive him so, and he is ill prepared to do so, being

so near removing to London; and, however, we think privacy much better, but everything is left to your Lordship's better judgment.

QUEEN MARY TO LADY RUSSELL.

I CONFESS myself lazy enough in writing, yet that has not hindered my answering Lady Russell's letter, but staying for Mr. Russell's own answer, to which you referred me.

I have seen him this day, and find he is resolved to be Mr. Russell still; I could not press him further in a thing he seemed so little to care for, so there is an end of that matter. Whether the King will think I have done it enough or no I cannot tell, but it is not in my nature to compliment, which makes me always take people at their words. I was glad to hear Lord Bedford is so well, and that your eyes are no worse.

You are so taken up I hear with your daughter's marriage, that I will not make my letter any longer; besides it is easier to say many things than to write them, and at present I have not much time; I hope soon to have more by the King's coming, who I expect in a few days, if it please God to give good weather for his journey.

I shall say no more now, but assure you nobody can more sincerely wish you all imaginable satisfaction in what you are about, and all things else, than I do, who am really, and will show myself on all occasions,

Your very affectionate friend,

MARIE R.

Whitehall, Oct. 18, 1692.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

WHILE I can see at all, I must do a little more than I can when God sees it best that outward darkness shall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all society at a distance, which I

esteem exceeding profitable and pleasant; but still, I have full hope I shall rejoice in that He will not deny me his great grace to strengthen me with might, by his Spirit in the inner man. Then I shall walk in the right way, till I reach the joys of eternal endurance.

I must ever thank my friends for their good thoughts of me; if I know my own heart, you are just to me in those that concern that affair; my poor child must have a part, if it take effect. My daily prayers are to be directed by his Holy Spirit, and that it may proceed or fall as He in mercy sees it best. I cannot write long enough together, to say much to the argument you do gently hint your mind concerning it. He has been here a week, and there appears no disposition in him that is blameable, though his age is not enough to compose him skilful in disguise, and so with art to conceal his inclinations; neither are his tender years proof against impressions, and imbibing bad as well as good. The gentleman you mentioned was with him, and, I believe, has done well his duty. His want of complaisance gives me no prejudice, or so little, that if he were my son, I would put him into his hands from me, for some time to the university, where I think our nobility should pass some of their time; it has been for many years[1] neglected; I must use that term, because I think it a proper one.

We are, God prospering our intentions, as near our remove to London, as the middle of this month is to us, where I should hope to meet Lady Gainsborough, but that your last hints nothing of it. Pray present my most humble service unto her, and continue just to me, in believing me to be

Your faithful and affectionate friend to serve you.

Nov. 5, 1692.

[1] Lord Tavistock was sent in the following year to the University of Oxford.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THE kindest marks you can give me, good Doctor, of your having me in your thoughts, I received as you designed I should, before, and yet very near the day that I must ever give a solemn regard to; but, alas! my bad eyes serve me now so little that I could not read your papers, and tell you that I had done so in one day. It is mortifying, yet I hope I do not repine, but, on the contrary, rejoice in the goodness of my God to me, that when I feared the utter loss of sight, has let me thus long see the light, and by it given me time to prepare for that day of bodily darkness[1] which perhaps must soon overtake me. And what a grace is it that I should first settle my two daughters, as I expect to do! though as near as we take this in hand to be, it may never take effect, nay, shall not (if God is pleased to grant my request) unless it be a thing pleasing in his sight, and which his blessing shall go along with.

I am apt to say, unless they shall be happy in it; but I find a distinction to be made between being pleasing in God's sight, and their being happy, as we term it; that is, being full of worldly enjoyments, and taking excessive delight in their enjoyments. This God may withhold in mercy to their future good. So that I consider, if the act is acceptable to Him, all shall work to their good (if they love and serve Him), but whether by a prosperous, pleasant gale, or struggling with stormy weather, that I matter not so much, their eternal interest being my care. And this I beg your joining with me in hearty prayer for. I thank you, Sir, for the meditation so choicely provided for me, who must remember my feeble sight, since it remembers me, who will be

Your constant and obliged friend and servant.

Woburn Abbey, July 25, 1693.

[1] Her apprehensions of loss of sight were happily removed by a successful operation for a cataract.

SIR JAMES FORBES[1] TO LADY RUSSELL.

MADAM—

I could not miss this opportunity of giving your Ladyship some account of Lord Ross and Lady Ross's journey,[2] and their reception at Belvoir, which looked more like the progress of a King and Queen through their country, than that of a bride and bridegroom's going home to their father's house. At their first entry into Leicestershire, they were received by the High Sheriff at the head of all the gentlemen of the country, who all paid their respects, and complimented the lady bride at Harborough. She was attended next day to this place by the same gentlemen, and by thousands of other people, who came from all places of the country to see her, and to wish them both joy, even with huzzas and acclamations.

As they drew near to Belvoir, our train increased, with some coaches, and with fresh troops of aldermen, and corporations, besides a great many clergymen, who presented the bride and bridegroom (for so they are still called) with verses upon their happy marriage.

I cannot better represent their first arrival at Belvoir, than by the Woburn song that Lord Bedford liked so well: for at the gate were four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row; four-and-twenty trumpeters, with their tan tara ra ra's; four-and-twenty ladies, and as many parsons; and in great order they went in procession to the great apartment, where the usual ceremony of saluting and wishing of joy passed, but still not without something

[1] The gentleman by whom Lord Cavendish sent his offers of assistance to Lord Russell, after his condemnation. He was one of the persons examined in 1689, before the Committee of the House of Commons for the inspection of the trials of those who had suffered for the Rye House Plot. His examination proves how much he was at that time in the intimacy of the Duke of Monmouth, and those with whom he associated.—See State Trials, by Howell, vol. ix. p. 961.

[2] Lady Russell's second daughter, Catharine, was married to John, Lord Ross (afterwards second Duke of Rutland, K. G.), on Aug. 17, 1693.

represented in the song, as very much tittle-tattle, and fiddle-fiddle. After this the time passed away till supper in visiting all the apartments of the house, and in seeing the preparations for the sack-posset, which was the most extraordinary thing I did ever see, and much greater than it was represented to be. After supper, which was exceeding magnificent, the whole company went in procession to the great hall; the bride and bridegroom first, and all the rest in order, two and two; there it was the scene opened, and the great cistern appeared, and the healths began; first in spoons, some time after in silver cups; and though the healths were many, and great variety of names given to them, it was observed after one hour's hot service, the posset did not sink above one inch, which made my Lady Rutland call in all the family, and then upon their knees the bride and bridegroom's health, with prosperity and happiness, was drunk in tankards brim-full of sack-posset. This lasted till past 12 o'clock, &c.

Madam,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

J. Forbes.

1693.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

Lambeth House, Aug. 26, 1693.

Madam—

Though nobody rejoices more than myself in the happiness of your Ladyship and your children, yet in the hurry in which you must needs have been, I could not think it fit for to give you the disturbance so much as of a letter, which otherwise had, both in friendship and good manners, been due upon this great occasion. But now that busy time is, in a good measure, over, I cannot forbear, after so many as I am sure have been before me, to congratulate with your Ladyship this happy match of your daughter; for so I heartily pray it may prove, and have great reason to believe it will, because I cannot but

look upon it as part of the comfort and reward of your patience and submission to the will of God, under that sorest and most heavy affliction that could have befallen you; and when God sends and intends a blessing, it shall have no sorrow or evil with it.

I entreat my Lord Ross and his Lady to accept of my humble service, and my hearty wishes of great and lasting happiness.

My poor wife is at present very ill, which goes very near me; and having said this, I know we shall have your prayers. I entreat you to give my humble service to my Lord of Bedford, and my Lord Cavendish and his Lady. I could, upon several accounts, be melancholy, but I will not upon so joyful an occasion. I pray God to preserve and bless your Ladyship, and all the good family at Woburn, and to make us all concerned to prepare ourselves with the greatest care for a better life.

I am, with all true respect and esteem,
Madam,
Your Ladyship's most faithful
And most humble servant,
Jo. Cant.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

You will be so just to me, good Doctor, as never to mistrust my silence; if I did not believe so, I should be in some pain now, having two letters from you by me, that if I am not very unworthy will make me take a pleasure to say something in return of so much good will; and it is then an ill mark not to have writ in so long a time, being I know none but what are self-lovers enough to do what pleases them. Yet so has been my case, I would have been glad to have conversed with you, good Doctor, but could not, as my present circumstances are. Heretofore, whatever engagements I had a days, the nights

were free to me; but my ill eyes can now not serve me at all, when once a candle is lighted; so that since Lord Rutland came hither, I have been mistress of no time; if I had, I should not have lived in a continual noise and hurry as I have done. I did excuse my going to Belvoir with all the company, but followed them before I had acquitted myself of all my formal congratulations; for if I do more than a very little at a time, I find my eyes ache, and that I am sure is naught, and a little sight is too precious a good to be neglected.

I thank you, sir, for all your thoughts on the subject which filled mine this last year, but I cannot attempt to say anything in return; it would be too long a discourse for me this way. I hope I have done my duty well to my daughters, and that they shall enjoy a lasting happiness; but above all, my prayer is, that the end of their faith may be the salvation of their souls; that they may be endued with such graces here, as may fit them for the glories of the state hereafter.

If your retirement pleases you, indeed, and that you do not deceive yourself, I have nothing to say against it, if your health does not abate, which certainly will, if your mind does not agree perfectly with what your will has chosen: let that be a timely monitor to you. Man is a sociable creature, and you by disposition are made for it, and by the accidents of your life ever used to it, so that it is very new to you to be very solitary long together; and while you have a competency, Doctor, deny not yourself the innocent, nay the profitable comforts of life. I apprehend but one inconveniency, if you do a little less sequester yourself, and that I hope you are of a more temperate spirit than to draw on yourself; but you are best judge. I exceed my bounds exceedingly, for I take little paper to-night, no more than one side, not to turn over, for if I do, this is the issue. Farewell, good Doctor, for this time.

I am constantly, your friend to serve you.

Sept. 18, 1693.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

Lambeth House, Oct. 13, 1693.

I HAVE forborne, Madam, hitherto, even to acknowledge the receipt of your Ladyship's letter, and your kind concernment for mine and my wife's health, because I saw how unmerciful you were to your eyes in your last letter to me; so that I should certainly have repented the provocation I gave you to it by mine, had not so great and good an occasion made it necessary.

I had intended this morning to have sent Mr. Vernon[1] to Woburn, to have inquired of your Ladyship's health, having but newly heard that, since your return from Belvoir, a dangerous fever had seized upon you. But yesterday morning at council I had happily met with Mr. Russell, who to my great joy, told me, that he hoped that danger was over; for which I thank God with all my heart, because I did not know how fatal the event might be, after the care and hurry you have been in, and in so sickly a season.

The King's return is now only hindered by contrary winds. I pray God to send him safe to us, and to direct him what to do when he is come. I was never so much at my wit's end concerning the public. God only can bring us out of the labyrinth we are in, and I trust He will.

My wife gives her most humble service and thanks to you for your concernment for her, and does rejoice equally with me for the good news of your recovery.

Never since I knew the world, had I so much reason to value my friends. In the condition I now am, I can have no new ones; or, if I could, I can have no assurance that they are so. I could not at a distance believe, that the upper end of

[1] Perhaps James Vernon, afterwards Secretary of State, whose letters mention several interviews with Mr. Russell, afterwards Earl of Orford. —Letters Illustrative of the Reign of William III. edited by J. P. James, 3 vols. 8vo. 1841.

the world was so hollow as I find it. I except a very few, of whom I can believe no ill till I plainly see it.

I have ever earnestly coveted your letters; but now I do as earnestly beg of you to spare them for my sake, as well as your own. With my very humble service to my good Lord of Bedford, and to all yours, and my hearty prayers to God for you all, I remain,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obliged
And obedient servant,
Jo. Cant.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY ROOS.

Southam House, 15 Jan.

I am so various in my resolves that now I am sorry I have forbid what you meant to do, and have stayed at Southampton House in hopes my letter would be too late to prevent that affair. I do now, if God permit, fixly purpose to leave this place Monday next. At the end of my letter I will say more to this matter. My humble service to Lord Rutland, and abundance of thanks for the valuable present of his picture, and I will not murmur at my stay how I shall see it, and also our Sunday tea drinking. Lady Sunderland's present will not require, I think, a letter. I think in relation to the value I am sure it will not. She found the gauze and the woman had six shillings—would not pay for yours because she says it was to be but a guinea; but Lady Sunderland and Mrs. Eden saying it was cheap at twenty-seven shillings, down it is gone. Lady Sunderland went yesterday to Twickenham—pretty well. If you do write once, her not being able to write will close that trouble: if you desire her not to think of doing more than to accept of your professions. Her health I never fail to inform you, all I know; but so much of my advice might be omitted if I did not like so well to be scribbling where I am doing it

now; and as for what the Court is doing here, the concern is abated when it is to relate what one does not like, and will be in the private too, that is, so far as that the seals were sent for from Lord Sunderland. The Queen ordered Mr. Boyle, who told her Majesty he wished she would think fit to do it by some other, they had been long good friends, and it was an unpleasant office to be charged with. She replied, therefore, best to be done by a friend. Then he said he was not well acquainted with the customs on such occasions: he thought Lord Sunderland might ask him if he might not have the honor to present them himself. She said that would be a trouble to himself as well as to her, so all that is over. I think it is true the Duke of Beaufort has bought Lord Albemarle,[1] and pays 12,000*l.* as an able assistant; it is guessed the present professions are, this is all the alterations intended, but the person has that seal was not guessed at by any soul that I can hear of. Lord Sunderland says he was told it three days before, but thought them out of the way. I remember Lord Devon and he were great friends at Westminster School; and he says, how he is very pleasant conversation, but application to business has not yet been his talent. He was of the commission of trade, and would make jest at all they did there, but trouble himself no further; and was a surprise Lord Paulet would not be held to his point, a porter's life is a better thing. Duchess Somerset has lodgings given her at Kensington, so suppose more favor will follow, but not all three places in one, which does not please some. The lady easy to all I dare say, Lady Hide, big with expectation of the passport that Duchess . . . that has all still in town. Letters pass yet; what passes to this side of the water I meddle not with. All common chat is silenced by these bigger matters, since all are judges of all. The pen is in great use at this time. Her Majesty herself is sure a ready writer; being an insignificant one myself, I offer all my best services and blessings.

[1] To what this alludes, the Editor has been unable to discover.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL TO MRS. HOWLAND.[1]

Aug. 30, 1694.

Last night I received yours of the 28th. I should not come so quick upon you, but that I find you are going further off, and I am not certain that one I wrote on Sunday last may not miscarry, and I think it is very requisite to come to some resolution about Drayton.[2] In order to do so, in my last letter I desired to have what helps I could from you, as any survey of the value of the lands, or if you think fit to send me one I would be glad to see one of his accounts, for when I send to him he may tell us what he pleases: but, above all, I desire you would let him be made acquainted that I am sending a servant thither, for he may shut the doors against us, and pretend not to believe what they say, that they come from me and by my order; therefore I desire to make use of your attorney. I think to send Spencer[3] and one with him that we think understands the nature of ground. If you have anybody with you or that you know that could be assisting to us in this business, if you please to let me know, I will take care they should be made acquainted when Spencer goes, and so he may come hither and go along with Spencer, or meet him there, as you like best.

As to the drawing up a lease, in whose name it should be I must be resolved by council. I think it should be by my Lord of Bedford's, so I will send to Mr. Martain, and give you notice when I do know.

I am sorry dear Lady Tavistock has any employment she

[1] Wife of John Howland, of Streatham, Esq., whose daughter Elizabeth married Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford, K. G.

[2] In Cambridgeshire. The manor house, which had been occasionally a residence of the Duke of Bedford, is now a farm-house. This manor was formerly in the possession of the Howland family, and passed by marriage to Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, who married the heiress of the Howland family.

[3] Her steward.

does not take pleasure in. Pray tell her I hope this will be the single one that will fall out to be so, and the trouble of this will not last long; and it is my opinion that if they teach her much of her grammar it increases her trouble to little purpose, for French is oftener and as well learned by ear. Pray give her my blessing. The Duke of Bedford sends duties with his humble services to you. If our daughter is disposed to read another from a young man I know one is ready to write it. I do not answer some part of your letter, and I have much to dictate this morning, so in haste conclude this from your kind and humble servant.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY ROOS.

Sunday, 29th Sept. 1695.

Having writ a letter upon business, and finding no hurt by it to my eyes, I venture to say a little to you, my dear child, and tell you my fears that your Lord and you cannot obtain such a compliance as you might expect, and were most reasonable to be given, and your trouble, perhaps, is heightened that no good prospect offers itself among your own friends: indeed, I did bid your sister tell you that with any regard to prudence, I could see none as yet. I must not be long, and therefore I hasten to remember you of your former promises to strive to take every providence patiently, and as cheerfully as you can, and not foolishly pine and waste your spirits and spoil your health against a better day comes, which certainly will if you provoke not the only Giver of all good things. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning, and the chiefest blessing on this earth you have, a kind husband and a pretty gentleman. Let that sweeten all other meaner things, as it is your duty it should do; strive to act your part and glory in it; it is a pride I can allow of, but all discontent proceeds from a pride that must be resisted, or a poor mortal can never be happy on earth or prepared to be so in heaven. Can we

without imprudence say to Him that made us, Why is it thus and thus with me? Ask yourself, what have you done or what can man do to merit from God? Have not you many good things others want that are perhaps more humble than you, but still their submission is not tried enough; but when it is, and they are as gold refined in the furnace, how greatly shall they be exalted for evermore, and respected here. Take it well, my love, I remind you of your duty, and let it be your part to strive to do it: to whom asks it shall be given—you shall be contented if you desire it. I have experienced it just at your years; I bless God I can say (without vanity) what pleased me I enjoyed, what crossed me had not power to torment me long; I strove to think if my lot had not been what it was it might have been worse for me in regard to my eternal interest, and that might pass and other days come, or however the day of vexation would end, and I cannot commend a better reflection than this, that troubles or pleasures that end with time are not to be affecting at too high a rate. A year or two to come seems long, but twenty past as nothing: I have felt many days of bitter grief as well as others of lesser trouble and provocation, and many of great and true happiness, which was made up by love and quiet at home, abroad friendships and innocent diversions; and yet believe me, child, life is a continual labor checkered with care and pleasure, therefore rejoice in your portion—take the world as you find it, and you will, I trust, find heaviness may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning. It grows dark; your sister is to close this from (your) well-wishing mother.

I am so out of charity with you that I will not add one word to this, but leave you entirely to my mother's good council. I am sorry the story of my Lady Northumberland was forgot.

To my Lady Roos, at Hadden.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY ROOS.[1]

Sunday, 8th Dec., 1695.

I HOPE you tell me true that your cold was but a little one: pray never deceive me, for it serves to no good end at all; unless you think it does so, to let alone a medicine that I might enjoin you to take. I doubt Mr. Pierce's drugs were lost upon you; if so, indeed, you are very naughty, for you know you are subject so to be ill in some little odd complaint or other, and yet his physic agrees with you, and keeps you well for a good while after, and if you helped yourself with it but for one year or two, it would strengthen your constitution for ever. Lord Roos will contradict all this, but in this point I cannot agree with his Lordship, as well as I think of him. We have stayed till it is very cold weather at Woburn. Pray do not whisk it a horseback till it pleases God you have overcome your rheums; it was the same with me at your age, only it affected my lungs, as it does most severely your teeth. Your sister has paid dearly for doing honor to Queen Dowager's birthday, but I have had to-day a letter from La Spencer, who says nothing remains but a severe cold in the head. The Parliament Fast being next Wednesday, puts by our coming till Thursday. I have not lately had news from Cambridge,[2] but expect to meet some at London, intending to keep a regular advice, though not to go though never so free till the middle or end of January. Lady Sunderland sent me word the little child at their house was dying. Lady Catherine has left you a more lively and thriving one. I believe my service as due: I desire it most particular to your Lord.

I am yours in all affection.

Lady Alice is weary of boarding at Kensington, is coming

[1] This, and all the subsequent letters of Lady Russell to her daughter Lady Roos, are printed from the originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, K.G., at Belvoir Castle.

[2] Lord Tavistock, who was then at the University.

to Bedford House, and writes to her father that she believes that Morris Napier will not be long there, but where next, she does not intimate. I guess if it cannot be at Bedford House, it will be Dorsetshire.

Now your brother is not at Cambridge, I almost repent he did not stand for Middlesex;[1] he might still, but I think we

[1] At the general election in October, 1695. The following letter to Lady Russell is printed from Miss Berry's Memoir, from the original in the Duke of Devonshire's possession:—

"London, October 3 (1695).

"I can safely retract, Madam, what I said in my last letter, that our courtiers did not trouble themselves with much business, but now I find we are all of a sudden grown extraordinary busy in making interest everywhere to bring in good men to our new Parliament, and this reason alone has moved our Lords Justices* (I mean the two principal, my Lord Keeper† and the Duke of Shrewsbury) to send for me, and to order me to write immediately to your Ladyship, that you would be pleased to let my Lord Tavistock stand for knight of the shire for Middlesex; and although I made all the objections against it, that I think the Duke of Bedford or your Ladyship can make, yet they were still of one opinion, that it is your interest, and for the honor of the family, that he should stand at present; and being joined with Sir John Worsename,‡ a very honest man, who is recommended by my Lord Keeper, they doubt not but they will carry it with a high hand, and thereby keep out two notorious Tories, which can never be done otherwise. When I told their Lordships that my Lord Tavistock was soon going to Cambridge, and afterwards to travel for two or three years, the Duke of Shrewsbury answered, that they would not hinder anything of that design; for he needed not to appear but once at the election, when he would be attended by several thousands of gentlemen, and other persons on horseback out of town, and the charges would be but little or nothing; and the Duke of Shrewsbury bid me tell your Ladyship, that if you did consent he should stand, which he doubted not but you would, since it was on so good an account,

* King William was now in Holland.

† Lord Somers.

‡ Sir John Wolstonholme, of London, third baronet; he died in 1709; his second wife was relict of Sir Rowland Alston, of Odell, county of Bedford, Bart.; this connection probably secured him the Russell interest. He was returned with Lord Edward Russell.

shall not choose it; I will not in writing tell you why, it would be too long a story.

For the Right Hon. the Lady Roos,
at Hadden, Derbyshire.

that then they must have leave to set him up for that day only, by the name of Lord Russell, which would bring ten thousand more on his side, if there be so many freeholders in the country.

"I have now, Madam, delivered my message from those two great Lords; which they had a great concern for, and seemed very earnest to have it complied with: therefore I think it would be very impertinent in me to use any arguments of my own, but must leave it to the consideration of the Duke of Bedford and your Ladyship's wise judgment to determine: however, I beg your Ladyship will be pleased to make as speedy an answer as it is possible, because we expect the King here by Sunday or Monday next; and immediately the Parliament will be dissolved, and all hands will be set on work for a new one, as I hear the expression in the King's letters to the Lords is.

"I suppose this post brings a great deal of joy to Lady Margaret; for the Spanish letters that are come to-day, make mention that the Admiral* is upon his way home, and Mr. Priestman tells me that he will be here within these ten days; and Sir George Rook has orders from the King by this last post from Flanders, to set sail for the Straits immediately. I shall add no more but the assurance of my being,

"Madam,
"Your Ladyship's most faithful
"And obedient servant,
"J. Forbes."†

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* Admiral Russell, afterwards created Earl of Orford, to whom Lady Margaret, his cousin, was married.

† It is not very clear who Sir James Forbes was; most probably the same who was a Commissioner for supply for Aberdeenshire in 1686. Lady Margaret Russell, in a letter to Mr. Thornton, mentions that Sir James Forbes "was very fond of great men's company." The Forbeses were Whigs in those days, and consequently on terms of intimacy with the nobility of that party. Sir James is frequently mentioned in the Vernon Papers, and also in the correspondence of King William, but there is no account of him in those papers.

BISHOP OF SALISBURY TO LADY RUSSELL.

I DO heartily congratulate with your Ladyship for this new blessing. God has now heard your prayers, with relation to two of your children, which is a good earnest that he will hear them in due time with relation to the third. You begin to see your children's children; God grant you may likewise see peace upon Israel. And now that God has so built up your house, I hope you will set yourself to build a house of prayer for the honor of his name.

You have passed through very different scenes of life. God has reserved the best to the last. I do make it a standing part of my poor prayers twice a day, that as now your family is the greatest in its three branches that has been in England in our age, so that it may in every one of these answer those blessings by an exemplary holiness, and that both you and they may be public blessings to the age and nation.

I do not think of coming up yet this fortnight, if I am not called for. I humbly thank your Ladyship for giving me this early notice of so great a blessing to you. I hope it shall soon be completed by my Lady Roos's full recovery. Mrs. Burnet is very sensible of the honor your Ladyship does her in thinking of her, and does particularly rejoice in God's goodness to you. I am, with the highest sense of gratitude and respect possible,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most humble, most obedient,
And most obliged servant,
GI. SARUM.

Salisbury, 31st Oct., 1696.

LADY RUSSELL TO SIR ROBERT WORSLEY.[1]

Sir Robert—

If my letters were of service to you, I should not reserve them, only for such times as I serve ends of my own by it, as I now design to do, being the errand of this paper is to obtain your opinion, if you please to give it, upon a few questions I will put to you. By the death of Mr. Morin, Sir, you know there wants a presentation of Kingsworthy, and a vicar at Micheldevever. I find both places well disposed to receive Mr. Swayne. I hope he is worthy of the gift, and believe you think him so. If you should know anything why he is not, though as a friend you might wish he were the incumbent, yet I am persuaded that in a just regard to the weight of the matter, and to me who ask it from you, if you know any visible reason that he is not a proper person for such a preferment, that you will caution me in it; for I profess to you, Sir, I think the care of so many souls is a weighty charge; and I have been willing to take time to consider whose hands I put these into. I can, with all my scruples, make no exception to Mr. Swayne, if his vapors are not too prevalent to permit his being free and active in such a charge. But I hope it is not so; and if you concur with me, I will bestow them upon him; for I do not see how I can part them. And now, Sir, I come with my second question to you, when I have told you the provision I would make for curates. I have met with a paper signed by Mr. Morin to my father, in which he engages to allow the curate at Kingsworthy 50*l.* a year; and that at Stratton, who served Popham also, 30*l.* a year; Northington is not mentioned in it. Now, Sir, I would, in short, have the same stipends, as this paper signifies were formerly agreed on, to be honestly made good by the next incumbent, and during my pleasure. There will be 10*l.* a year more coming in to him than has been

[1] Fourth Baronet of that title (afterwards Worsley Holmes), of Apuldercombe, Isle of Wight.

formerly, and as much to the curate who serves Stratton; for a few years ago my dear Lord added 20*l.* a year, during his will to do so, to be so divided; and without a very justifiable reason I shall not withhold it; and 40*s.* a year more to the vicar, upon an agreement for some orchards taken into the park.

From this long digression I return to my question, which arises from this purpose of mine that I must offer to you. I know it is a thing required by many, to take a bond for resigning at the patron's pleasure. I have no disposition at all to do so; but to this I have, that I would have a bond to perform these conditions to the curates, unless I dispense with him; and also, that in case of non-residence, he shall resign to me. For the case often happens, they get another living, and the situation it may be more pleasant, then put in a curate for a small stipend, and I have no remedy. That this is practicable I believe, though I am ignorant enough, and am not in a place where I can be well informed. But I refer myself, Sir Robert, to you, and in what you see cause to oppose me, pray do it; you will oblige me by it; and, I think, I shall submit to reason. But if what I ask is (as I conceive it is) practicable, I should take it as a favor if you would discourse Mr. Swayne upon it, and then instruct Mr. Mewes to draw up an instrument to the purposes I have signified. When I hear from you I will be ready to——

LADY RUSSELL TO THE REV. J. THORNTON.

(April) 1697.

When I wrote to good Mr. Thornton, I thought I had certainly begun the correspondence I desire to maintain, but I find our letters were dated the same day, but are not of the same value; however, I do not envy my neighbor's talent being above mine, and indeed I have the less temptation, because I am sure you have no virtue nor knowledge that I may not be the better for it; I will endeavor; whatever further progress I

make, I think (by the Grace of God) my integrity and good meaning shall never deserve your censure, nor anybody's besides, and that must content my ambition for my own part, but on my son's it does not; I desire he may aspire higher, though my constant prayer is, that his studies may be innocent and profitable, that is (in my thoughts), directed to his most spiritual, his precious and immortal soul. I lie yet under no discouragements, for yesterday Mr. Hicks speaks of him to me when we are alone just as he did. Logic goes forward very well, and he says his judgment is wonderful nice and true; what he reads alone, he gives a very handsome account of. He tried him the other day by a new treatise of logic,[1] that the Dean of Christ Church has lately printed, but he observes he does not love to go over what he has once done. They have a Bible bound up with blank leaves, and in them, as he reads, he intends he shall write, as he expounds any hard text. It is hard to me to leave off talking, when it is of my son I am speaking; but I am the longer, because I extend my reports to my Lord Duke, as well as to Mr. Thornton, and take it to be a less troublesome way to him, than by particular address to his Grace, who is too good and too well bred to suffer me to do my duty without recompense; and though I love his letters because they are very kind, yet I would have none at the expense of any the least trouble to him, whose health I hope to hear often of from you, Sir, and I will write to you, without considering whether I have had one letter or six from you. At present I have had two, but my meaning is, when I find leisure, that is, have not wrote too much for my eyes, or have anything I would be willing to say, then I will scribble, and not else.

You may perceive I take time by seeing my first date, which is Tuesday, and the last is Friday morning. I had writ the most part of that when I returned my Lord's letter of the 9th

[1] Artis Logicæ Compendium. By Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church. First Edition. Ox. 1692. *8vo.*

instant; however, I will defer my acknowledgments till another opportunity, if it was but for the reason above mentioned, to suspend his trouble. Pray present my best service to Lord James, and tell him his fair hand of authority brings the prints very constantly. I have heard of Doctor Wallis's[1] print. Sure there are many truths in it, but he has taken great liberty of speech. I love good manners in all cases. It is eight o'clock, and letters are called for, so I must end this from

Sir,

Your assured friend to serve you.

My humble and kind service to all my friends—I cannot stay to name.

For Mr. Thornton,
at Bedford House.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE MARCHIONESS OF HARTINGTON.

Oxon. 22d April, 1697.

Having no thought that my dear child had anything to say to me would ask a present return, your letter being brought to me when it was candle-light, I put by reading it till this morning, when it is time to give my answer; so that you did not write more in haste than I must: but, indeed, there is no hesitating for the answer I shall make to you. I will affirm, no mother ever was or can be more inclined than myself to approve of all compliance in you to my Lord Duke and Lady Duchess; but, in our present case, I must (with pardon) be excepted, in regard as I think both to you and myself. You brought your child too hardly into the world to let me be willing (as I have no doubt my Lord and Lady would not more than I), that you should be without all the best helps to be had, and to see the success myself; and that would be of

[1] Most probably Dr. John Wallis, an eminent mathematician, author of several works, philosophical and theological. He died in 1703.

troublesome consequence to all parties concerned. But I am so tender that there should be no disorder in my Lord Duke's affairs upon my account, or to give me satisfaction, that I offer this:—if Lord Hartington and you will take such conveniences as I can give at Southampton House, then, when the family leaves Barckly House,[1] if your Lord and you will choose where to plant there yourselves and nursery, you shall be welcome to me, till you are (as I trust you shall be) happily past the hazard of one in your condition. When you are at my house, I will be leaving Oxford as soon as you can desire me to come to you. You will acquaint my Lord and Lady with what I have said; and if they believe (what is very true) that I feel nothing gratifies me in this world, but from my children, this is a natural consequence—to desire to please myself in everything I can compass. If I had more time, I need say no more. Your repeated injunctions not to lose this post have hastened this sooner by one day, the carrier going to-morrow. From, dear child,

Your ever affectionate mother.

[1] Barkley House. The old town house of the Earls of Devonshire was not in Piccadilly, but in Bishopsgate, where Devonshire Square now stands. William, the second Earl, died there in 1629.

William, fourth Earl and first Duke, having at first no town house, rented and lived in Montagu House (the old British Museum), which was burned down during his occupation, in January, 1686. (See page 145.)

After the accession of King William, "the Duke of Devonshire took it into his head that, could he have the Duchess of Portsmouth's lodgings at Whitehall, where there was a fine room for balls, it would give him a very magnificent air." (Duchess of Marlborough's Defence of her Conduct, p. 29.)

It is probable the Duke purchased Berkeley House, in Piccadilly, after it had been vacated by the Princess Anne in 1695, and changed its name to Devonshire House, since Bishop Kennet says that he died Aug. 18, 1707, in Devonshire House, Piccadilly.—See note to Evelyn's Life of Mrs. Godolphin, edited by the Bishop of Oxford.

There is little doubt but that the "Barckly House" whence this letter was dated, was in Piccadilly; the name not having yet been changed.

Pray present my humble service to my Lord Duke and Lady Duchess; your own Lord, my best services; and blessing to the young person.

I think the least trouble to you will be, that my Lord and Lady Devonshire read what I say.

For the Right Honorable the Marquesse of Hartington, at Barckly House, London.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE REV. J. THORNTON.

Friday morning (May, 1697).

Good Mr. Thornton, I thank you most kindly for your long letter, and your good news of my Lord Duke's being in so good a state of health; God increase and continue it. I have no mistrust Lord Rutland is so ill, for we had a letter from Pulse by the same post (that would have) brought the news, if any such came, of his being so ill, and she mentions nothing of it. I have, indeed, had no letter from my daughter herself, since she was at Northampton, which is the only thing can make me miserable; for if it be so I am sure she is full of care; and she is often very sick with her breeding, so can be at little leisure. I wish my son find any to write to you, he ought not to have so much as myself, so mine may well come first. Pray tell my Lord, Spencer is gone to-day to Cambridgeshire, and lies at Woburn town to-night; he intended to see Woburn House to-morrow morning, or rather, I suppose, the park and gardens, which this last week's rains must have made very beautiful indeed; whatever my young man does, I assure you, Sir, I do not think my time so much misspent here as it is at London. The regularity of the life is very agreeable to me. I can only say you shall be very welcome to me everywhere, but if your eye be ready, that would be a work well over, and at present it is a fine season for it. If the ladies that talk of coming do it, I would see you by choice till they are at London again; as for going to Streatham, I conclude you will find them; I knowing

nothing of their stirring from that place as yet. If I see Lord Galway I will not fail to remember your orders, Sir, about Mr. Davids. I hope my Lord Duke will do so too; good Doctor Walis[1] was to see me yesterday, the very great heat of the sun brought him out; the bishop had forbid him coming to Magdalen College till May was come; but it being a May-day he went from me to go to him; he looks well, and tells me he hears nothing but good of my child. Mr. Hicks told me on Sunday last that he believes he has more learning than any fine young nobleman in England has. I trust he shall be endowed with the grace of God with it; or all is but vanity, and will be found deceitful upon the weights. Nobody is or can be more regular in all public offices; I hope his private are so too. I believe so far what the town says, that Admiral Russell did not seek title, or to be one of our justices, but I do not like to say it was crammed down his throat; marks of good princes' favors should be received with some easiness, though our natures do not incline to it, and where there is merit so notorious, it cannot be rejected, if well thought on. The carrier has stopped under my window.

I am, Sir, your true friend.

For Mr. Thornton,
at Bedford House.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE LADY ROOS.

Friday, May 3, 1697.

THE reports we had on all hands from London, how very ill Lord Rutland was, made me more desirous to receive a letter from yourself, though I could believe nothing of it because Molesworth had one from Pulse, which must be of as late a date as any could come to London by the post. It was Mr. Thornton by Lord Bedford's order first sent me how he had been alarmed by the Duke of Somerset, who told him. Mr.

[1] See page 321.

Aires said my Lord was taken with a dead palsy, and Lady Northumberland said a fit of apoplexy, but yours, as I guess, written on Sunday, 25th April (for it has no date), gives me full satisfaction of the falseness of the reports, which now I can contradict. I should hope this warm weather will conduce to the wearing of those pains he is troubled with, and sure never was hotter in the month of April and beginning of May. My cabin is an arrant oven, yet our kind cousin will make Lady Margaret come, and is often pressing to have a day named; she has put it off to the middle of May; by that time we may be more temperate, or cold, perhaps, again. You had a lucky season, I think, to take your journey in. I am very glad our dear master continues so well; variety of airs does him no hurt. Pray say in your next if you are still as sick as you were; and I would hear how fond Lord Rutland is of our little man. I have fretted mightily; I missed his picture, for here was one in town all the while, who give the knowing here great expectation that he will be famous. He was some time with Sir Godfrey (Kneller),[1] and is now going to spend some time abroad to see and improve; he cares not leave anything of his work behind, but the bishop who brought him down can make him; he has learning and languages, so means to be a complete artist. I have done nothing about your things, because you say positively you do not care they should come with all your other things, so I defer till I hear again from you. I cannot imagine but Lady Devon or Miss Carter from her will take care enough of the things; she always kept her own when she had any, and they will be in a very little box, and will be in the coach with them; all the fear I have is they may be robbed sooner than a carrier. Your sister writ once, as I think I sent you word, but I never heard since from her, but Spencer heard from Knox that Lady Devon told her lady she

[1] Most probably Jervas, who was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and studied at Rome. There are several portraits from his pencil in the collection at Woburn Abbey.

went three weeks hence, now it must be a fortnight. I hear from Mr. Hoskins, the trial for the house is to be next Thursday. Lady Digby has another son. My service to all your company, particularly Lord Roos.

I am your affectionate mother.

Spencer has been at Stratton, where he entertained the farmers, who had given me a day of ploughing; so a fiddle was had, and your nursery-maid danced very briskly.

For the Right Honble.
the Lady Roos, at Hadden.

LADY RUSSELL TO MR. THORNTON.

I SHALL scribble this in so very much haste, that it shall not be addressed to my Lord Duke, but do, Sir, acquaint him that Lady Sunderland and all the French company came to this town on Tuesday; that night we did not meet, only as Lady Sunderland's coach went by my door; it stopped, and I spoke to her, but we were all day, both Wednesday and Thursday together. I saw more sights waiting upon her than I meant to have done at Oxford. I hear she went this morning about seven o'clock out of town, back to Althrope; Lady Clincarte[1] was of the party also; our French friends are also gone to London early this morning; but Mr. Hoskins and his lady will stay till next week. My little box, you well know, had not much vacant room when all the good company was in it; but the commons was college manner, so I took it should not stink of meat too much. My young man never failed us, dinner nor supper; but Lady Sunderland scolded much at the black gown, so yesterday the colored was put on, but with black clothes under, which was all wrong, she said; but the French folks were so resolved to please him, that they approved his modesty and care not to exceed others in this place.

[1] Clancarte.

I am glad the pictures are so liked. My letter is called for. I must end.

LADY RUSSELL TO MR. THORNTON.

London, July 29, 1697.

I THANK you, sir, for the very good report you gave me of my Lord Duke's journey to Woburn, and in return, I choose to send to you the best news we have in town. A mail came in to-day, which brings confirmations of all the good we have heard, and no bad. The King is gone to Loo, which alone (I think) signifies a great deal. My Lord Spencer was with me this afternoon, and tells me that while he was at the Secretary's office, Sir Robert Cotton came in, and told him he had by this mail received a letter from Wisson[1] (I know not if I spell it right); a great man they say he is. He writes thus: That the peace[2] is actually done between Holland, England, and France; the King of Spain will have all he desires; but there remains some little difficulty with the Emperor, whether he will have Strasbourge or an equivalent. Our King has sent to him, and gives him a month to fix his resolution. Barcelona[3] holds out, and he adds, that he believes the French King has sent orders to Vendosme to withdraw his forces, in case the town be not in his hands; and also, that he has sent to all his ports that there

[1] Sir Joseph Williamson is most probably here intended. He was one of the King's plenipotentiaries, with the Earl of Pembroke and Lord Villiers, and Prior as secretary, at the conferences which ended in the treaty of Ryswick. Sir Joseph was son of a clergyman in Cumberland; soon after the Restoration he was recommended to the Earl of Arlington, who employed him in translating and writing memorials in French. From this humble beginning he elevated himself to the highest posts of government. He was knighted in 1677. He married the sister and sole heiress of Charles, Duke of Richmond. William III. confided in him. He died in 1701.

[2] The peace of Ryswick, signed October 30, 1697.

[3] Barcelona, besieged by Vendosme, surrendered Aug. 15, 1697.

be no act of hostility committed. It is also verily believed by this day's letters, that Nevill has met with Pointis.[1] In this treaty the French King does bind himself, his heirs and successors, to maintain friendship with King William, as King of Great Britain and Ireland, in all the rights and privileges, and in the same manner as he stands now possessed.

They say that in a few days the King goes to Hansberdike,[2] and that the French plenipotentiaries are to attend him, and compliment him there. The Czar of Muscovy[3] is coming to see Holland, and, when he is there, the King will return to the army on purpose to show it himself. It is not doubted but he will make the King a visit at London, when it pleases God to

[1] Admiral Nevill, who commanded in the West Indies, fell in with the French commander, Pointis—the result was not very glorious to the English arms. The miscarriage at sea created much dissatisfaction at this time, and Tindal insinuates made the nation anxious for peace. "Since it appears now that the French are seriously disposed to continue the negotiations, we must not lose an instant, but, as the proverb says, 'Strike the iron while it is hot.' The unfortunate loss of Barcelona, at this particular time, as well as the escape of Pointis, may perhaps be the cause of this extraordinary conduct on the part of the French, and may prevent the conclusion of the peace, which I thought certain."—WILLIAM III. Letters edited by Paul Grimblot, vol. i. pp. 39–61.

[2] Honsleerdick is most probably here intended, a seat of King William's in Holland; it would appear to have been celebrated for its orange trees, as in a letter from Bentinck (then Earl of Portland) to King William, he writes—"The orange trees at Versailles are extremely large and fine, and very numerous; the stems are lofty and beautiful, but the crowns are not like those of *Honsleerdick*."—GRIMBLOT, vol. i. p. 122.

[3] He came to England, where King William, who had already received him with great attention in Holland, again gave him a courteous reception. On his return, he carried with him several English ship-builders, as well as a magnificent yacht, a present from the king. Burnet said he was a man of brutal passion, and gives a most unfavorable character of him; but Lord Hardwicke says he made a very wrong judgment of him. He was lodged at Sayes Court, the seat of Evelyn, who mentions, as one of the Czar's amusements, forcing a wheelbarrow through a fine yew hedge that adorned his grounds.—*History of His Own Times*, vol. ii. p. 397.

bring him there. I think I have poured out all the knowledge I have got this day, and if I can entertain good Mr. Thornton and his friends I have my end. My Lord Duke, I suppose, wants not my intelligence; if he does, you have it at his service, and my son's, for I have not written to him.

I remain, Sir,
Your sincere friend to serve you.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE LADY ROOS.

Saturday, Aug. 21, 1697.

Your sister is very well, and hopes you are near setting out; indeed, it ought to be so; for we have had so much wet, it is not to be hoped the ways will be good any more, but still worse. I had no letter yesterday from you. I wrote last post to your brother, not to you. Now it is to you, and not him. A short one shall serve, since I guess your time is not easy to get, either to write or read. Lady Normanby[1] was buried yesterday two miles beyond Windsor, without pomp. The Lord is gone with Lady Derby to a little place she has in the country; but now the funeral is passed, come to her house in our square, till Berkeley House is divided. Lady Ossery told Lady Devon that witch was a useful companion for a widower, there being many pretty women thereabouts. The Czar affords talk, your Duke Zal (?) treated him highly, and the Duchess, and Duchess Brandenburg, incognito. I stood behind his chair at dinner, upon which he spit often, and when he had eat as much as he would he whistled, and then one of his attendants brought a broom and swept the room. He bought a ship at Amsterdam, and made himself a cabin very convenient. He works carpenter's work exceeding well. I am hastening to my work, sitting by your sister. Lady Sunder is

[1] Perhaps Ursula, daughter of Colonel Stawel, widow of the Earl of Conway, first wife of John, Marquis of Normanby; afterwards, in the reign of Queen Anne, Duke of Normanby and Buckingham.

to be admitted to piquette this evening. My service to lords and ladies.

I am ever

Your affectionate Mother.

For the Right Honble. the Lady Roos,
at Hadden, in Derbyshire.

DUKE OF BEDFORD TO LADY RUSSELL.[1]

Woburn Abbey, Octr. 16, 1697.

Dear Daughter—

These are to let you know, that their bearer, Mr. Hicks,[2] came on Wednesday hither, in expectation of meeting master (Lord Tavistock) here; and how well pleased I was with his company and conversation; looking upon him to be as deserving a person as you could have made choice of, to go abroad with my dear grandchild. In confidence not only of his great kindness to him, but also of his utmost care and diligence for his best improvement, I have laid strict injunctions upon him, to follow his advice in all things that concern his soul and body. My Lord Roos and he came hither on Friday night, after long expectation; and I am glad to see him look so very well of it. They intend to be with you on Monday night, God willing.

I must confess it is a very great trial for me to part with one so dear to me as he is. But I hope God Almighty will hear your hearty prayers and mine, and those of his other friends, by watching over him abroad, and with his good hand of Providence, that you and all of his relations may have the comfort of seeing him again. If God give me life till his return, it will add much to the joy of it, though I dare not

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

[2] Travelling tutor to Lord Tavistock; a few of his letters to Mr. Thornton, during their travels, are among the MSS. at Woburn Abbey; they are very uninteresting.

promise myself that mercy, considering my declining age and infirmities.

I do reckon you will send him to the Hague this winter, for his improvement in his exercises; and if things be quiet in France, that he may go thither for some time, to his further improvement and satisfaction; after which, to return home to the comfort of you and his friends. As for his travelling into Italy, I am much against it, for several reasons. I hope you will not let him stay very long abroad.

So, with my constant and fervent prayers to God Almighty for him and yourself, with your other dear relations, I rest (not without some sadness at parting),

Your most affectionate Father and Friend,
to my last moment,

BEDFORD.

LADY RUSSELL TO MR. THORNTON.

Tuesday.

GOOD Mr. Thornton's letter was filled with many good things and acceptable accounts; the chief my Lord Duke's, being so well as I left him, and the ladies too. I did not write on Saturday by that post, being very busy to dispatch Spencer. I find, sir, that you had a purpose to write by him, but you delayed too long; however, it will go as well by post, and my Lord Duke's is enough for one time; yours, which is full of good counsel, had better succeed it; and come, when he will be at more leisure, after all the questions that are to be asked Spencer are past, and those letters read. Pray, sir, let my Lord Duke know I have a letter from Mr. Hicks, of the 26th. I praise God my son continued then well; the weather was hot, he said, which many wished cooler, lest it should increase distempers; it is so here, and I hope the like there. We know no news here but by the prints, at least I do not, if Sir James tells me none, nobody else does, and at this he is very much taken up at Mr. Hasard's, where Lord Exeter is, and his lady

daughter and two sons; they came on Thursday last from Lady Brownlowe's, where they saw their son married, and put to bed, and then, at four in the morning, went to dinner to Burly, seventeen miles off; my Lady got somebody to play, sat up all night, so did the same at the inn the next night, and on Saturday came to the aforesaid Mr. Hasard's, and this morning set forth for Dover; he says he will not lie at Paris, but two miles off it, at St. Denis, and there take up Lady Salisbury, to add to their train, which Sir James says is thirty horse, yet my Lord is to save money by the journey. My daughter Hartington holds out very well, and I believe will do so yet some time. I know not that I shall get any more to say, so send it in the morning. Going for the first time to dine with Lady Devonshire. My duty, pray, sir, to my Lord Duke, and service to the ladies most kindly. I am ever to good Mr. Thornton a friend to serve him.

LADY LETITIA RUSSELL TO MR. THORNTON.

Octr. 30.

If I had not been prevented by company the last post, I had returned good Mr. Thornton many thanks for his obliging letter, and also for the inclosed in Mr. Shut's behalf, to Mr. Whitting, who has done him great service in Whitechapel; and I hope you will return my humble thanks to my Lord Duke, for the great favor of his recommendation, which I hope will be a very great means of his getting his business finished. The progress of their rector will be this next week, and he has great hopes of his side; indeed, if I am not very much mistaken, he is a very good man, and a very fine preacher, otherwise I should not have petitioned his Grace in his behalf. I should be very glad to hear when your time was fixed for London, for I never think Covent Garden looks well, till I see Bedford House full of candles. I suppose you know of Mr. How's being married to a great fortune, and also that her daughter is

to marry Mr. Howison, who is a lawyer, so that she will enrich him and his family. This day dined Dr. Hancock[1] with us, and told the ill news that his friends feared after all his charge of searching for a salt brine in Cheshire, that it will come to nothing, which I am extremely sorry for, having so great a charge of children, it would have been a good provision. I give you a hundred thanks for your kind wishes to my son. I hope in God by the next mail, to hear he has got over his very dangerous fever, though he has had another little relapse, by venturing upon grapes unknown to his governor; but I hope God will give him a heart to be thankful all his life, for a greater recovery was never heard of. The wind being westerly, we cannot yet hear how Lord Tavistock passed his voyage, but I hope in God very well, for the weather and wind were very fine for him. My Lord and self desire you will present our humble duty to his Grace. We rejoice to hear he holds so well, and hope he will continue so in his journey. I will now end this, when I have assured you nobody is a more humble servant than

L. R.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY DE ROOS.

I HAVE received all your letters to the last from Rome, the 20th of August. I think I sent you word so, and repeated in my cousin's hand out of some? If not all well makes me say no more now, because I know not how far I went, but all is but repeating new honors and civilities. Mr. Sherard[2] says the

[1] Most probably Dr. Hancock, rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, and prebendary of Canterbury; he published several sermons, and a pamphlet on a febrifuge water, which has most probably some reference to the "salt brine" mentioned.

[2] A gentleman who had accompanied Lord Townshend on his travels, and who joined Lord Tavistock at Hamburg. Admitted into the best foreign society at home, Lord Tavistock talks, with much enjoyment, of the amusements of which he partakes there during the summer of 1698.

prints and news-letters are full of it in Italy, and every letter of your brother's laments his leaving it; but Mr. Morin, the goldsmith, had two lines in a letter from Sir Robert Worsley's brother pleases me more than all. His letter is business, but he ends it thus: I must end this abruptly, for my Lord Tavistock calls me to go with him and take the air. He has all the honors shown his stop here that is imaginable, and he deserves them all, for a finer gentleman[1] there cannot be. Poor Morin was overjoyed. I could go no further by daylight, and durst do no more by a candle, but sign

Your affectionate mother.

For the Right Honble. the
Lady Roos, at Hadden.

"The great pleasure now is, to be in one of the open caleches, going about the town in the moonshiny nights. There are always some fine serenades, and all the best company in town taking the air till an hour after midnight. I seldom fail of this diversion, and, indeed, it is mighty pleasant, after the heat of the day, to be abroad so most part of the night, and to hear music, and to go talk to anybody that one is acquainted with, with all the freedom in the world."—*Miss Berry's Memoir*, p. 136.

[1] Lord Tavistock continued so much pleased with this residence, and his way of life, that after a short visit to Naples in the autumn, he returned to pass the whole winter and carnival at Rome. An Italian composition, "Il Tamigi Guilivo," in his honor, is printed in Wiffen's Memoirs of the House of Russell, vol. ii. p. 302.* "The expense," says Miss Berry, "entailed by his mode of living would have startled a less liberal mother than Lady Russell."

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* We give, as a specimen, the first canzone:—

"Amidst those plants sublime
Of an illustrious and heroic stem,
Which with their flower-buds charming all the clime,
Form for my regal brows a diadem—
This grateful scion, that so freshly towers
From the great Russell stock, whose worth is known
To the wide nations, has delightful flowers,
Sweet fruits, and boughs luxuriant of its own."

LADY RUSSELL TO MR. THORNTON.

July 16, 1699.

I was surprised to hear by you, good Sir, that my Lord Duke has been so much out of order, and I heartily thank you for being so particular in your information to me. It was sure a safe advice of the Doctor that my Lord should stay another week before he took his journey, and now his looseness is stopped I hope it will rather be of good to him than harm, though it were much more to be desired that he would not put Nature to such struggle to relieve herself. It is certainly very great strength of constitution that can overcome with no worse complaints—the present weather ought also add to his faintness, and keep him weak I doubt. I could almost be sorry my Lord had sat for his picture, for fear it is a trouble, and makes him weary: also I extremely desire it for my best room as its best ornament. I believe my son is very sincere in all he says of his great inclination to wait on his, and to do it at Woburn too: I trust in God he will do it in a few months, for after he is got to Paris, if he is desirous to come to us, I do not see any good reason we should refuse him, unless it is a bad time of year for one has lived so long in the heats of Italy to come into England near the winter. Pray hear what the Doctor thinks of that matter, if it should happen he should have a mind to come after he has been some time at Paris, which few people expect he will, France being an idol, much abused.

I am glad to hear my Lord Robert and his lady are so pretty well again.

The Duke of Bolton came very kindly and dined with us. His Duchess is coming over; Lord Hartington went on Tuesday to the New Forest to meet the company assembled there. Upon the commissioners coming down, whom the Parliament appointed to inspect the forest, and inclose as they found fit, in order to plant and preserve the wood. Sir James Forbes is still with us; he is gone to-day to dine with the Dean of Winchester and his lady, who is Doctor Colidor's (?) sister. Roos

sends me word Lady How has a son, to Sir Scroope's[1] great joy, no doubt. Our boy here is mighty well, I bless God he has cut an upper tooth when we knew nothing of it; he is a goodly child, indeed, and entertains the whole house, for a better humor there cannot be.

The best directions now to my son will be to Paris.

A Monsieur,
Monsieur le Marquis de Tavistock,
chez Monsieur Claude Tourton,
Banᵉʳ. a Paris.

I have kept my letter open till the post has come in without any letters from abroad, so my humble duty to my Lord shall close this. I mention no more about the deer, because my lord saying nothing to it, I conclude he has none he can conveniently spare; and my neighbors are very kind in offering to spare me some of theirs, and I intend to begin with a few.

I am, sir, your friend to serve you.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE LADY ROOS.

Woburn, Sept. 10, 1699. Sunday.

I CAME to Woburn, Friday the 8th, and met a letter of yours here without a date. You say you had the day before a letter from your sister, who told you I had sent you news of your brother, but you wanted the letter: I hope it came the next post, however it is now no great matter, for I can send you better. I met letters here, that himself, Mr. Sherard, and a footman, were got to Paris by the diligence, and Mr. Hicks and the baggage were to come a slower way. They came the 10th to Paris, and wrote the 12th and 13th September, but

[1] Scrope, created by King William III. Baron and Viscount Howe, of Clenawly, in the kingdom of Ireland, in 1701; married Juliana, daughter of William Lord Allington, of Horseheath, his second wife, and by her had an only son and heir, Scrope, second Viscount.

nothing of the smallpox yet had been alarmed at . . . , just as we were here that it raged furiously; but by inquiry of such as came from Paris they found no cause to put off their journey, nor could know more certainly till they got to Paris. Your brother has got very good lodgings, he says, and near Lord Manchester. He says, although he has seen much and fine places, yet he could not but be surprised at the sight of Paris;[1] it is so goodly. Mr. Sherard tells me he has taken the lodgings for two months, and by that time the young Lord will know if he could have those longer, which he fancies he will, and says Lord Manchester tells him he cannot part with him till the end of February, and so he will write me word, but when they have been there a week or two we shall guess better. I find your grandfather finely well; he eats very well and sleeps so too, but goes weak in his legs. I find your merry ladies have left you that very day you wrote, but that your gamesters remain by you yet.

For the Right Honble. the Lady Roos,
at Hadden.

LADY RUSSELL TO MR. THORNTON.

Wednesday morning.

Being yesterday pretty late at Barkly House I did not read your letter, but this morning, I am sure, I am pleased, when I please my Duke, so am glad I sent the groom, the post-day being so far off made me do it. I shall with gladness communicate your letter by and by. I wrote in Rachel's chamber by

[1] The following extract from a letter to Mr. Thornton from Mr. Hetherington may not be uninteresting. "Since the king has been at Versailles, most of the Court are returned to Paris, and make magnificent figures here. 'Tis diverting to see the poor rogues, that have drank water for so many years, go now reeling about the streets of Paris; those that have stocks of old wines sell them off at low prices, that they may fill their cellars with this year's wines, that are so much better than the old."

the post last night at large to my sister Alinton, so can say no more this morning, but that I hope night was well passed over by mother and child. I inclose the letter I received yesterday from Mr. Hicks, but desire your excuse I have not sent back his last to you. Hartington would fain hear it read, and has not been able yet to do it. I foolishly forgot to put it or my son's into my pocket when I went, but thought only of the new one, which I desire back by the carrier, for I think it is worth being read by two or three friends, and then I lay it up. I think my son is too much touched with the ill tongues of envy, but the effect it produces is good, and I thankfully bless God for his so Christian thoughts and professions, and hope his constancy, but I do not show his letter but to very few, for certainly here is yet no such report or rumor as he fears and suspects there may be; and I am now very curious to hearken, and I think unless there were or till there is, it is better to be silent too, for people will be apt to think something is the matter when a justification is in hand going about. I thank God we have it ready if there should be cause; but Lord Hartington says this way is common in those parts, some knavish Papist or other sets it about. I find fault my son names anybody, and pray, sir, forget he does, and never speak it. You will find I have blotted all that out of the letter, so that even when I shall now carry it to Rachel she shall not find the names of anybody. I hope my Lord Duke will think I have done well, and my sister Alinton too; and so nobody besides knowing it, it can go no further. I have warned my son, and commend Mr. Hicks for his cautious writing. Why should ill-blood be bred? I venture to send also my son's to Lord Orford, Lord Orford sent it me to read: I know it will please my Lord Duke; but be sure I have it again by the carrier, for I would keep it.

So, I fear being late, my duty and services to the ladies, concludes this from your constant friend.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

1699.

My Lord—

I beg your Grace's patience to read, rather than to hear me speak, for fear of being heard; and what I have to say, I extremely desire may be a secret, it being highly to my son's advantage it should be so. I do affirm this, my Lord, that no child you have is more tender than I am to tell you anything that may trouble or discompose you. I hope what I have to say will not, when you have well considered my proposal. But first I must open the case.

Your grandson, although he has not lost at play as the world has taxed him, nor anything at all at Paris, yet, my Lord, he has been so faulty as to play in Italy for bigger sums than he ought to have done, and has been so unfortunate as to lose; and, not to mince the matter to your Grace, who ought to be told the truth, he has lost from the time he went out of England, to the time he came to Paris, three thousand pounds, and some odd hundreds. He is so afflicted for this folly, I dare not aggravate his trouble. He dreads your Grace's knowing of it; and he might certainly have prevailed with me to have kept his secret, if I could have preserved his honor, and have done it. I do all I can to assure him your indulgence will not suffer you to be sharp in your anger, when that can bring no remedy. The fault is committed; and, if he keep steady to his resolutions, I hope the grief he has felt will be for his future good, all the rest of his life. But the business now is, how to pay the money, and do it so secretly, that the inquisitive town shall not make it their talk and scorn, and he be exposed, as he calls it, as an easy gentleman, that can be cheated of his money. Your grandson has been so cunning in managing this matter, that Mr. Sherard does not know of more money lost than between four or five hundred pounds. Mr. Hicks knows of near a thousand; and he came to the knowledge of that sum by seeing the poor young creature so sad and oppressed, and so sunk with it, that he really feared his life; which made him beg so

hard to know what afflicted him so heavily, that at last he confessed the truth, crying out for the sorrow he should give his parents. Mr. Hicks was so compassionate and generous as to be bound for the money; and so it was kept a secret. Your Grace nor I were not to know it; and Mr. Hicks now stands bound for it.

I know your Grace is paying a great deal of money for Lord Robert,[1] and cannot, if you would, give him the money; but there is no cause to ask it; if your Grace will but give me credit, I will not doubt to overcome the business to his comfort. Your Grace knows my estate is settled; I kept a power to charge it, but have taken up as much as I can, and be honest. So if I could find credit, I dare not use it, since I should not live or die with comfort: and, besides that, all writings, since my father died to this time, must be considered by the lawyers; and that will make a great noise.

Now, I propose this: that my son and myself shall be principals in a bond for 3000*l*. I will find the money; and if your Grace will join as surety with us, I cannot but hope to compass it; and without you grant to do so, I am at my wit's end what to do. To the best of my judgment, your Grace can never have any more trouble than to sign the bond. If my son and myself live, our rents will, in some reasonable time pay it off: if I die, what I leave is engaged, and my son bound also. If he outlive your Grace, it will be paid, where it properly ought to be, out of his own estate. If my son should die, my estate will then return to me, and be unsettled; so I should be but too well enabled to pay it; and I being principal, your Grace but surety, it can at no time come to be paid by you. I thought, after having struggled through so great a debt as your excellent son left me to pay, and without even having any friend bound for me, I hoped, I say, I should never have asked it; but it is God's will it should be as it is: and who should I apply

[1] Lord Robert Russell, his fourth son. He married Letitia, widow of Thomas Cheek, Esq., and died without children.

to besides yourself? If you will be so good to pity him, and be bound with him and me, it will be an unspeakable consolation to him and me, and preserve his credit. If your Grace dares trust me, none but Spencer shall know of the money being taken up; nor he shall not how it is laid out, but that your Grace helps us for present use. If you refuse, I know not what to do, but must try my friends; for I must, if it be possible, help my child this one time, and no more. I hope I have expressed myself that your Grace may understand my meaning to be this: I will find the 3000*l.* and be bound, and also my son, only to give us credit, I beg your Grace will be so good as to be bound with us: it will give a mighty ease to the mind of your dutiful daughter.[1]

Friday, December 22, 1699.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY ROOS.

Thursday.

I HAD written Thursday, with intentions to have gone on with my letter, but, being prevented till daylight was gone, am forced by another hand to tell you that I have received yours, and shall be very glad to have two or three lines every post till your child is well again, though I hope all danger is over. Your sister has dined here to-day, and seems very well if she takes no cold to-day. Lord Bedford came last night to town very well. The letters due on Tuesday from France are not yet come in, but your brother was so well in the last that I have no solicitude about it. The marriage I sent you word of last

[1] "Of the extent of his losses at play Lady Russell was not aware till his return to England towards the end of the year 1699, when she found the amount so considerable as to oblige her to address herself to her grandfather to assist her as a security in raising money. The considerate manner in which she addresses the Duke, and in which she speaks of the errors of the young, is a sufficient reason for the affectionate confidence placed in her by both."—*Note in Miss Berry's Memoir.*

week takes up the talk, that it hardly gives place to the ball. Your aunt Anglesea[1] made me a visit this afternoon, and tells her story how on Monday her son came to beg her pardon that he was married (as he was on Saturday), and had not told her. She replied: "My dear, I forgive you, and wish you well and her too, and if I meet her in a third place, I shall use her with the respect due to your lady, but I never desire to see her in my house." My lord asked her if he might come to her house; she said: "Yes, my dear, I have not the heart to forbid you, nor any child of mine, nor have any objection to the person of your wife, but for one circumstance, and that I cannot excuse." Then she continued, saying how he had often asked her advice, and she had always told him if he pleased himself she should be pleased, whether she had fortune or no fortune, quality or no other quality than being born a gentlewoman, but she desires she might be one might bring no blot or stain upon her family; this he had disobeyed, and that was her grief. Lady Dorchester's passion seems to be weaker; she told Mrs. Vernon though she would take her own time to see her daughter, she would take it kindly if anybody else that did and has seen. My Lord Anglesea and his bride has given new life to the ball, for now she dances, so does Lady Essex; Lady Betty Cavendish ever designed it, and some say the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Standly, Mrs. Godfrey, &c. If more matter of this kind, my letter should be longer. I hear this afternoon that Lady Gilford is so ill they think she won't live. I have not forgot the elder water, but cannot get it yet; the Duchess of Somerset gave it my daughter; she meant to try to-day if Lady Darby could help her to it. Has Lady Catharine tried the bath? it cured me of a colick in the stomach that nothing else in seven years had done.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, married James, Earl of Anglesey: the marriage in question was most probably that of her eldest son James, to Catherine, natural daughter of King James II., by Catherine, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, Baronet.

LADY RUSSELL TO KING WILLIAM.

Indorsed by Lady Russell: "My letter to the King, some days after Lord Bedford died, which was on 7th September, 1700."[1]

I AM first to ask your Majesty's pardon for the liberty I take to trouble you with a letter; but I think it a duty incumbent upon me, after acquainting your Majesty of the Duke of Bedford's death, as he has left me his executor; his George is in my custody, and I beg to receive your Majesty's commands, whether it be your pleasure that my son should immediately bring it over to you, or that it shall remain in my possession, till we are blessed with your Majesty's return to England. My ignorance in things of this nature makes me presume to beg the honor of your commands, that I may not be wanting in the duty and respect that I shall always pay to your Majesty; and since, Sir, I presume on your goodness to forgive a woman's troubling you, be pleased to permit me, with great submission to your better determination, to make a request in favor of my son, that if you would please to think him worthy of the honor to wear a Garter[2] his grandfather so long enjoyed, not only my son, but I know the whole family would always look upon it as a mark of your grace and favor to them; and if anything could make them show a greater zeal for your service than they now do, it would be the honor you bestow on this young man, who, I hope, will live to serve your Majesty with a duty and faithfulness becoming the son of such a grandfather, and father. And here, Sir, I must put a conclusion to my letter,

[1] The Duke of Bedford died in his eighty-seventh year, and was interred in the family vault of Chenies. A funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Freeman, at the desire of the King. The sermon, as already mentioned, was printed. Lady Orford, in a letter to Mr. Thornton, says: "He wants us no more, though all that knew him must always miss him."

[2] The order was conferred upon him.

still begging your Majesty's pardon, if I have presumed to do what I ought not to have done; and that you will please to look upon me as the most faithful of

Your Majesty's
Most obedient subjects and servants.

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY GRANBY.

Tuesday, Nov. 2.

I KNOW you will be glad to be assured your brother is well at Southampton House; he came between three and four o'clock, before we had dined. I troubled you to read to little purpose, but I did not dream of his coming till after I had written. He says his tongue is sore still, but he is very well, he says, but was very foolish, I think, not to bleed after his fall. I know not, till I have seen your brother, where I am to direct this, but I suppose Loffnam[1] is not to be left so soon but this will find you there, where you will want no news that I can write. The Queen visits St. James's to see her building, but returns to Kensington; sees no company. She cannot set her foot to the ground; has a chair made so well that it is lifted with her in it into the coach, and then she moves herself to the seat, and the chair taken away. Some fancy the Parliament will be adjourned for some days; some think otherwise, but certainly the Queen intends to get to the House. Lord Marlborough and Lord Portland came on Friday or Saturday, but our King of Spain is not like to come this fortnight. The Dutch not ready. I doubt so far I had written before dinner, and if Sir James be a good author, I was wrong about our King of Spain, for Lord Malborough says he meant, if the wind was fair, to set sail this very day. The sword the said lord had presented him is the neatest thing was ever seen, and is very rich too; the top is one entire diamond. The Duke of

[1] Luffenham, Rutlandshire.

Somerset is in town, but upon the wing. When Sir George Rook gives notice where the King is like to land. I will take care about the bottle of Lady Allen's water, which I am sorry I forgot, and you could not remember; but your Ladyship has also forgot to give me an answer about the pearl, or to send it. It is post time, so this must be ended.

For the Right Honble.
the Lady Granby.

LADY RUSSELL TO KING WILLIAM.

Sir—

I rather choose to trouble your Majesty with a letter, than be wanting in my duty, in the most submissive manner imaginable, to acknowledge the honor and favor I am told your Majesty designs for Lord Rutland and his family, in which I am so much interested.

It is an act of great goodness, Sir, in you; and the generous manner you have been pleased to promise it in, makes the honor, if possible, greater. As you will lay an eternal obligation on that family, be pleased to allow me to answer for all those I am related to; they will look on themselves equally honored with Lord Rutland, by your favor to his family, and I am sure will express their acknowledgments to your Majesty in the most dutiful manner, to the best of their services; in which I earnestly desire my son Bedford may exceed, as he has been first, and early honored with the marks of your favor. And I hope I may live to see your Majesty has bestowed one more upon him, who appears to me to have no other ambition, except what he prefers above all others, making himself acceptable to your Majesty, and living in your good opinion.

I presume to say, I believe there is no fault in his intentions of duty towards your Majesty, nor, I trust, ever will be; and that, as his years increase, his performances will better declare

the faithfulness of his mind, which will hugely enlarge the comforts of

Your Majesty's most humble, most dutiful,
and most obedient servant.

Lady Russell's indorsement on the foregoing letter is in these words: "To the King, 1701–2, about first of March, and found in his pocket when dead."

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY GRANBY.

Tuesday, 1703.

I HAVE been under great anxiety, so till the post came yesterday, for though Belvoir is so strong a building, I feared accidents there as little as anywhere; yet so many fatal and dismal ones have fallen upon so many, that would justify a mighty apprehension. I bless God we are all well; but the chimney, where my son and his wife lay, fell, and the bricks and soot coming down the chimney, made them rise at six o'clock, and come to my drawing-room; the wall of the garden fell next the field, and all the trees beat one side to the very ground; but at Stretton my loss is worse in all respects, my farms torn to pieces, corn and hay dispersed, seen hanging on the trees, and among trees near the house; the fir grove, as Richard writes, entirely broken and torn up by the roots. I send Spencer tomorrow to see if it is in nature possible to get up a row round the ground. Hampshire is all desolation; Devon House escaped better than any house I hear of. Many killed in country as well as in town.[1] Lady Penelopie [Wichlesse ?] killed

[1] The storm here alluded to is most probably the "Great Storm" of 1703—one of the most terrible that ever raged in England. The loss sustained in London alone was calculated at 2,000,000*l.* sterling. The number of persons drowned in the floods of the Severn and Thames, and lost on the coast of Holland, and in ships blown from their anchors and never heard of afterwards, is thought to have been 8000. Twelve men-of-war, with more than 1800 men on board, were lost within sight of their own shore. Trees were torn up by their roots, 17,000 of them in Kent alone. It was in this storm that the Bishop of Bath and Wells and his lady were killed in bed, at their palace in Wells.

in her bed at their country house, and he, in the same bed, found a piece of timber falling between his legs, and kept off the bricks, but it is innumerable the mischiefs and the preservations; sea matters yet too uncertain. So certain Beaumont is lost, and wonderfully lamented, and five ships upon the sand. No news that is to be relied on of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and we sorry your Lord lost his match; but really the present calamity takes up all my thoughts. It is time to dine, so must end this

From your affectionate Mother.

LADY RUSSELL TO HER SON, THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Stratton, July, 1706.

When I take my pen to write this, I am, by the goodness and mercy of God, in a moderate and easy state of health—a blessing I have thankfully felt through the course of a long life, which (with a much greater help) the contemplation of a more durable state, has maintained and upheld me through varieties of providences and conditions[1] of life. But all the delights and sorrows of this mixed state must end; and I feel the decays that attend old age creep so fast on me,[2] that, although I may yet get over some more years, however, I ought to make it my frequent meditation, that the day is near, when this earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, and my immortal spirit be received into that place of purity where no unclean thing can enter; there to sing eternal praises to the great Creator of all things. With the Psalmist, I believe, "at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore:" and what is good and of eternal duration, must be joyful above what we can conceive; as what is

[1] "Lady Russell now saw her son established in all the honors of his race, with a wife who seems to have justified the choice she had made for him, and by whom he was the happy father of several children."—*Miss Berry.*

[2] Lady Russell was now past seventy years of age.

evil and of like duration, must be despairingly miserable. And now, my dear child, I pray, I beseech you, I conjure you, my loved son, consider what there is of felicity in this world, that can compensate the hazard of losing an everlasting easy being; and then deliberately weigh, whether or no the delights and gratifications of a vicious or idle course of life are such, that a wise or thoughtful man would choose or submit to. Again, fancy its enjoyments at the height imagination can propose or suggest (which yet rarely or never happens, or if it does, as a vapor soon vanishes); but let us grant it could, and last to fourscore years, is this more than the quickest thought to eternity? Oh, my child! fix on that word, eternity! Old Hobbes,[1] with all his fancied strength of reason could never endure to rest or stay upon that thought, but ran from it to some miserable amusement. I remember to have read of some man, who, reading in the Bible something that checked him, he threw it on the ground; the book fell open, and his eye fixed on the word eternity, which so struck upon his mind, that he from a bad liver, became a most holy man. Certainly nothing besides the belief of reward and punishment can make a man truly happy in his life, at his death, and after death. Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last—peace in the evening of each day, peace in the day of death, and peace after death. For my own part, I apprehend, I should not much care (if free from pain) what my portion in this world was—if a life to continue, perhaps one year, or twenty, or eighty; but then, to be dust, not to know or be known any more—this is a thought has something

[1] He could not endure to be left in an empty house, and whenever his friend and patron, the Earl of Devonshire, removed from Chatsworth to Hardwick, he would go with him. When he was in a very weak condition, he dared not be left behind, but made his way upon a feather-bed in a coach, though he survived the journey but a few days. He could not bear any discourse of death, and seemed to cast off all thoughts of it; he delighted to reckon, though then upwards of ninety years of age, upon longer life.

of horror in it to me, and always had; and would make me careless, if it were to be long or short; but to live, to die, to live again, has a joy in it; and how inexpressible is that joy, if we secure an humble hope to live ever happily; and this we may do, if we take care to live agreeably to our rational faculties, which also best secures health, strength, and peace of mind, the greatest blessings on earth. Believe the Word of God, the Holy Scriptures, the promises and threats contained in them: and what most obstructs our doing so, I am persuaded, is fear of punishment. Look up to the firmament, and down to the deep, how can any doubt a divine power? And if there is, what can be impossible to infinite power? Then, why an infidel in the world? And if not such, who then would hazard a future state for the pleasure of sin a few days? No wise man, and, indeed, no man that lives and would deserve to see good days; for the laws of God are grateful. In his Gospel, the terrors of majesty are laid aside, and He speaks in the still and soft voice of his Son incarnate, the fountain and spring whence flow gladness. A gloomy and dejected countenance better becomes a galley-slave than a Christian, where joy, love, and hope should dwell. The idolatrous heathen performed their worship with trouble and terror; but a Christian, and a good liver, with a merry heart and lightsome spirit: for, examine and consider well, where is the hardship of a virtuous life? (when we have moderated our irregular habits and passions, and subdued them to the obedience of reason and religion.) We are free to all the innocent gratifications and delights of life; and we may lawfully, nay, further, I say we ought to rejoice in this beautiful world, and all the conveniences and provisions, even for pleasure, we find in it; and which, in much goodness, is afforded us to sweeten and allay the labors and troubles incident to this mortal state, nay, inseparable, I believe, by disappointments, cross accidents, bad health, unkind returns for good deeds, mistakes even among friends, and what is most touching, death of friends. But in the worst of these calamities, the thought of a happy eternity does not alone sup-

port, but also revive the spirit of a man; and he goeth forth to his labor with inward comfort, till the evening of his day (that is, his life on earth), and with the Psalmist, cries out: "I will consider the heavens, even the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained: What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldest so regard him?" Psalm viii. "Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory." Here is matter of praise and gladness. "The fool," as the Psalmist expresses it, "hath said in his heart, there is no God." Or, let us consider the man, who is content to own an invisible power, yet tries to believe, that when man has done living on this earth he lives no more: but I would ask, if any of these unhappy creatures are fully persuaded, or that there does not remain in those men, at times (as in sickness, or sober thoughtfulness), some suspicion or doubt, that it may be other than they try to think. And although they may, to shun such a thought, or be rid of such a contemplation, run away from it to some unprofitable diversion, or, perhaps, suffer themselves to be rallied out of such a thought, so destructive to the way they walk in; yet, to be sure, that man does not feel the peace and tranquillity he does, who believes a future state, and is a good man. For, although this good man, when his mind may be clouded with some calamity, very grievous to him, or the disorder of vapors to a melancholy temper, I say, if he is tempted to some suspicion, that it is possible it may be other than he believes (pray observe), such a surmise or thought, nay, the belief, cannot drive him to any horror: he fears no evil, because he is a good man, and with his life all sorrow ends too; therefore, it is not to be denied he is the wisest man who lives by the Scripture rule, and endeavors to keep God's laws. First, his mind is in peace and tranquillity; he walks sure who keeps innocence, and takes heed to the thing that is right: 2dly. He is secure God is his friend, that Infinite Being; and He has said: "Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden, my yoke is easy:" but guilt is, certainly, a heavy load; it sinks and damps the spirits. "A

wounded spirit who can bear?" And the evil subtle spirit waits (I am persuaded) to drive the sinner to despair; but godliness makes a cheerful heart.

Now, O man! let not past errors discourage: who lives and sins not? God will judge the obstinate, profane, unrelenting sinner, but, full of compassion to the work of his own hand, if they will cease from doing evil and learn to do well, pray for grace to repent, and endeavor with that measure which will be given, if sincerely asked for; for at what time soever a sinner repents (but observe, this is no license to sin, because at any time we may repent), for that day we may not live to see; and so, like the fool in the parable, our lamps be untrimmed when we are called upon. Remember, that to forsake vice is the beginning of virtue; and virtue certainly is most conducive to content of mind and a cheerful spirit. He (the virtuous man) rejoiceth with a friend in the good things he enjoys; fears not the reproaches of any; no evil spirit can approach to hurt him here, or accuse him in the great day of the Lord, when every soul shall be judged according as they have done good or evil. Oh, blessed state! fit for life, fit for death! In this good state I wish and pray for all mankind; but most particularly, and with all the ardor I am capable of, to those I have brought into the world, and those dear to them. Thus are my fervent and frequent prayers directed—that you may die the death of the righteous, and to this end that Almighty God would endue you all with spiritual wisdom, to discern what is pleasing in his sight.[1]

LADY RUSSELL TO LADY DE ROOS.

Saturday, Sept. 6, 1707.

Expecting the Duke and Duchess of Somerset this evening, I am writing to dispatch a letter, not being sure how I can dispose of my hours the days of their being here. Your sister

[1] From Miss Berry's Memoir.

says they both design to come hither from Windsor, but I guess that will be but for a little time, and would not have her fatigue herself for a few days. I suppose your Lord is with you before this, and conclude he will have heard nothing at Lord Wharton's that will settle your head about your sons. I am of your Lord's mind, that a man who has lived in a country village will even at present not know enough of the world to live in a family like yours, and I think I have in some of mine mentioned to that purpose. I have been talking to Mr. Harborough if he knew anything of the usher: Lord Cartwright mentioned his name, Callot; he says no, not by sight, but he knows one Mr. Caswal, that was first usher and married, and because he married, the master would not let him continue, so he set up a school in Westminster, and has about eighty scholars, and has hurt the great school. Now he remembers, he says, that Callot and he were near joining, and if they had it was thought the great school had been hurt much more, but something about pre-eminence broke them off; and Callot seeing Mr. Caswal thrive so well, set up too. Whether he did not hit so well, or why he gave it over he does not know, but it seems he is now usher to the great school, and a great burden it is, he says, to discharge well, and all the lesser boys are the care. Now he knows Mr. Caswal very well, and a most extraordinary man he is for goodness as well as learning, and would give a faithful character, but he says that Doctor Bently threatening to put him, Callot, out of the book, is a good sign that he is a man of parts, and so they want him at times of great exercises, and at their acts I suppose. But he says, though he has but 30*l.* a year, yet he, perhaps, makes it up 100*l.* other ways by gifts. It is ordinary at Christmas for the children's friends to give a guinea, some two, so that it may not be so very easy to get him if he is so very deserving. When you have talked all this, young Lord, if you care for inquiring this way by Mr. Caswal, it is soon done, and no doubt you know some know Bently well enough.

Talking about the matter, Mr. Harborough was saying Saul

was a very good scholar he thought, and Englishmen were inclined to approve of their way of learning, for this reason only, that if by accident or idleness they had forgot, they knew where to find it, and so recover themselves; but the other way being by example, not rule, they know not where to go for it; but this by the by, and not to the purpose, but I set down all I hear: indeed, if the usher did hit, and not being a divine, he might be a jewel, and be ever for one use or another. His age, as he, Mr. Scarborough I mean, guesses, must be twenty-six—a good age enough, but remember figure; that he be not unsightly; for he might be as Mr. Flurno was with Lord Sunderland in all places, if he would learn French, which an ingenious man would soon do. I have put the question to Mr. Moor, so take my leave for this time, and if I want time shall scribble to Pulse.

LORD ORFORD TO LADY RUSSELL.

MADAM—

If I thought the account I am going to give your Ladyship of Woburn and the master of it, would be disagreeable to you, I should ease you of the trouble of this letter. I am newly come from thence, where I stayed a whole week, and upon my word, I never was better pleased to see the Duke and Duchess of Bedford both extreme easy in their house, and living with the greatest order and decorum that it is possible, so discreet, keeping a very good table, and everything in the house as regular and in good order as I have seen in any family that pretends the most to economy. Your son busies himself with improving his park and grounds, and has got the reputation of a great husbandman. I have told them the fear I am under is his growing covetous, which I think is a fault for a man of his quality and estate, next to running into a greater debt than one can pay. I endeavored to persuade him to be some years longer in paying off his debt, and to allow himself more that he may complete his house for his dwelling to his own mind,

but I find his thoughts and heart is fully set to put himself beforehand in the world, which cannot be accounted an act of indiscretion. If I may be believed, I have not for many years had a truer satisfaction than observing, the time I was there, the Duke of Bedford's behavior in all respects, for as much as I have a concern for the well-being of the family, and a zeal not common for the son of a man I passionately love, and a mother I have, without a compliment, the greatest honor and respect for imaginable; and I now have great pleasure in thinking I shall have good reason to value this present Duke of Bedford, not only as I have the honor to be related to him, but for his own virtue and honorable principles. He has a very good understanding, and his late proceedings show him to have a true sense of honor and parts. From all which it is very easy to believe he will see as a man of his quality ought to do, and as that family has always done since they have been termed noble. Upon my word, I write this with great pleasure, possibly with greater than I can well express. God has blessed him with fine children, I hope and depend they will have many more. He shows himself a fond husband and kind father, two very good things.

And now, Madam, I must not conclude without telling you my complaints. Picket was the evening's diversion, in which I, poor man, was a terrible sufferer. A pound a night hardly did my business, and not one pool in all that time came to my share. You may judge, Madam, what trouble and concern I lay under at my ill fortune, or rather ill play. I would fain have prevailed with him to come to Chippenham this Newmarket meeting, but he will not stir this year, but makes me hope I shall see him here if we live so long as the next summer; and then I have a proposal to make, which I hope will not be denied me, because it will be the greatest pleasure and satisfaction I can ever propose to myself for the few years that I have in course of nature to crawl about (insignificant as I am). The business is, to have the honor of your Ladyship's company with all your sons and daughters at this poor place. I shall be very

happy to see you all together under my roof. I will undertake to contrive the journey to be easy for you without the trouble of a long day's journey, nor to have the uneasiness of being at an inn by the way; and the greatest compliment and demonstration I can show for such an honor is, instead of allowing one pound a day for cards, I will come up to one and a half. And now, Madam, I have troubled you with a very long letter: I have nothing more than to offer you ten thousand pardons for taking up so much of your time, and to conclude with what I shall for ever be, with the greatest truth and respect,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most faithful and obedient

Humble servant,

ORFORD.[1]

LADY RUSSELL TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Saturday, August 12, 1708.

AT present I feel so small a content in writing or reading letters, that I should not choose it to entertain myself or you; for there is but one subject to think or speak of—one that is not to be cast off, nor yet digested. For my part, I can bring no serious, thinking, considering thought; but, turn it all ways, it ever centres in the same one I love not to name: it is dismal; but I throw it away as often as I can, since no result is so taken from my opinion. But my heart must care for those I love (I hope) better than my old self, because so much younger: perhaps, if as near fourscore as I am, I might be more indifferent.[2] But all this is a digression from the matter I took my pen to set down. I hear you are going, or perhaps gone, to Woburn, from whence your brother seems to intend to leave in a fortnight

[1] From the Devonshire Papers; it is already printed in Mr. Wiffen's Memoir of the House of Russell; but it appeared desirable to introduce it again here.

[2] To what this alludes the editor has not been able to discover.

as I hear. Now Doctor Sloane[1] told Spencer there had been three gone out of Streatham House of the smallpox; and more died in that parish this summer than any year since the plague, by very many. Now if to change from an infected air to a better is thought less safe than staying in it, sure to leave a healthy one for one not so must be yet more to be apprehended; but any caution from me may not take: but if you, when with them in talk, put the question, if the Doctor would think it advisable, being all well where they are, to change nearer London, it will not be misunderstood; and when they have considered, they must choose for themselves: but if so near, your brother will be so oft in London that it will be very happy if he escapes.[2] When I left London my sister Robert[3] was so positive Lady Bedford had resolved to continue at Woburn, that she would not credit my saying I did not know it; and added, she was sure she had bespoke her midwife; but I thought that might be in case of need. If wavering, a word in season may settle it. My service to your Lord and self, with my poor prayers for all mercies and blessings to you both, and yours, closes this from R. R.

All kind service to Mr. Charlton. I desire he will suppress vapors: none on earth knows what is to come.

LADY RUSSELL TO SIR JONATHAN TRELAWNEY,[4] BISHOP OF EXETER.

My Lord—

I am much obliged to your Lordship for the account you give me of your transactions with Mr. Reinolds, and the vicar

[1] The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, at that time physician to Christ's Hospital.

[2] Within three years afterwards he fell a sacrifice to the disease his mother so much dreaded for him.

[3] Lady Robert Russell.

[4] "He was a younger son of Sir Jonathan Trelawney, of Pelynt, in

of Tavistock, esteeming the pains you have taken in being so particular, both as a respect and as proceeding from the same motive that inclined me to speak with your Chancellor, which was, that this matter might be amicably composed. The late Duke of Bedford was a person of great justice, moderation, and courtesy, from which, if he ever swerved, I dare say, it was only through misinformation; but, in managing his business he was regular to his method, doing it all generally by his officers, and very reserved to his friends and relations. I never knew anything of this difference till some time after his Grace's death, that Mr. Reinolds, his chief steward, applying himself to me, among other things, acquainted me therewith, which he did upon occasion of a letter he had lately received from the vicar, wherein he gave him to understand that your Lordship had renewed your prosecution, and that he was under some apprehensions my son would not support him as his grandfather would have done; to which, out of pity to the grief and fear he expressed, I ordered the steward to reply to this effect: That my son being at Newmarket he could give

Cornwall; but his elder brother dying in 1680, he inherited the title of Baronet. He was a man of polite manners, competent learning, and uncommon knowledge of the world. He was a true son and friend of the Church, and exerted himself with courage and alacrity, with magnanimity and address, in defence of her just rights and privileges. He was friendly and open, generous and charitable; was a good companion and a good man. He was successively Bishop of Bristol, Exeter, and Winchester."—*Granger's Biographical Dictionary*, vol. iv. p. 521.

While Bishop of Exeter, he was one of the seven sent to the Tower, 1688; his imprisonment caused a great commotion among his countrymen in Cornwall. "All over the county the peasants chanted a ballad, of which the burden is still remembered:—

'And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why.'

"The miners from their caverns re-echoed the song with a variation:—

'Then twenty thousand under ground will know the reason why.'"

MACAULAY.

him, at present, no answer from him; but I bid him tell him from me that I did not doubt but my son would assist him in all things that were just and reasonable; and, resolving to get a relation of it as soon as I could from your Lordship's side, I found means to discourse with Doctor Edisbury, your Chancellor, of which, I suppose, he has given you a better account than I can. Had I not observed, that most of the differences that arise from not having patience, or not using proper means to be truly informed, I should have thought you had singled out this man; but by the course I took I soon understood your orders were general. I agree, my Lord, the vicar ought to observe the rubric, and obey all your canonical injunctions; I am sensible what good effect singing psalms musically has had, in several parishes; and I am sorry a man, especially in so populous a place, should need to be ordered to read prayers Wednesdays and Fridays. In short, my Lord, neither I, nor any that I can persuade, will assist in opposing your just authority; and, saving that we are not of their mind who would lay pains and penalties upon people for not conforming to its worship, we are, as much as any, for supporting the Church of England, and encouraging communion with it.

I am satisfied, my Lord, there are many would be very inconsiderable, were it not for being fierce of a party; and for that end they keep up a dissension, when the reason of it is ceased; but I wish those whom I am concerned for to value men according to their worth, and not for being of a party, and to be assured irreligious and immoral men, of whatever party they are, or whatever they profess, can never be true to friend or country, wanting the principles that should make them so. It highly imports my son to inquire into the things your Lordship relates of an officer of his; and if what he writ to one of the gentlemen you mention be extant, and were put into my son's hands, it would be an undeniable proof, and put the matter past all out-facing. I cannot conclude, before I give your Lordship my thanks for your obliging letters, and your

favor to the vicar, upon our account. My son will order his steward to advise him to be more observant for the future, and to let him know he must expect no countenance from him, if he be irregular.

I am, your Lordship's.

BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY, TO LADY RUSSELL.

I CANNOT keep myself from writing, though I cannot tell how to express the deep sense I have of this new heavy stroke with which God is trying your faith and patience. To lose the only son of such a father,[1] who was become so truly his son in

[1] The death of her son Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford, K. G., "a child of many tears and prayers." The following summary of his character is taken from Wiffen's Memoirs of the House of Russell: "Of Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, few particulars remain to be communicated. To floriculture, as well as landscape gardening and agriculture, he appears to have been much devoted; in one of his letters to Sir Hans Sloane, in 1709, he seeks to tempt that philosophic virtuoso and amiable man to Woburn, by stating that he was about receiving 'a great number of rarities, and particularly a large collection of ranunculi from Candia, such a one as he believes was never before seen in England.' In these pursuits, which Lord Bacon terms 'the purest of human pleasures,' and in collecting and perusing the rare and valuable books which he was constantly adding to his library, his tranquil years passed on. Yet, although passionately fond of his retirement in the country, he was not inattentive to his public duties. Whilst naturally attached to the great principles for which his father had laid down his life, he took a part of much moderation in the high disputes that agitated the reign and the parliaments of Queen Anne. He had been so far disposed to support what were considered the interests of the Church of England, as to vote in 1703 for the bill against occasional conformity, but in 1710, when he saw the passion of the time for absolute intolerance and bigotry, he was anxious to record his adherence to the great cause of civil and religious liberty, and in the memorable trial of Sacheverel gave his vote against that fiery zealot."

"At his death-bed," says Miss Berry, "we find only his mother receiving his last words, soothing his last moments, and pointing his last

all respects, is, indeed, anew opening a deep wound, which God had, by many special providences, for several years, been binding up and healing. *But now you will see, whether you can truly say, "Not my will, but thy will be done." For God's sake, do not abandon yourself once more into a deep inconsolable melancholy; rouse up the spirit God has given you, and say: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken; blessed be the name of the Lord." When God took his blessed father, he was left as a branch to spring up in his stead; now God has taken him; but the branches are left in whom he is to live again. Remember you are now much older than when you suffered yourself to sink so much under a great though a just load. You cannot now stand under what you bore then; and you do not know but that, as God has helped you in so eminent a manner to do your duty to your own children, he may yet have a great deal for you to do to your children's children; and, therefore, study to compose your spirits into a resignation to the holy will of God, and see what remains for you yet to be done, before your course is finished. I could not help giving this vent to that true and hearty concern I have in everything that touches you in so tender a part. I can do no more but follow this with my most earnest prayers to the God of all comfort for you and all yours, more particularly for the sweet remnants of him, whom God has taken to Himself.

I am, beyond all expression,
Madam,
Your most humble and most obedient servant,
GI. SARUM.

Salisbury, May 30, 1711.

thoughts to that heaven which she was again to prove gives means of support in present, and of consolation in future, for all misfortunes, however severe or repeated, to which we have not ourselves contributed."

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

Alas! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should.[1]

I did not know the greatness of my love to his person, till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure, with time, relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the Goodness, which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace to rest contented with what his unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon Him, and complained he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, said something to me of my double kindness to his wife, and so died away. There seemed no reluctancy to leave this world, patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but loath to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers; I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for

Your afflicted kinswoman.

June, 1711.

[1] The death of her only son. To this affliction succeeded, in Nov., 1711, the loss of her daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, who died in childbed. Lady Russell, after seeing her in the coffin, went to her other daughter, married to the Duke of Devonshire, from whom it was necessary to conceal her grief, she being at that time in childbed likewise; therefore she assumed a cheerful air, and, with astonishing resolution agreeable to truth, answered her anxious daughter's inquiries with these words: "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

My Lord—

I have been for some weeks often resolved, and as soon unresolved, if I would or would not engage upon a subject I cannot speak to without some emotion, but I cannot suffer your being a stranger to any that very near concerns me. Yet before I could dispose myself to do it, concluded the article not a secret to you, such care having by one side been taken, as to let it be a visiting day affair, whether or not the Duke of Rutland had not fixed a second choice? perhaps as proper to call it the first; for when marriages are so very early, it is accepting rather than choosing, on either side. But Lord Rutland, to the end of my good child's life, has so well approved of the choice, in all and every respect, and, now that she is no more, has, with very deliberate consideration, as soon as he composed his mind to think, first taken care to inquire, and be truly informed what powers he had to do for his children; and then, by the strictest rules of justice and impartial kindness, settled every younger child's portion, by adding to what they had before. As it is to me the most solid instance of his respect and love he can now give to her memory, and being I believe it done with an honest sincerity, and true value of her, and all her virtues, I conceive it would be wrong in me to take offence at some circumstances the censorious part of the town will be sure to do, and refine upon, for the sake of talk. I miss the hearing, by seeing few, and not answering questions.[1]

The first notice I had of his intention was by Mr. Charlton, and I really believe that was as soon as he had given himself his own consent. He told me he found him under great unquietness, when he acquainted him with his thoughts, who said, he

[1] John Lord Roos, afterwards Duke of Rutland (whose first wife, Catherine, Lady Russell's second daughter, died Oct. 31, 1711), on Jan. 1, 1712–13, married Lucy, sister to Bennet Sherard, first Earl of Harborough.

was under all the anxieties a man could feel how to break it to me, though it was then but a thought of his own, yet so much he would not conceal from me. Mr. Charlton undertook to tell me, and I did as soon resolve to let it pass as easy between him and me as I could, by bidding Mr. Charlton let him know I would begin to him. I did so, which put us both in some disorder, but I believe he took, as I meant it, kindly.

A decency in time was all I expected. The person is sister to the present Lord Sherard; the other sister had been a widow to a Lord Irwine, and some years ago married a brother of the Duchess of Rutland, a Mr. Noel,[1] who has been a companion to his nephew ever since our sorrowful time. Here is a general opinion that the Lord St. John[2] is gone to Paris; some will suppose it is to try if the French King will come up to the terms the Dutch will accept.

August 5, 1712.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

The change of your secretary is much to the advantage of the reader; it would be so to you, I conclude, if I did not choose to be my own; but when I write as I do to you, the amusement is more agreeable to myself, and I assure myself you will make it so to you, if you can find what I mean to say; for I know I am exceeding apt to miss words I meant to put down. However, unless the business be of importance, I spare my eyes examining. As to the subject of my last, I will let it rest. As to the point of education, I am sorry we are not of one mind; but there is no help where there is no remedy. There is an overruling Providence, and I try to hope her children shall

[1] John Noel, third son of Baptist, Viscount Campden, married Elizabeth, eldest sister to Bennet, Earl of Harborough, and widow of Edward Ingram, Viscount Irwine, in Scotland.

[2] Lord St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke, famous for his share in the peace of Utrecht, &c.

be blessed. It was their good mother's thoughts under her hand, and though it might be thought her children would want her, yet her hope was, her prayers in their behalf had been heard. There is nothing yet appears blamable in them. Their father's indulgence may hurt in their best part, but as to the worldly part, if he is honestly dealt with in the drawing up of writings, he puts it out of his power to prevent any attempt for it. Let that be as it will, these accidents in families have been, and will no doubt be while the world lasts. And if we are so happy as to secure our next, and lasting stake, it matters little how this passes; yet flesh and blood shrinks at pain, and want of ease in body or mind, and it is natural to do so. Who can do otherwise, but by an affected force? and in that is no virtue: but I leave this: you want no admonitions. I want the practice, though my years are many.

Now, my Lord, I come to my neighbor Withers, as you call him. I know the persons of none of that name; if it be him at Alsford, he has been a commander, and may talk of taking and defending towns more knowingly than bargaining for lands; but I fancy it is another rather further from me, and the family more known to me a hundred years ago. As to the warren, I do not value foxes as the gentleman does, but I do the beauty of our Warren; and for the value, you found he went but half way; but to cut that short, it is entailed, and I must leave it so. The warrener must be bribed, not me.

I am thankful to God I have made an end between Mr. Sp[1] and myself, &c. Now as I am to answer for Mr. Sp , who was an accountant to me, being employed by me so; there is this article between him and me, that if at any time there is a discovery of any money, or debt due to him, I have the title to it, and not he, let it be much or little.

After many offers and endeavors by council and without, I came to this agreement: He was to make a clear and full discovery of all he is worth, lands, leases, moneys, goods, debts,

[1] Most probably Mr. Spencer, her steward.

&c. Then I, who was to have the whole in me, allow back to him what I think will be a subsistence to him, his wife and children. And so I have done. Swearing is what I desire to excuse; for it is possible he might be tempted to proceed in doing ill, and I not the better; and if he had sworn truth, as others professed they would not believe him, though I am less free in the professing of it, I might have doubted: then why provoke him to sin?

What has been urged to me over and over again, many times, has no force in it, which was, that they would undertake, and are sure he could conceal ten thousand pounds, which I should never discover, either in this nation or India. My answer is, if it cannot ever be found, it is to me as if it were not. And if I had any opinion of a conjurer (as we call them), I would not seek it that way. So what I approve best of, I choose.

That if a discovery be made out it is to my use. Now the farm he has from his father, which is 55*l.* a year, I could not come at, all counsel agreeing it to be out of the way; nay I must have had application to Chancery to have proceeded; there he could have hung it up. Sir Joseph Jekyl said this, that there it might hang for a dozen of years, nay to the end of the youngest in the room, and Tom Selwood was one of the seven or eight; there were four counsel. Also, he said, he would not take five thousand pounds of me towards the charge I should be at. But all this avails not at all; nothing but prison, nay, dying on a dunghill has no ill sound. At last I gave no further trouble (after having endured so much myself), from the opinion of a great lawyer, though not now to be paid as counsel. After two hours' discourse, and laying all before him, he told me it was the most advisable thing to compound the matter; and he esteemed it a very good composition, where they pretended to seven or eight thousand pounds from me, to pay me between two or three. He was so vehement in his opinion of making an end, that as a friend he prayed and exhorted me to set to it next morning; and if it were his case he would not sleep till it was done, if that were possible; for if

he should happen to die, I could not imagine how bad my circumstances might be, even to the returning two thousand pounds I had then received, and never be able to disprove his account, so be a debtor eight thousand pounds to his wife and children. This has given me many terrible waking hours from week to week, seeking to please and accommodate to my wishes; but they were not inclined to believe what they did not like; so took no impression, as I would think they did not believe it did in me; but I was no hypocrite; I felt more than I told. My mind is more at rest as to all my worldly concerns. Here I ask of Lord Galway.[1]

Saturday, Aug. 16, 1712.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

I HAVE before me, my good Lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant), are very comfortable to me, who I hope have no proud thoughts of my myself, as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being, who has from infinite bounty and goodness so checkered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I have felt many, I may say many years of pure, and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected: on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in balance with it. All other are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words—

> All we know they do above,
> Is, that they sing, and that they love.

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[1] Conclusion in another paper not found.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which I trust will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when after so sore a fit, as I apprehend you you have felt, the air, even of your improving pleasant garden, cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

The Queen has appointed twelfth-day for a drawing-room, and several tables for play, but there was none till yesterday, and how that passed I know not.

I heard a lady say yesterday, that the Ambassador had turned away four servants for selling wine by bottles, and that she had tasted his Burgundy, which was very good.[1]

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

About 1712 or 1713.

HAVING scribbled a great deal but last post, there is reason I should be quiet this; but the letter I have read, under your own hand, affects me so much, I cannot forbear to say your right hand was not more easy to be read.[2] However, the chief errand of this is to require of you not to make a custom of it to me; for if you will but take care, in case you are not well, that I hear, by any hand, how you are, in a line or two, I shall be best content; and when I do not hear, believe your health pretty good, at least: but your Lordship is so puffed up with the honors you receive from our sex, you must brag! The

[1] The conclusion and date lost.

[2] Lord Galway had lost his right arm at the unfortunate battle of Almanza, where he commanded the allied troops of England and Portugal, and was beaten by the Duke of Berwick, April 24, 1707. For this defeat, and his subsequent conduct during the Spanish campaign, he was arraigned by Lord Peterborough in the House of Lords, in February, 1710. "The services of Lord Galway, which had often been signally meritorious, ought to have protected him from the severe censures with which he was now loaded; though his errors or misconduct had been established by more impartial and satisfactory evidence than was produced upon this occasion."—*Somerville's History of Queen Anne*, p. 422.

more serious of your papers I shall say no more to, than that, as it is written in a fair character, so I do, with much ease, read the words; but, as you rightly observe, the difficulty lies in practice, yet neither you nor myself have the smiles of fortune too lavishly bestowed upon us, or to abide by us as to draw our hearts or minds as to choose and be fond of what the world at present affords us; but if, with the length of our days here, we can feel our desires and wills docible, willing to submit as to improve our best thoughts and performances, then our lives are granted as a blessing, as we may assure ourselves.

Pray, my Lord, be not in care about my writings.[1] Indeed, they are not worth your reading nor the postage; but I consider if anybody living will think them so it is yourself and Lady Norton;[2] and I often feel myself willing to relieve my thoughts so apt to reflect upon times past, when to look forward to what is to come should be my care, my comfort, or my dread. God's grace preserve me from the last, and strengthen the first to me, to the end of those few days or years I have to struggle through. I cannot end with better words for my own behalf, or that of the few friends left now in the world, to the satisfaction of Lord Galway's truly affectionate cousin, and humble servant.

I am going to make a visit out of town to sister Vaughan.[3] I cannot look over what I have set down, and care not for the task, for I ever find mistakes, wrong words, or missing right ones, takes as much time as writing does, and more trouble to my eyes.

[1] If this alludes to original compositions, none remain but a few scattered thoughts on religious subjects, all repeated in her letters; some self-examinations on the Ten Commandments before she received the sacrament; instructions to others on the same subject; and some notes of sermons.

[2] Lady Betty Norton, her niece.

[3] Lady Vaughan, the wife of John, Lord Vaughan, who succeeded Francis, Lord Vaughan, Lady Russell's first husband, was Anne, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax, by Dorothy, the daughter of the first Lord Sunderland and Saccarissa.

Indorsed by Lady Russell—"To Mr. Norton, September, 1713, but what sent altered in many places when written fair."

Sir—

The words I have read in your letter to my dear niece, dated September 8th, leave no room for me to hesitate what I ought to do; that is, first to acknowledge the justice of your thoughts, in believing I would be what I ought to be; and I were very unworthy of it, if I declined, to the uttermost of my abilities, to be of use, in the least or biggest occasion for it. The present is one of those the most to be lamented; but, sir, my business is not to speak much on the uncomfortable part; the separation is agreed on by you both. My earnest prayer is, and will be, that it be not unhappy to either; and what is conceived to be of use to the more easy passing of our time on the earth, ought to be chosen and submitted to; and next to consider well, and then determine to agree to what is hoped will be to the future satisfaction of both, as I sincerely desire it may. And now, sir, I entreat you will accept of my plain way of expressing my meaning.

[Here she goes into the details of her niece's fortune and settlements, and what Mr. Norton is to allow her.]

To make a show she never affected at any time of her life, and much less now in her later and unfortunate circumstances, ever to be lamented on her side. Pomp was never valued by her; but to want necessaries she never yet knew, nor does it enter into her mind that you would have her. You, sir, know the world too well to doubt but that every tongue will be at liberty. I am sure, to such as will expostulate the matter with her, her answer will be ready, that none should complain that have what they asked and all they desired. If this pleases you, all may be calmly and quietly settled, and all pass in silence; no contributions to the town tattles; and, although in most things it is to be despised, yet I exempt those of this nature. My

zeal carries me too far; I will have done when I have added this, that you will still continue your partiality to,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

What I have wrote, there is none upon earth knows any one word of.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

THERE is no post-day I do not find myself readily disposed to take my pen, and dispose of it as I now do; but there is not one of those days I do not also approve to myself, how mean my ability is to entertain, as I desire, such a relation and friend as Lord Galway: yet I put my mind at ease soon enough as to that trouble, being so certain and sure as I am how you receive it.

I should do better than I can yet attain to do, if I could with a more composed mind reflect on the good and bad days of a long life, and be thankful for so kind a providence as the freedom I have had from bodily pains, which so many better than I suffer; at this age I have attained there are few more exempt.

Selwood[1] tells me your appearance is very comfortable, and

[1] Thomas Selwood, who edited the first edition of Lady Russell's Letters, 4to., 1773, who says, in the dedication to John, fourth Duke of Bedford: "These are copies of my Lady Russell's Letters from the originals; all those to Dr. Fitzwilliam were by him returned in one packet to her Ladyship, with his desire they might be printed for the benefit of the public; those to the Earl of Galway were preserved by his Lordship. One to King William was found in his pocket, and those to others are minutes or copies, all of her Ladyship's handwriting. Thousands that deserved a much better fate are not to be recovered."

The original letters have never been found, nor the "copies" mentioned by Selwood. It will be seen that, though his dedication is dated 1748, the work was not published until 1773. There is a tradition that the

if I get to Hampshire I trust I shall see it so. Sure this season is a trial; for although it is a customary thing to complain of seasons, yet in my opinion this is an extraordinary one: I have not wanted to observe (except while I enjoyed Lady Betty Norton's[1] company, who gave me much of her time) that from the first day of March to this there hath not been twenty-four hours without much rain, snow, or hail. It keeps Lord Devan from Newmarket, which he expects would be of use if he could get thither. He is put into a coach, and is carried on the stones, but cannot use his feet to go; it is a melancholy sight to see a young man so seized, but his patience keeps an equality with his trials. A just measure of patience in all one suffers (I conclude yourself proves it very notoriously from a variety of instances), may it ever be a comfort in our best hours! and then how ravishing the great day of the Lord! the day of recompense! for such we are allowed to call it! Madame Governe's brother being dead, Madame may dispose of his wealth as she thinks good in France, &c.

April 14, 1715.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

[2]but the merciful providence of God it is our duty to pray for and trust in; then it shall be well in the end, in this world, or a better. I beseech God to give the consolation of his Holy Spirit to enable you to struggle with bodily pains: your resignation I have no doubt of; yet nature will shrink, when the weight is heavy, and presses hard, which will not be imputed, because it is natural.

copies were lent from the library, and printed without the permission of the family. This volume was published by Dilly of the Poultry, who held some land in Southill, and was buried in the parish church, where there is a mural tablet.

[1] Daughter of Lord Gainsborough (by Elizabeth, sister to Lady Russell), married to Richard Norton, Esq.

[2] Beginning lost.

I also pray to God to fortify your spirit under every trial; till eternity swallows all our troubles, all our sorrows, all our disappointments, and all our pains in this life. The longest, how short to eternity! All these ought to be my own care to improve my weak self, as the fortitude of your mind, experience and knowledge, does to you. And I pray for such a portion of them in mercy to me as may secure an endless glorifying, to so feeble, so ignorant, so mean a creature as myself, that I cannot be too little in my own sight.

If there be a regency, the intended journey to Chatsworth must be laid aside, as I must my pen for want of day.

I am certain of this being a truth, that I am faithfully and affectionately yours.

May 28, 1716.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Tuesday, September 4, 1716.

I READ yours, 1st September, with great content, the young gentleman is so well. It is to no use to murmur that you could not be satisfied with taking the journey; the rather also because I believe I should have done the same. It is so fine a season I trust your return to Derbyshire will be easy; your mind would not have been such if you had not done as you did. I hope the young gentlemen will have a grateful, as well as pleasing memory of your tenderness. I shall be easy with a line or two from Lady Mary,[1] how you got to Chatsworth: at your first coming you will have a great deal to do, and so for the short time you can stay. I see no cause to fear but that all will be as we are, quiet;[2] but it is the temper of most to fear, or seem to do so. The season is exceedingly fine, not much

[1] Lady Mary Cavendish, her eldest daughter, who died unmarried in 1719.

[2] Meaning politically quiet, of which the rebellion of the year before had left doubts.

burnt up; but the farmers, for talk sake, ever wishing for what they have not; but it is good walking, and that is my best diversion. I cannot easily add any words to make this more a diversion to you than that I thank God I have as much easy health as my years can have; and memory as yet enough to take a pleasure when I hear of what I love most, and desire all good may be their portion, which will afford content, while any thought whatever of good or ill remains in the head or heart of your ever affectionate mother.

My kind service to your Lord and children: blessings to all. I would Lord Hartington were with you.

To her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire.

LORD GRANBY TO LADY RUSSELL.

Aston, December, 1717.

MADAM—

Though I believe Lord Duke will acquaint your Ladyship with the condition my wife is now in with her present disorders, which proceed from a common cause that generally attends married women, and will, I hope, in due time produce a most dutiful great-grandson to your Ladyship, yet I thought I ought myself in particular to inform you of it; and should not have neglected doing it till now, but that her indispositions have so strictly required my attendance that I have hardly had leisure to do anything else, and my fears for her, lest she should do any otherwise than well, so trouble me, that it has made me forget to do several things I ought to have done, for should any unforeseen accident happen to rob me of her (which Heaven forbid!) I could not survive such a misfortune, for so many virtues and good qualities as I assure your Ladyship I find in her, seldom meet in one woman; and if anything could be a recompense for the loss of so good and dear a mother (whom she resembles in all her acting), it must have been this of finding such a wife; and I cannot help believing that God, who is

all mercy and full of compassion for those who are afflicted, and have suffered so much as I have done by the loss of her I so much loved, has, out of his infinite goodness, blessed me with this wife to make me in some measure amends for the loss I sustained when it was his pleasure, to which we must all submit, to deprive me, when so young, of my chief support, my greatest happiness, and the tenderest and best of mothers.

Your Ladyship will pardon my having made so much mention of her, which undoubtedly will be a fresh occasion of grief to you by reminding you of one we must never see whilst we remain here, though I hope we shall all meet hereafter in that place which is promised to all those that live in the fear of God, and walk in his ways; but since I shall not have the happiness of seeing your Ladyship this year in London, my wife not caring to leave Lord Lexington[1] (who is as good a man as lives, and is extremely kind to me, and with whom I live as easily and as happily as is possible), it was my opinion that I ought to inform your Ladyship how happy I have been in my choice of a wife, and believing your Ladyship, whom I have ever found so good and kind to me upon all occasions, would not be displeased to hear of your grandson's happiness, and that I no way could give your Ladyship so just an idea of her, as by comparing her to one whose qualifications you were so well acquainted with. My wife begs her most humble duty to your Ladyship, and joins with me in wishing your Ladyship will believe me with the utmost truth,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most dutiful grandson,
and obedient humble servant,
GRANBY.

I beg my most humble respects to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and services to Mr. Charlton, when your Ladyship next sees him.

[1] Robert Sutton, second Baron Lexington of Aram, ob. 1723, when the title became extinct.

BISHOP OF LITCHFIELD AND COVENTRY[1] TO LADY RUSSELL.

MADAM—

I should have done myself this honor long since, could I have had the vanity to think I knew anything which would not come to your Ladyship by better hands; but you, Madam, have account of the most important matters from persons who cannot be deceived; and, I am sure, you are above the relish of those common things which supply the news and conversation of the town.

I cannot, however, leave this place (which I purpose to do on Monday next) without presenting my most humble respects to your Ladyship, and my sincere prayers to Almighty God, for health and happiness to yourself and all yours.

I leave a place which is now pretty empty since the royal family went to Hampton Court, where the public manner in which the King lives, makes it the rendezvous, not only of the ministers and great men, but of the people of all ranks and conditions. He dines openly and with company every day, and the novelty of the sight draws a mighty concourse. After so long a reserve we may easily imagine how great a constraint he puts upon himself; but he certainly does a right thing, for by this means his face (which speaks nothing but what is great and good) will not only be familiar to his people, but he will enter into a degree of intimacy with the nobility above what could be arrived at in the cabinet or drawing-room. Would to God it might prove the happy occasion of bringing him and the Prince to a better understanding; for upon that depends the establishment of our peace, and we have already felt how much the want of it has shaken us, but there does not seem to be any appearance that way; this still continues to be the dark

[1] John Hough, the good Bishop of Worcester, died March 8, 1743, aged above ninety-two.

"See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome."

side of our prospect, and were it not that God has already carried so many threatening clouds over our own heads, one would dread to think how heavy this may fall. I am now going to a place where I resolve to make as few of these reflections as possible, for they are attended with anxiety of thought, and raise apprehensions of danger, which, by a hundred ways unforeseen by us, Providence may please to disappoint; but I mention them to your Ladyship because I know you to be one of those very few who can make a right use of them by using them as occasion of fervent prayer for the public welfare, without suffering them to raise a passion or disturb your mind.

Give me leave, Madam, to wish you all the happiness your own soul can desire, and to profess myself, as I do with great humility and truth,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obedient,
And most faithful servant,
Jo. Litchfield and Cov.

July 27, 1717.

I beg leave to present my most humble service to good Lord Galway. My wife's humble duty attends your Ladyship; and we are both full of acknowledgment for the fine piece of venison you were pleased to send us.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

As the fine season continues (for such I esteem a hot one), I slacken in my scribbling; the pure air alone abundantly exceeds my tattle under the roof, though very well meant to you, whether sent in the French or English tongue. But although your Lordship spoke as well as you possibly could do of my French, if you did it to encourage my use of it you will be under a small disappointment, for I intend to keep my credit, and meddle no more, unless unthinking, as I really did then,

and occasion no discord between us. Any partiality for that country you have discharged sufficiently long since, and the time is come to do the like to this we at present live in. That there is a more sure abiding one, is the believing Christian's comfort, and to attain that grace our daily endeavor, and those that seek shall find in due time; it is a blessing worthy of the waiting for (&c.).

Lady Anne Harvey[1] writes to me from Bath that there was, at one o'clock at night, an earthquake which lasted a minute, but thankful she is she was asleep; it was about ten days past.

I am, my Lord, ever the same.

June 19.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

When I scribble to Lord Galway, I consider very little what I put down, as I am secure, by God's grace, never to forfeit your love and esteem; and, till I do that, have no fear I shall lose them; in that point my mind is at ease. I exceedingly desire your body were so; but the providences permitted by Almighty God can never be hurtful to his faithful servants, although painful. Alas! what are days, months, or years (to his elected), to a happy eternity! In such a thought your soul and heart may rejoice. I verily believe; and so believe, as to desire I may find grace, as I believe you will do, in the great day when the sentence shall be pronounced.

I can truly grieve at the uneasiness in our Court, which is all I will say, or can indeed, for them. I have inquired from Dr. Sloane how the Prince is this day? He says in a way to do well. I trust, in the mercy of our God, all our divisions shall be so with time. As I conclude you do not want my reports, so I enlarge not upon them; but take my way to Lady

[1] Daughter of Lady Russell's sister Montague. She was married first to Alexander Popham, Esq., and afterwards to Lieut.-Gen. Harvey.

Essex,[1] where all must be hushed. She is a good woman, yet not without a but; and where is her that is not? Let every one look into his own heart. I like to scribble longer, but want of daylight at home, and disappointment abroad, make it convenient to sign, as I most sincerely do, affectionate to your service in every respect.

December 12.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

It is to divert my own thoughts rather than yours I take a pen, for, as to reports, or rather unpleasing truths, I let them pass. The King and the good Princess met as she was going, or coming back, from her dying child. Her conduct I hear none condemn; but who is there that never was faulty? or takes not a wrong step? My very long acquaintance, Lady Essex, is no longer in this world, but not to be lamented in relation to herself, being certainly sincerely devout, in those points we ought to make our biggest care. She has done, I believe, prudently for her daughter, as circumstances stand. There is nothing delays Miss Hoskins changing her name, but the Act of Parliament, which now is thought necessary in all cases almost.[2]

Evening is creeping upon me, by a grandchild, who was willing to take her dinner with me, her sister having taken physic, and she not loving a boiled chicken. To-morrow your health will not be omitted, daughter Devon and Mr. Charlton being to dine here; as I hope to do with yourself at Rookley,

[1] Widow of Arthur, Earl of Essex; her daughter married the Earl of Carlisle.

[2] The fourth year of Geo. I. an Act for settling the estates of the Most Noble William, Duke of Devonshire, and William Cavendish, commonly called Marquis of Hartington, son and heir apparent of the said Duke, on the marriage of the said Marquis of Hartington, with Catherine Hoskins, spinster, only child of John Hoskins, Esq., deceased.

and also at Old Straton, where you will be kindly welcome, as I am entirely assured I shall be at your Rookley. God, for the good you do to mankind, grant you some easy years, to do good upon earth, before you change for a happy eternity. So does desire and pray, Lord Galway's truly affectionate cousin, and faithfully such, to gratify to the utmost of her ability.

February 13.

Thus deservedly enjoying the respect and honor due to the experience and the wisdom of length of days, she kept her mind free from its prejudices, peculiarities, and selfishness, by still maintaining over her feelings the same rigorous self-examination to which she had ever accustomed herself.

In an unfinished paper, the writing of which denotes the trembling hand of extreme old age, and the contents of which seem notes intended to have been thrown more directly into the form of prayer; she takes a sort of review of her life in a supplication to Heaven, for pardon on the transgressions she recapitulates.[1] They are such, as prove her inquisition to have been ever directed, not to the forms, but to the feelings of Christian piety; not to outward appearances, but to the inward heart and disposition. Christianity she thought "not distinguished by outward fashions, or by the professing a body of notions differing from others in the world, but by the renewing of our minds by peaceableness, charity, and heavenly love."

The balance between the world's opinion and her character, she knew had been long struck, and was greatly in her favor; but that between her own conscience and Heaven, she here enters into with a scrupulous exactness which may assure us,

[1] Devonshire MSS. The manuscript is a fragment—a mere rough draft, with so many erasures, and so many words repeated and omitted, as to have made the transcription difficult, and the meaning sometimes obscure.

she had not weightier matters to bring forward in the account.

"Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord! in all I say, in all I do. In all I suffer, proud, not enduring to slights or neglects, subject to envy the good parts of others, even as to worldly gifts. Failing in my duty to my superiors; apt to be soon angry with, and without cause too often; and by it may have grieved those that desired to please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or example. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naughty heart, I fear, and also neglect in my performances due to my superiors, children, friends, or servants—I heartily lament my sin. But, alas! in my most dear husband's troubles, seeking help from man, but finding none. His life was taken away, and so sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of future comfort or consolation—the more faulty in me, having three dear children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a blessing left me, under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself both then, and also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and only son, in 1711.

"If I carry my sorrow to the grave, O Lord, in much mercy let it not be imputed as sin in me! His death was a piercing sorrow to me, yet Thou hast supported me, Lord! even in a very old age, and freer from bodily pains and sickness than most feel—I desire thankfully to recollect.

"Alas! from my childhood I can recollect a backwardness to pray, and coldness when I did, and ready to take or seek cause to be absent at the public ones. Even after a sharp sickness and danger at Chelsea, spending my time childishly, if not idly; and if I had read a few lines in a pious book, contented I had done well. Yet, at the same time, ready to give ear to reports, and possibly malicious ones, and telling my mother-in-law, to please her. At seventeen years of age was married; continued

too often being absent at the public prayers, taking very slight causes to be so, liking too well the esteemed diversions of the town, as the Park, visiting plays, &c., trifling away my precious time. At our return to London, I can recollect that I would choose upon a Sunday to go to church at Lord B.'s, where the sermon would be short, a great dinner, and after, worldly talk; when at my father's, the sermon longer, and discourse more edifying. And too much after the same way, I much fear, at my several returns to Wales and England. In the year 1665, was brought to bed of my first child; with him too indulging, I fear, to get strength soon, and spend my time as before, much with my loved sisters; I doubt not heedful, or not enough so, my servants went to church, if I did, or did not go myself.

"Some time after in London, and then with my father's wife at Tunbridge, and after with her at Bath, gave too much of my time to carelessly indulging in idleness. At Bath too well contented to follow the common way of passing the time in diversion, and thinking but little what was serious: considering more health of body than that of my soul. Forgive my heaviness and sloth in spirituals, for Christ Jesus's sake.

"After this, I must still accuse myself that sometimes in Wales, and other times in England, my care in good has not suited to my duty, not with the active and devout heart and mind I should in the evening have praised Thee, my God, for the mercies of the past day, and recollected my evil doings, or omissions of doing good in my power. Not in the morning carefully fixing my will and purpose to pass the day pleasing in thy sight, and giving good example to man, particularly such as under my care; more especially after my second marriage, forgetting by whose blessing I was so happy, consuming too much time with him."[1]

Lady Russell had attained the age of eighty-six before she was summoned to pay the debt of nature. Of her last illness we know little. Her only remaining child, the Duchess of De-

[1] The end wanting.

vonshire, received at Chatsworth an account of her mother's seizure, and immediately returned to her in London. A letter from the Duchess of Devonshire's daughter, Lady Rachael Morgan,[1] to her brother, Lord James Cavendish, from Chatsworth, tells us—"The bad account we have received of grandmamma Russell, has put us into great disorder and hurry. Mamma has left us, and gone to London." * * * * * * * * * * "I believe she has stopped the letters on the road, for none have come here to-day, so that we are still in suspense. The last post brought us so bad an account, that we have reason to fear the worst. I should be very glad that mamma should get to town time enough to see her, because it might be some satisfaction to both, and I hear grandmamma asked for her."[2]

This letter is dated the 26th September, and Lady Russell expired on Sunday the 29th.[3] Her death, therefore, was not according to the euthanasia of the poet—

[1] Lady Rachel Cavendish, married to Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, in Monmouthshire, K. B.

[2] Devonshire MSS.

[3] In the Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer, October 5, 1723, her death is thus recorded: "The Right Honorable the Lady Russell, relict of Lord Russell, died on Sunday morning last, at five o'clock, at Southampton House, aged eighty-six, and her corpse is to be carried to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, to be interred with that of her lord." The London Journal of the following week, Saturday, October 12, 1723, mentions that "On Tuesday morning last the corpse of the Lady Russell was carried from her house in Bloomsbury Square to its interment at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire." This is all the notice of Lady Russell's death by the newspapers of the day. In these more inquisitive times, every particular of the illness, death, interment, and testamentary dispositions of so distinguished a person, would have been detailed in a dozen daily papers, and repeated and amplified in as many magazines and monthly publications. In the present instance it is to be regretted that their scanty information is not supplied by any letters or family remembrances.

The following lines on the death of Lady Russell, were printed in one of the journals of the day:—

"Russell, the chaste, has left this earthly stage,
A bright example to a brittle age.

"Instant, and without a groan;"

but it was certainly not preceded by long sufferings; and if ever any mortal, in dying, might hope to—

"Wake to rapture in a life to come,"

it was the pure spirit, warm heart, and tried virtues of Lady Russell.

Lady Rachel Russell's will, with two codicils, was proved on the 1st of November, 1721, by her executors, William, Duke of Devonshire, and Richard Vaughan, Esq. It contains liberal provisions for her domestics; a donation to the Charity School for "teaching poor children to read, &c., in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields;" and One Hundred Pounds "to the poor French Protestant Refugees in this Kingdom; and, lastly, I desire to be interred at Chines, in the county of Buckingham, without escutcheons or funeral pomp, further than decency may require." In compliance with this wish, her Ladyship's remains were deposited in the Russell Chapel, at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire.

She prov'd a relict worthy of her Lord—
He fell a martyr to his holy faith,
And she preserv'd her maiden love till death;
No arts her soul to second vows inclined,
No storm could frighten his unshaken mind;
Unmov'd, they both to their engagements stood,
Though dangers threatened, and the pleasures woo'd;
Proof against all, inseparably good."

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